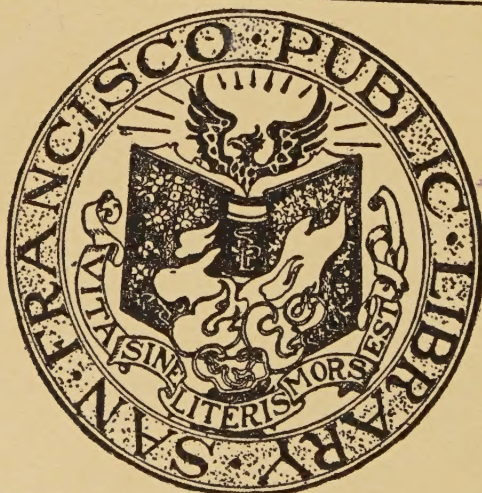


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MARY GLADSTONE

1879

FROM THE DRAWING BY SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES

MARY GLADSTONE
(MRS. DREW)

HER DIARIES AND LETTERS

EDITED BY
LUCY MASTERMAN

WITH THIRTY-NINE ILLUSTRATIONS

NEW YORK
E. P. DUTTON AND COMPANY INC.
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PREFACE

THE diaries of Mary Gladstone, afterwards Mary Drew, are contained in twelve leather-covered volumes. They were merely notebooks, not regular diary-books, and one volume contained the record of more than one year. It is noticeable, as a curious piece of superstition, that the volumes after the 1875 one, which contained the death of Mary Lyttelton, were much slimmer, as if she hoped to elude misfortune by not seeing too far ahead.

The narrative is practically continuous from 1870 to 1886, the year of her marriage. After that event the entries are scantier and fewer, and incidents that would have been regarded as worthy of a page are dismissed in a sentence. Obviously the diary had acted as an outlet, and now her husband received the comments and descriptions she had previously written down. There is finally a gap of seven years, and the diary begins again in 1911, after his death.

There is in existence a series of typescript volumes of extracts prepared for publication by Mary herself from the diaries. The entries were, however, considerably 'edited' and much of the raciness and individuality taken from them. They have therefore been disregarded, except as evidence of an intention to publish, wherever the original MS. exists. In one or two earlier volumes the original is lost and quota-

tion from this typescript has been made. Where this is the case, it has been stated in the text.

The extracts have been published as Mary wrote them, except in the matter of punctuation. She had a perplexing habit of using a kind of long dot as a generic stop. In the main, the parts omitted have been accounts of luncheons and dinners where the company has merely been named without comment, and also endless accounts of symphony concerts with analyses of the music played. I also here make acknowledgement to the immense number of child friends whose births and birthdays I have left out, begging them to believe they were invariably, if not angels, at any rate fairies and perfect in her eyes. Mary had the habit known in Glynnese circles as the 'dayums.' Anniversaries of births, christenings, confirmations, proposals, betrothals, deaths, and funerals were constantly noted, together, of course, with Saints' Days and Festivals of the Church. These are left out. I also make acknowledgement to an army of clergy, of whom it is recorded that they preached or celebrated, without further comment. All letters quoted are written to Lavinia (Hon. Mrs. Edward Talbot) unless otherwise stated.

The diaries as they stand seem to me to give an unusual, full, and panoramic record of that Victorian London that is so fast slipping out of our reach : a London without telephones or motors ; when people travelled ' on the wings of the wind ' in some one's ' lightning brougham ' ; when Alexandra, Princess of Wales, filled the same space in public functions now filled by the Duchess of York ; when churches overflowed and Eternal Punishment was a subject of dinner-party conversation ; when Wagner was a forerunner of the Russian ballet as the newest ' highbrow ' dissipation. It is, of course, truth seen through a tempera-

ment. Mary was a person of strong likes and dislikes. I am perhaps provoked to this comment by discovering a description of myself at twenty-two, which, after recording my 'tight bodices' and other items of my dress unfavourably, declared me 'rather a minx with forward priggish manners.'

My humble thanks are due to His Majesty the King for gracious permission to print the letter from Queen Alexandra. I am also indebted to Mr. C. R. Sanderson, librarian at the National Liberal Club, for information on many forgotten incidents; to Mrs. Parish, Mary's only daughter, for documents and letters; to Mr. A. Tilney Bassett, Mary's literary executor, for a thousand miscellaneous acts of assistance and advice; to Hon. Mrs. Edward Talbot for leave to see and to quote from her letters; to Messrs. Nisbet & Co. for permission to quote from Mary's books which they published; and lastly, to my daughter Margaret Masterman for help in copying and checking the typescript.

LUCY MASTERMAN

LONDON, 1930

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CHRISTIAN NAMES, NICKNAMES, INITIALS, OR OTHER ABBREVIATIONS IN THE DIARY

A., LORD . . .	Lord Acton.
ADELAIDE . . .	Lady Adelaide Talbot, married Earl Brownlow.
AGGIE . . .	Agnes Graham, afterwards Lady Jekyll.
A. J. B. OR ARTHUR, KING, OR PRINCE.—	Rt. Hon. Arthur James Balfour, now 1st Earl of Balfour.
ALBERT . . .	The Rev. the Hon. A. V. Lyttelton.
ALCY . . .	Meriel, daughter of Lady Stepney, married Sir Stafford Howard.
ALFRED . . .	The Rt. Hon. Alfred Lyttelton.
ALICE . . .	Alice, sister of Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour ; or Lady Alice Gaisford, daughter of Lord Lothian.
AMY . . .	Amy Graham, married Sir Kenneth (afterwards Lord) Muir-Mackenzie.
ANNIE . . .	Her sister-in-law, Mrs. Stephen Gladstone.
A. R. . . .	Earl of Rosebery.
ARCHANGEL . .	Sir Hubert Parry, musician and composer, who married Maud, sister of George, 13th Earl of Pembroke.
ARTHUR . . .	The Rev. the Hon. Arthur Lyttelton, Bishop of Southampton.
BILLY, UNCLE .	The Rev. the Hon. William H. Lyttelton, brother of George, 4th Lord Lyttelton.
B.-J. . . .	Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Bt., the painter.
'BLACKIE' . .	Professor James Stuart, married Miss Colman of Norwich.
BOB . . .	Usually her cousin, the Hon. Robert Lyttelton, but sometimes Lord Robert Cecil, now Lord Cecil of Chelwood.
C., DR. . . .	Sir Andrew Clark, the doctor.
C. G. . . .	4 Carlton Gardens, the London home of the Balfour family.

- CHARLES . . . Charles George, 5th Lord Lyttelton, who became later 8th Viscount Cobham, married Mary, daughter of 2nd Lord Chesham.
- CHARLEY . . . Charlotte, daughter of Sir Walter and Lady Mary Farquhar.
- CONCY . . . Marchioness of Lothian.
- COQUE, AUNT . . Hon. Caroline Lyttelton, sister of George, 4th Lord Lyttelton.
- D. D. . . . Edith, second wife of Rt. Hon. Alfred Lyttelton.
- DOSSIE . . . Her daughter, Dorothy, now Mrs. Francis Parish.
- E. B. O. . . . The Rev. Edward Bickersteth Ottley, married Maud Hamilton, daughter of Bishop of Salisbury.
- EDITH . . . Her cousin, Mrs. Dumaesq; or Lady Edith Campbell, afterwards Duchess of Northumberland.
- EDWARD, EDWARDEN OR E. S. T.—Edward Talbot, Warden of Keble College, Bishop of Rochester and Winchester.
- EDWARD . . . Rev. Hon. Edward Lyttelton, Headmaster of Eton; or her brother-in-law, Edward Wickham, Headmaster of Wellington College, Dean of Lincoln.
- E. Q. . . . Eastern Question.
- ETTY . . . Ethel Grenfell, now Lady Desborough.
- EUSTACE . . . Eustace Balfour, married Frances, daughter of 8th Duke of Argyll.
- EVELYN . . . Evelyn Balfour, married 3rd Lord Rayleigh.
- FISH' . . . Lord William Cecil, now Bishop of Exeter.
- FLYING DUTCHMAN' OR FLIEGENDE HOLLÄNDER.—Canon Henry Scott Holland.
- FRANCES . . . Frances Graham, afterwards Lady Horner; or Lady Frances Balfour.
- FRANK . . . Frank Balfour.
- FRED OR FREDDY . Lord Frederick Cavendish, who married her cousin, Lucy Lyttelton.
- G., LORD . . . Lord Granville.
- GEORGE . . . 13th Earl of Pembroke, married Lady Gertrude Talbot.

GERALD	Rt. Hon. Gerald W. Balfour.
GERTRUDE	Her cousin, Gertrude Glynne, married 2nd Lord Penrhyn; or Lady Gertrude Talbot, afterwards Lady Pembroke.
GERTY	Hon. Gertrude Stuart, her sister-in-law, married William H. Gladstone.
G.O.M.	Grand Old Man (Mr. Gladstone).
'G.P.'	The Great People (Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone).
G. R.	Rt. Hon. George W. E. Russell.
G. W.	Rt. Hon. George Wyndham.
GWENNY	Lady Gwendolen Cecil, daughter of 3rd Marquis of Salisbury.
H., LORD	Marquis of Hartington, afterwards 8th Duke of Devonshire.
HALLAM	2nd Lord Tennyson, son of the Poet Laureate.
HANNAH	Countess of Rosebery, daughter of Baron Meyer de Rothschild.
HARRY OR H. D. .	Her husband, the Rev. Harry Drew.
HARRY OR H. N. .	Her brother, Henry Neville Gladstone.
H. C.	Henry (Harry) Cust.
HELEN	Her sister, Helen Gladstone.
HENRY, UNCLE . .	Rev. Henry Glynne, younger brother of Mrs. Gladstone and Lady Lyttelton.
HERBERT	Mary's brother, now Viscount Gladstone.
H.M.	Her Majesty Queen Victoria.
H. S.	Herbert Spencer.
H. S. H.	Canon H. Scott Holland.
HUBERT OR H. P.	Sir Hubert Parry.
I., MR.	Rev. J. Illingworth.
J. B.	Rt. Hon. John Bright.
JOE	Joachim, the violinist.
KATHLEEN	Kathleen Clive, wife of Rev. Hon. Arthur Lyttelton.
KATIE	Her niece, Katie Wickham; or Katherine, Duchess of Westminster.
L., UNCLE	George, 4th Baron Lyttelton, who married her aunt, Mary Glynne.

- L. T. . . . Hon. Lionel Tennyson, second son of Alfred, 1st Lord Tennyson.
- LAURA . . . Laura Tennant, first wife of Rt. Hon. Alfred Lyttelton.
- LAVINIA, OR WINNY IN EARLY LETTERS.—Lavinia, daughter of 4th Lord Lyttelton, married Edward Talbot, Bishop.
- LENA . . . Her sister, Helen.
- LORNE . . . Marquis of Lorne, afterwards 9th Duke of Argyll, married H.R.H. Princess Louise.
- LUCY . . . Lucy, daughter of 4th Lord Lyttelton, married Lord Frederick Cavendish.
- LULU OR LOULOU . . . Eldest son of Sir William Harcourt, created 1st Baron Harcourt.
- MAGGIE . . . Margaret, daughter of Lord de Tabley, married Sir Arthur Cowell-Stepney.
- MARGOT . . . Margot Tennant, married Rt. Hon. H. H. Asquith, 1st Earl of Oxford and Asquith.
- MARIAN, LADY . . . Lady Marian Compton, daughter of 2nd Lord Northampton, married Lord Alford, who died before succeeding to Earldom of Brownlow.
- MARY, AUNT . . . Lady Lyttelton, sister of Mrs. Gladstone.
- MARY OR MAY . . . Hon. Mary Lyttelton, daughter of 4th Lord Lyttelton.
- MAUD . . . Lady Maud Parry.
- MAY . . . May Talbot, daughter of Lavinia and Edward Talbot, now Mrs. Lionel Ford.
- MERIEL . . . Hon. Meriel Lyttelton, wife of Rt. Hon. J. G. Talbot.
- MUJACK . . . Music.
- NEVY . . . General the Hon. Sir Neville Lyttelton, G.C.B.
- NORA . . . Nora Balfour, married Prof. Henry Sidgwick.
- NORTH END [ROAD] . . . Sir E. Burne-Jones's house in London.
- O., MR. . . . Rev. E. B. Ottley.
- O. B. . . . Oscar Browning.
- 'OUR JOE' . . . Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain.
- PADDY . . . Her son-in-law, Francis Parish.
- P.F. . . . Pianoforte.

PRINCE OF WALES	Afterwards King Edward VII.
PRINCESS OF WALES	Afterwards Queen Alexandra.
R., LORD . . .	Earl of Rosebery.
S., SIR . . .	Sir Stafford Northcote, created 1st Earl of Iddesleigh.
SARENA . . .	Daughter of Sir Walter James, afterwards 1st Lord Northbourne, and wife of Arthur Godley, 1st Lord Kilbracken.
SCHLÜT . . .	Schlüter, her German maid.
SIBELL . . .	Countess Grosvenor, married secondly Rt. Hon. George Wyndham.
SIDNEY . . .	Hon. Sidney Herbert, who succeeded his brother, George, 13th Earl of Pembroke, as 14th Earl.
SPENCER . . .	Hon. George William Spencer Lyttelton.
STEPHEN, UNCLE .	Sir Stephen Glynne, Bt., brother of Mrs. Gladstone and Lady Lyttelton.
STEPHY . . .	Her brother, the Rev. Stephen Gladstone.
SYBELLA . . .	Sybella Clive, married George, 4th Lord Lyttelton, as his second wife.
W. E. G. . . .	Mr. Gladstone.
WILLY	Her brother, William Henry Gladstone.
X. OR X.P.M. . .	Ex-Prime Minister (Mr. Gladstone).



CATHERINE GLADSTONE

1856

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY F. R. SAY, AT HAWARDEN

MARY GLADSTONE

CHAPTER I

MARY AND HER FAMILY

MARY GLADSTONE was born on November 23rd, 1847, in London.¹ She was the fifth of Mr. Gladstone's eight children and his third daughter, the second having died at four years old.

The history of the family has been recorded so often that there is no need to enter into it here. Mr. Gladstone's original heredity was Scotch, but his father, when a young man, had settled in Liverpool, where he had built up a business. Mrs. Gladstone was born Miss Catherine Glynne, daughter of Sir Stephen Glynne, and, through one strain or another in her ancestry, was connected with half the famous names in English political history.

Catherine Glynne lost her father when young, and was brought up, together with her sister Mary, by her widowed mother. The two Miss Glynnes were well-known beauties, and were married on the same day in Hawarden Church, Catherine to Mr. Gladstone and Mary to Lord Lyttelton. The two sisters remained closely attached, and the two families combined incessantly on visits and holidays. In 1847, the year of Mary's birth, there were eleven children in the house under seven, six Lytteltons and five Gladstones. On another occasion Lord Lyttelton describes finding 'seventeen children upon the floor, all under the age of twelve, and consequently all inkstands, books, carpets, furniture, ornaments, in intimate intermixture and in every form of fracture

¹ 13 Carlton House Terrace.

and confusion.' In all there grew up twelve Lytteltons and seven Gladstones.

As a result, Mary Gladstone lived as a child in a family circle of nineteen contemporaries, whose fortunes, feelings, love-affairs, successes and failures were all shared and discussed in common. The tie between the two groups became closer when, after the death of her sister, Lady Lyttelton, in 1857, Mrs. Gladstone acted in some ways as mother to the Lyttelton children.

The girls of the two families were educated separately by governesses and visiting tutors. Writing to Katharine Lady Lyttelton in 1919, Mary, then aged seventy-two, spoke of 'a lifelong depreciation, started in my childhood when old Mrs. Talbot¹ gave me the impression that I was "wanting," i.e. half-witted. My governess, from 10 to 17 years, continued to treat me as half-witted, so I grew up as a non-entity. I have never outgrown it.' It is a curious sidelight on those Victorian houses now held up for our admiration that Lady Lyttelton and Mrs. Gladstone, both extremely affectionate mothers, seem to have allowed their sons to go to private schools ruled by men of ungoverned temper and savage methods, and to have surrendered their daughters to governesses whose severities would now be called cruelty. Lucy Lyttelton,² Mary's cousin, describes how she was punished by blows, imprisonment in dark rooms, and deprivation of food.³ Yet she was a person of exceptionally sweet temper and transparent character. Mary's governess, from the beginning to the end of her education, never gave her one word of praise or encouragement. It was only the accident of coming into a room unexpectedly, and thus hearing that her governess thought her playing 'quite glorious,' that made the pupil begin to suspect that there was something unreal in the unbroken disapproval which overshadowed her in the schoolroom.

¹ Mother of the present Bishop Talbot.

² Better known as Lady Frederick Cavendish.

³ *Diary of Lady Frederick Cavendish*, by John Bailey.

I find myself wishing at times that the modern school, with its regular hours, systematic teaching and impersonal tests, had been available for Mary. For to the end of her life she confessed that she found it extremely difficult to concentrate on a prolonged piece of work or to plan a piece of writing. And there would have been no danger of excessive regimentation for any child brought up on the background provided by the brilliant incalculability of Mrs. Gladstone.

For Catherine Gladstone was one of those informal geniuses who conduct life, and with complete success, on what the poverty of language compels me to call a method of their own. Few people can have given so much of themselves to so many, and can have been directly responsible for more practical and effectual enterprises. This seems to have been achieved by a mind that kept the thread of its intentions through a series of inspired impulses and improvisations sustained, it should be said, by a circle of devoted people whose minds worked on more conventional lines. She could grasp the subject of a discussion in 'a few minutes' airy inattention,' wrote one of her friends. Her letters were often left straying on the drawing-room floor, in the confidence, entirely well founded, that some one would eventually pick them up and post them. In the *Glynnese Glossary*, a privately printed volume by Lord Lyttelton in which he describes the special phrases current in the Glynne family, there are two words, 'offal' and 'groutal.' These he declares both to mean 'rubbish: what is worthless and may be used for vile purposes,' and adds as an example of 'offal' (the stronger word), 'All Mrs. Gladstone's chests of drawers.' On one occasion Mrs. Gladstone teased her husband: 'What a bore you would have been if you had married some one as tidy as you are.' But language fails to provide a term for the state of affairs which would have been produced had she married any one as untidy as she was.

This was the negative side of a faculty that made her 'like a fresh breeze' wherever she went. That she should

have left behind her a record of wit and inspired sympathy was in character. What is unexpected is the impressive array of institutions, convalescent homes, orphanages and so forth which she founded so well and truly.

Mary inherited her share of the sympathy and intuition of her mother ; and also, though she was latterly plagued by ill-health, of the iron constitution of her father. I am inclined to think that to these inheritances she added the more dubious advantages of a slow development. There is a good deal in her diary and letters to show that she was late in ' finding herself.'

As against her mother's natural, unschooled and almost unguided brilliance, stood out Mr. Gladstone's fiery temperament in its iron frame of method and purpose. Yet there can be no doubt that iron was the last word that described him to his children. The atmosphere was easy and unconstrained. ' We were never conscious of him as anything out of the common,' wrote Mary in her biography of her mother ;¹ and in another place, ' Hawarden guests were half startled and half shocked by the freedom of criticism that reigned in the family circle. . . . It is impossible to forget Lord Morley's face when he first heard one of us say to Mr. Gladstone, " A lie ! " ' (This meant merely that the speaker disagreed with him.) Lord Gladstone in his own account² declares that the family regarded their father ' as some one who thoroughly understood us and gave himself to us while we were there. We had teaspoonfuls of black coffee and rides on his foot, slung over his knee, while he sang " Ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross." ' . . . It was a daily treat.' It is necessary to emphasize this side of him, because a good deal in the following entries might seem to sustain the theory that he was a portentous potentate in the family circle. He was inevitably the most important person, whose time, health and convenience had to be considered first. But if Mr. Gladstone was at home for dinner and the talk turned

¹ *Catherine Gladstone*, by Mary Drew.

² *Thirty Years After*, by Viscount Gladstone.

on family news and trifles, as family talk will, Mary merely wrote in her diary, ' Papa at home, very snug.' If, on the other hand, he discussed with his daughter something of importance, such as Terminating Annuities or the Levity of the Time, pride and gratification caused her to set it down. It is possible to smile at such entries as ' snug evening analysing the Pharisees.' Our own grandchildren will probably feel the description of an evening discussing complexes equally unexhilarating.

' Very little was spent on luxuries,' Mary observes ; and, as can be calculated from the diary, very little on clothes. She describes a comic incident when she was given her first waterproof cloak at the age of seventeen. She put it on with pride and went for a walk in St. James's Park on a cloudless day in June. ' I can see myself now, walking along the Mall in St. James's Park (we lived in Carlton House Terrace) with our housekeeper. In the distance we saw approaching the Dukes of Sutherland and Argyll, and as we met and they took off their hats I turned to my companion—" Isn't it *lucky* I had on my waterproof cloak ? "' In this matter of clothes I have sometimes thought Mary was a little hardly used. While discounting the wilder legends, there is a good deal of evidence to show that, like many great beauties, Mrs. Gladstone was often careless and even untidy in her appearance, with a royal confidence in a loveliness and grace that transcended any such accidents. Mary was a pretty girl, with fluffy hair and a fair skin ; but she needed a little care in dress and appearance if she was to look her best. Between the theory that excessive interest in clothes was worldly, and the fact that her mother was really somewhat indifferent about them, it would seem she had to buy all her own experience, not without humiliations.

But it was a happy family atmosphere, brimful of affection and mental activity, and responsive to most of the intellectual interests of the day. In the huge circle it was Mary who was the universal confidante and sympathizer and

the indefatigable contriver of plans for them all, winning for herself at one time the nickname of 'Von Moltke.'

Among all her cousins there were naturally some with whom she was more closely linked than with the rest. These would seem to have been Mary and Lavinia Lyttelton and their brothers Spencer and Alfred.¹

Of Mary Lyttelton I have written later in this book. She and Mary Gladstone were much the same age, were confirmed together, and were in close sympathy and correspondence. Lavinia Lyttelton, afterwards Talbot, the recipient of most of the letters contained in these volumes, inherited this friendship when her sister died. Spencer Lyttelton was at one time private secretary to Mr. Gladstone, and Mary and he saw each other almost every day. Mrs. Gladstone appears to have been a little anxious lest a romance should be the result, which she considered undesirable between first cousins, but of this I cannot find a trace. It was purely a fraternal affection, founded chiefly on their common interest in music. Spencer had a fine voice, which, had it been trained, he was assured might have been in the first class; and the two practised and studied together incessantly. Mary's affection for him caused her to labour hard to persuade him to take a career or a wife. But a small private fortune relieved him of the necessity for the first, and he totally failed to co-operate in her efforts to acquire for him the second. She was finally obliged to let him follow his natural bent and to be an observer rather than a partaker of the life of his generation.

And then there was always Alfred Lyttelton, the Prince Charming of the clan. Others came and went, and their doings are recorded with pleasure or interest. But Alfred was rarely mentioned in the diary without some special endearment, 'dear old boy,' 'bless him,' and his movements are spoken of almost like a royal progress.

¹ Hon. Mary (May) Lyttelton, d. 1875; Hon. Lavinia Lyttelton, married (1870) Edward Stuart Talbot, late Bishop of Winchester; Hon. George William Spencer Lyttelton, d. 1913; and Rt. Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, d. 1913, sons and daughters of 4th Baron Lyttelton.

Mary's other friends, many of whom were well known, are described as they appear in the diary. Indeed, they play a considerable part in it.

For Mary's position might not unjustly be compared to that of the women who held *salons* in Paris, subject to the difference between French and English customs. But its elements were more varied and diverse and less brigaded than is usual across the Channel. While her father's fame and eminence probably helped to bring her friends towards her, it was her own personality that retained them. This is shown by the fidelity and persistence of her friendships when he was gone and she was, first, the wife of a country clergyman, and, later, an ageing widow living quietly in London. Mary was sometimes unwise, sometimes over-determined, but always affectionate, generous in all ways, responsive and individual. And, whether wise or unwise, she was never dull.

CHAPTER II

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH

THE earliest letter to Lavinia Lyttelton (afterwards the Hon. Mrs. Edward Talbot) is dated in 1858, when Mary was eleven years old. There follows a thin thread of narrative until the regular diary begins. It will be observed that her political education and partisanship were well established at fifteen.

New Falconhurst, Eden Bridge, April 27th, 1858.

MY DEAREST WINNY [*i.e.* LAVINIA¹],—I hope you will come to London with Meriel and Lucy² because it is so dull playing on the terrace without any one. Was not it kind of Mrs. Talbot³ to let us spend a few days here; she is going to have a school feast to-day, but we are afraid that it will rain for it looks very much like it. We helped to decorate the Church on Easter Sunday and it looks so very pretty. Edward [Talbot], Stepby, Willy, Agnes, Lena⁴ and I went into the wood and the park to gather primroses, cowslips and oxlips to decorate the house with; we then made wreaths of them and hung them on the banisters and it really looks very pretty. We are going back to London on Saturday; we

¹ See Preface, page vi.

² Hon. Meriel Lyttelton—afterwards married John Gilbert Talbot, at one time M.P. for Oxford—d. 1925; Hon. Lucy Lyttelton—married Lord Frederick Cavendish—d. 1925. Daughters of 4th Baron Lyttelton.

³ Hon. Caroline Jane Stuart-Wortley, daughter of 1st Baron Wharncliffe, married Hon. John Chetwynd-Talbot. Mother of Rt. Hon. J. G. Talbot and Bishop Talbot (above).

⁴ Her brothers and sisters—Stephen Edward Gladstone, William Henry Gladstone, Agnes Gladstone (married Rev. Edward Wickham, Headmaster of Wellington College and afterwards Dean of Lincoln), and Helen Gladstone.



THE HON. MRS. EDWARD TALBOT
ABOUT 1875

came here on Thursday in Passion week. Mama went away from here on Monday so we sleep in her nice large room which looks out on part of the garden. Edward is much better; we go out with him every day in his chair. There is a big dog Jippy here who has two darling puppies called 'Sailor' and 'Ranter' who run after the balls we throw. I hope that you are all quite well. Give my very best love to Meriel, Lucy, May, and the big and little boys.—Goodbye your very affectionate cousin

MARY GLADSTONE

1863

11 Carlton Terrace, June /63.

DEAREST WINNY,—Your letter quite the contrary to being flat was a great break ¹ to me, as I have never had a letter from you since 1858, that I remember, except the one about Lancashire. We have just been out riding, Willy, Lena on Charlie, and I on Fancy; when we got to the top of Rotten Row the rain came down in deluges. We scuttled home as fast as slippery reins, gloves, roads, etc. would allow us, but were wet to such a degree that I had to undress and get into the bath-sheet to dry. . . . I think of you every day reading prayers; I have only once since you went, and my heart beat so dreadfully that I gasped; to make it worse I could not find the place of the Litany in the book of family prayers, so I had to read the Confession and then the Litany; I can pity you I am sure. I am scribbling as fast as I can, as I have very little time for writing, so please don't notice the writing, or criticise the sense of the letter. Yesterday we went to Norwood, as the J. Gladstone's ² are gone back to Bowden today. Lena and I came back all alone by train at $\frac{1}{4}$ to 9, rather late to be without a chaperon. As Lucy

¹ Glynnese for 'anything that breaks the monotony of existence.'

² Captain John Neilson Gladstone, R.N., of Bowden, Chippenham, brother of the Prime Minister.

wrote yesterday I suppose she told you about Agnes's ball at Guildhall. On Wednesday Mama, Lena, Willy and I went to the uncovering of the memorial to the Prince Consort;¹ it was a very pretty sight, but was very sad for the Royal Family, who all look so grave; they walked all round the Horticultural Gardens, in procession, and at every raised place turned round to look at the monument. The dear Princess² looked sweet, as she always does, and had her hair forward; Princesses Helena and Louise, Princes Alfred, Arthur, and Leopold were all there and looked very nice; the two princesses so beautifully dressed, all white lace and lilac silk. Papa was in the procession with all the other Ministers and a good many others whom we knew; Lady de Grey nodded to me as she passed; the Prince of Wales looked the saddest. I could not judge of the memorial as we did not go near enough. It is so funny how people take me for Agnes; they shake hands with me, and once I was asked whether I was at a certain ball. How funny it will seem to you riding Charger again, a pony feels so odd after a horse. I keep longing for you to be here, for it is dullissimus without, and Mama, Agnes, Willy and Lucy are all going to Cliveden and then to Oxford, to make it worse; but as I hate London myself I am glad for you to be at dear old Hagley. I am hoping to go to Hawarden in a month, greater bliss to me than anyone can tell. I hope May & the little boys are well, Newmany,³ etc. Give them all my best love and compliments including yourself.

I hope you won't be bored with this letter which is beyond dull, as there is no news whatever to tell you—but a short note would be flatter still. I am afraid it is no use to hope your head is better, but you know that I do very much all the same.—Your very affectionate cousin

MARY GLADSTONE

¹ Unveiling of a statue of the Prince in the Royal Horticultural Gardens where the Imperial Institute now stands, the statue having been removed to the entrance of the Albert Hall.

² The Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Alexandra.

³ Nurse at Hagley.

Hawarden Castle, Oct. 30. 63.

DEAREST WINNY,—I really didn't expect you to answer my scrap so very soon, especially in this busy time ; but thanks very much indeed for it, and its interesting account. Thanks also for your list, and for being so dear as to offer to lend me your books. I have just been reading Papa's speech at the dinner¹ in the Morning Star. I think the way in which he alluded to Aunt Mary² very beautiful, for I think every one at Hagley who ever saw and knew her, would be thinking just as he said : ' you would all have desired, had it been permitted to you to govern her destiny, to see her amongst you to-day, that she might have enjoyed with you the realisation of her hopes.' But as he expressed it she has not lost any joy she could have felt here, but has been called to the additional and endearing reward of her Christian life. I should like so much to have heard Charles³ speak. Mama says he spoke very well. The ball must have been great fun, I think ; what a clear gain having the Aumales.⁴ Mama, Papa and the others come home to-night ; we have been so desolate here, after having had the house brim full. . . . One of the high roads (the Flint highway) which we rode on yesterday was in one place so covered with water, from the late incessant rain, that it came up to our horses' knees ! and a stream by the road, usually *one foot* deep, was increased to at least *six foot*. The fields round here too are ponds ; the waterfall as you may imagine is really magnificent. Helen has had a good many books given her, altogether ; amongst others, *Sacra Privata* ; she is going to have St. Thomas à Kempis's *Imitation of Christ* besides what she has now, so she will be able to lend me some of hers. To-morrow will be her First Communion ; it is so nice to think that we have it at the same time as

¹ Tenants' dinner at Hagley.

² Lady Lyttelton, *née* Mary Glynne, Mrs. Gladstone's sister, d. 1857.

³ Hon. Charles George Lyttelton, afterwards Viscount Cobham. Eldest son of 4th Baron Lyttelton, d. 1922.

⁴ Duc and Duchesse d'Aumale.

you, and so are together in spirit, though there are many miles between us.

Please give best love to May; how very nice it will be when she is confirmed. Love also to Lucy and all others.— Always your loving

MARY GLADSTONE

1864

Mary 'came out' at seventeen and started on a career that strikes a modern reader as almost heroically amateurish. She could speak French and read Dante in Italian, and later was able to speak and read German. Otherwise her knowledge seems to have had no sort of framework and her studies no aim whatever. When emancipated from the schoolroom she read furiously, but inconsequently. If the volumes she devoured could have been assembled, they would have been a larger number than is contained in many fair-sized provincial libraries. But I doubt if she had anything approaching a thorough knowledge of any subject, period or historical personage. I doubt if she even had any mental conception of what a thorough knowledge was like. Reading thus without intellectual aim, she drifted into the almost inevitable alternative of reading for an emotional stimulus. Mr. Gladstone seems to have had some anxiety that this might be so. He tried to press for a male University standard of study, and it was obviously under his influence that she read Butler's *Analogy*. The fact is recorded with a significant absence of comment. There is no sign that Butler's unimpassioned and analytical statement of faith had the least effect upon her. Her mind was kept like a kind of domestic pet, to be fed upon literary tit-bits. She was luckier than many young women of her generation in that no limits or constraints seem to have been put on what she read.

The one exception to this vagueness was her music. Through every pressure of pleasure, religion or philanthropy, she practised her pianoforte daily, reading, studying, analysing, both in duets and combinations. Her accounts of concerts, with excerpts copied from the score, cover pages of her diary ; and her comments are shrewd and informed. Of her merits as a pianist I have received very varying accounts, due perhaps to the fact that she was a variable performer. I heard her play once ; she obviously had charm and sensibility, but did not give me that sense of unquestioned mastery of the instrument that marks the first-rate. But it undoubtedly received high praise from her contemporaries, and she accompanied many musicians of standing fame. One of her cousins, a fine pianist himself and a fanatical musical purist, used to quote a saying of hers : ‘ Oh yes, *that* ’s how Beethoven wrote it, but I like playing it like *this*,’ as an example of an incurable want of artistic conscience. It might equally well be taken as showing an incurable love of teasing. At any rate she worked hard at her music, both as student and performer, and had aspirations and a standard of achievement unblemished by the appalling blight of ladylike incompetence that lay so heavily on the young women of her class and generation.

Amongst her papers I have found the following confession of her feelings :—

‘ Anything that is appealing in my pianoforte playing, anything that is tender, or wistful, or passionate, is entirely owing to Hubert [Parry] ; it was he who first revealed to me how to express in music the emotions of the human heart. Speech is but broken light on the unspoken. Speech was given man, said Talleyrand, “ to veil thought.” Music was given man to express the unspoken. If only people knew it, music is self-revelation, even while it is descriptive of other things—self-revelation ten thousand times more real, ten thousand times more definite than any words.

‘ It was listening to his playing that taught me this. Two things he played that first time I met him as a beautiful

boy at Wilton, in all the glow and glory of a first and last love.¹ The Schumann Reverie in F $\sharp$ maj. and the Chopin Prelude in D. In the first, the Schumann Reverie, the longing, the wistfulness of his passionate heart, the melody still lingers in the mind, haunting in its sweetness and its sadness. In the second, the Chopin Prelude, usually thought of as a dirge, his interpretation was of a gathering storm. The calm of a summer morning, still and sunny, is the idea conveyed by the opening theme. This, in a change of key, is broken by the muttering of the approaching tempest. The reiteration of the low note, the groping bass, suggest the brooding of the clouds, the stirring of the leaves, the gathering breeze, the gradual working-up of the elements, till the crash of the mighty chords, and, still more, of the discords, the peals of thunder, announce the storm at its culmination. And after the storm, the Prelude ends in peace. It was more than fifty years ago, yet never in this life can I forget the effect on me of his rendering of these two pieces.

‘ Shall I not remember them in another ? ’

Hawarden Castle, Jan. 3. 64.

DEAREST WINNY,—I must begin my letter with the usual wish for many many happy returns of the day, though I would like to say something more expressive and more hearty ; you must however supply the deficiency of words, and imagine what I would say. I am afraid you are in for an excessively dull letter, as mine turn out most stupid when I want to make them nicest. I think this is quite the time of life when a year makes most difference in one. There is an immense step between 14 and 15, and between 16 and 17. It feels so extraordinary that I shall be 17 this year. Now I think there is very little between 15 and 16. . . . Mr. West ² goes tomorrow on trial to Nairn ; so curious he should first go to the Land’s End, then to the top of

¹ Hubert Parry married Lady Maud Herbert, daughter of Lord Pembroke.

² Curate at Hawarden.

Scotland. It makes me quite low to think of his going away, which I suppose will come to pass about the end of this month, or the beginning of next. Poor Mrs. West is still very weak; she has such continual toothache which pulls her dreadfully, poor thing; and then she will have to drag her 5 babies I suppose to Scotland in the coldest part of winter. . . . We are in great hopes of the ice bearing tomorrow, which will be such fun. I suppose you know how we enjoyed the ball; it was the greatest fun. We have a singing mistress here, Miss Bishop; I sing about an hour and a quarter a day. I shall think of you so much tomorrow, dear old creature; and now wishing you most earnestly every good wish, happiness and blessing, I am, with best love to Lucy and May,—Your loving cousin

MARY GLADSTONE

By the bye, I have now collected £16 for the blind. I now have £8 a year instead of £7 which Helen still has. (I am writing with a steel pen.) My watch is such a nice one and goes perfectly. It seems so funny to date my letter 64: the time is passing so dreadfully quickly, and so many people, friends I mean, have died lately. It is so awful to think who may be the next.

The diary for 1864-65 is taken from a typescript version made by Mary from some volume that is lost. In 1866 the diary begins to be transcribed from the original document.

HAWARDEN, *January 4*, 1864 [*aged 16*].—Papa gave a lecture on reading-rooms and Savings Banks at Buckley School.

HAWARDEN, *January 9*.—To our great joy and surprise our Princess has a little boy,¹ born last night. She was on the ice five hours before.

¹ Afterwards King George V.

February 13.—To London. Dear Hawarden. Oh ! horrid, horrid London ! Went to church [at Hawarden] for the last time for I don't know how long.

LONDON, *February 14. Sunday.*—St. Martin's church and the Chapel Royal.

LONDON, *March 10, 1864.*—Lovely sun to shine upon the Queen on her first appearance in London. The christening [of the present King] took place in Buckingham Palace and Papa told us all about it afterwards. The baby cried till the Archbishop took him from the Queen. I rode with Willy. After two tremendous kicks and a rear, Fancy threw me off in Rotten Row. I was plastered in mud, but caught the horse myself, and we continued our ride. Waylaid the Queen. The first time I have ever seen her since the Prince Consort's death. She looked very dear, but rather thinner and paler.

LONDON, *March 14.*—Awful floods at Sheffield, 260 people drowned in the middle of the night. 'The Lord came as a thief in the night ; blessed are those servants who are found watching.'

LONDON, *March 17.*—Heard Sims Reeves.

Pencil Note by M. G.—All the way through the streets, I held my watch, my first, given to me by Papa, in my hand. 'Each person that sees me, will say to himself—"That girl has got a watch"—only think.' I thought, 'each person will think I have only just this moment looked at it.'

March 19.—Met the Prince and Princess of Wales ; to my great joy, no one else there, so I had bows all to myself. Read the beautiful account of the death of the Bishop of London's¹ five little girls, written and lent to me by Mrs. Tait.

LONDON, *Easter Sunday.*—Spent the day with the Bishop of London and Mrs. Tait. Took flowers to the old women at the workhouse. A happy day though away from all my relations.

Pencil Note.—My first bonnet !

¹ A. C. Tait, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury.

LONDON, *April 9*.—Actually saw the dear, dear Queen on Constitution Hill.

Monday, 11.—4 o'clock found us at the War Office. Dense crowds. Garibaldi only arrived in the dark about 7 o'clock. Could see nothing, but was thrilled with the wild cheering and enthusiasm. Parents to Stafford House to meet him, but found he was tucked up in bed, being dead tired with standing nearly five hours.

LONDON, *April 12*.—Lucy back from Windsor.¹ Lord Frederick [Cavendish] here for her arrival. Was dressed up to be present before dinner. Rather awful as there were such swells and I felt much out of place. Cheering outside told us of the arrival of the great General [Garibaldi]. I was presented to him and he said, 'Maria di Napoli,' as he shook hands with me.²

LONDON, *April 13*.—To the Adelphi with Lucy and Lord F. Cavendish to see 'Leah'—most moving scenes. One, almost too awful, where she curses the newly-married pair. I shall never forget this evening, for never have I seen dear Lucy so happy.

LONDON, *April 14*.—She is engaged to Lord Frederick Cavendish, I believe.

LONDON, *April 21*.—After breakfast, Lucy's engagement finally settled in the conservatory, and given out to the household. How bright and sunny all seems for them, both of them so good and so unspeakably happy. Oh! may their married life be filled with every blessing!

LONDON, *April 25*.—Poor Lucy had to go to Osborne. Mama began to buy her trousseau. Her wedding lace was bought. I have bought a book for her, beautifully bound. *Taylor's Holy Living and Dying*.

LONDON, *April 30*.—Went shopping for Lucy's trousseau. Got eight silk gowns, two muslin, shawl, etc. Great fun!

LONDON, *June 7*.—The morning beautiful, to our great joy.

¹ Lucy Lyttelton was a maid of honour to Queen Victoria.

² Mr. Gladstone's visit to Naples in 1850, which led to the famous letters to Lord Aberdeen, had been occasioned by anxiety as to Mary's eyesight.

Papa read prayers—so very moving. We started for the Abbey at twelve. I walked with Winnie, Helen with May. The bride [Lucy Lyttelton] looked lovely. The Abbey was crowded. Their behaviour quite perfect. Both said the words clearly.

LONDON, *July 4.*—I went to the House of Commons with Agnes. Tremendous excitement. Dizzyspoke for two hours and fifty minutes. His speech was impertinent and vulgar. He tried to put down the Government, and mimicked Lord John Russell to his face. Most noble and grand did Papa look when he got up.¹

11 *Carlton Terrace, July 9th, 1864.*

MY DEAREST OLD WIN,—I am afraid I have been very long in answering your very amusing letter, but to begin with I had no time. . . . We have had a most exciting time of it lately with the House of Commons. Last Monday I went there for five hours, and, oh, how interesting it was.¹ I cannot find words to express. Dizzy made a speech lasting two hours and fifty minutes. Papa spoke for an hour and 35 minutes—and the contrast between the two! The first was simply full of stuff and nonsense, ungentlemanlike, and really inconsistent. The second was splendid. They say it was his best speech, and he did look so grand and noble when he got up and spoke, now with indignation, now with calmest contempt. It is enough to say that the right honourable gentleman opposite, member for Buckinghamshire, got a thrashing such as he truly deserved. Fancy his accusing the Government of *miserable incapacity* and mimicking to his face Lord Russell. Last night, Friday, I was there no less than six hours, but was turned out for the division which of course was much the most exciting part. Wasn't it grand that the Government got a majority of 18. The Opposition actually expected a small majority. However I must not bore you any more with this. . . . Yesterday Papa rode with the Prince of Wales. On Tuesday next I am probably going

¹ Schleswig-Holstein debate.

to Chiswick to meet the Prince and Princess of Wales, Helen having gone to the London Hospital with Mama on Monday and attended the P. and Princess all the while. Our concert the other day for the Miss Dixons' benefit was, oh, too beautiful! Jenny Lind sang six times, and her voice was perfectly heavenly—no other word can express what one felt in listening to it. About £240 was raised; the expenses were £20. I did see old Lucy and Fred ¹ when they were in London—she looking *too* nice, and so pretty in her beautiful clothes! She really had already lost the thinness which she had got before her wedding. How glad she must be that there is to be no dissolution. She writes pretty often. It is so nice thinking of her happiness. . . . Goodbye dear old creature.—Ever your most loving coz

MARY GLADSTONE

LONDON, *July* 9.—At 3 A.M., Mama woke us up to say that the Government was triumphant. 18 majority. Hurrah, hurrah! And it's mostly owing to Papa's beautiful speech on Monday.

LONDON, *July* 12.—As a great treat, I was taken to Chiswick to the Duke of Sutherland's party. The Prince and Princess of Wales arrived at five, she looking lovely. In the country dancing I had to take the Prince's hand. I danced with Lord A[rchibald] Campbell; then the romping 'tempête' with Lord Edward Cavendish. Immense fun, only my bridesmaid's frock torn all to pieces.

LONDON, *September* 1.—A long walk with the Bishop [of Oxford].² After dinner, he told us TRUE ghost stories. I got up this morning not believing in ghosts, I go to bed believing in them.

LONDON, *December* 19.—Great talk, in the dark, with Mr. Wood ³ and the Farquhars ⁴ about ghosts, and afterwards on the Roman Catholic religion.

¹ Lord Frederick Cavendish.

² Samuel Wilberforce.

³ Afterwards Lord Halifax.

⁴ The three daughters of Sir Walter and Lady Mary Farquhar.

LONDON, *December 22*.—This has been an enchanting bit, which, I hope, won't make me feel horrid going back to lessons.

HAWARDEN, *December 31*.—How awfully quickly it has passed! 'Oh, teach me to do the thing which pleaseth thee.'

1865

LONDON, *February 15*.—Dined at London House with no end of Bishops.

LONDON, *March 4*.—Miss Syfret¹ took her final departure. She came when I was ten, but I went on doing lessons all the same, tho' I have struck 17.

LONDON, *March 25*.—Was presented. I had eight curtsies to make, not nearly so awful as I expected. It was held by the Princess of Wales; they shook hands with me.

LONDON, *April 15*.—Harry² and Herbert and I went to eight o'clock church at St. James', meeting the Bishop of Oxford [Samuel Wilberforce]. He said to Harry, 'Good-bye, my boy'; to me, 'Good-bye, dear Mary, God bless you'; to Herbert, 'Good-bye, you little wretch.'

LONDON, *April 25*.—Confession of the Road Murder by Miss Constance Kent. She had revealed her guilt to Mr. Wagner [vicar], of Brighton, who consulted Papa.³

LONDON, *April 26*.—Assassination of President Lincoln by E. Booth . . . astounding news!

LONDON, *April 27*.—My first Breakfast. *Pencil Note*.—The 10 A.M. breakfast parties had long been an established custom. Mr. Samuel Rogers started them first. Often the

¹ The family governess.

² Henry Neville Gladstone, third son of the Prime Minister.

³ Constance Kent, when a girl of sixteen, had murdered her younger brother in 1860. On her own confession in 1865 she was tried and received sentence of death, afterwards commuted to penal servitude for life. Known as the Road Hill murder, the crime created enormous interest at the time. The fact of Mr. Gladstone having been approached by Mr. Wagner does not seem to have been recorded elsewhere.

most brilliant components made the dullest breakfasts, and vice versâ. In Carlton Terrace they were held in the Park Drawing-room, as a rule, a beautiful room looking across St. James's Park to the Horse Guards.

LONDON, *May 1.*—*My first ball*, at Lady Henniker's. My first partner was Charles Wood [afterwards Lord Halifax]. Was not allowed to waltz, and there were only five square dances.

LONDON, *May 25.*—A ball, at Orleans House, Twickenham. The Princess of Wales the beauty. . . . Drove home in open carriage, very delicious.

LONDON, *July 3.*—With Mama, to see the little, darling Princes, at Marlborough House. Great darlings. Prince Eddie was playing with his Mama's boots.

HAWARDEN, *July 12.*—The Election. Visited all the polling-booths ; on the Roodee hustings [at Chester] heard Willy and Lord Grosvenor had won. Great disorder, as well as enthusiasm, eggs and earth thrown about. Drove back to Hawarden at eleven ; immense crowd and triumphal arch. Willy and Papa both spoke.

August 18.—The Atlantic cable has snapped. The Great Eastern is fishing about for the ends.

DRUMLANRIG CASTLE, *September 21.*—What a glorious place, with its splendid terraced gardens ! 'Where are the park walls ?' I asked. The Duke of Buccleuch pointed to the mountains. In an expedition, Mama and I lost our way. . . . Very steep descent. Splendid picnic dinner at the bottom. Margaret, Mary, and Prince Teck [Duke of Teck] were the cooks.

Pencil Notes.—At breakfast, the Duke asked in a stern voice who was the culprit who had thrown berries and leaves out of window last night ? I, the guilty one, had to confess.

Had to play, in the evening, which made me miserable.

Later addition.—I remember at that time deliberately wishing I could not play a note, such was the agony of shyness.

INVERARY CASTLE, *September 29.*—Up at five. Coffee

and off in the waggonette. . . . [Lord] Lorne¹ riding, and leading another horse for me. The hounds caught the otter trail almost at once. We scrambled along the river, in a deep ravine, very hard and difficult walking, jumping over burns, and missing the trail after two miles. Lorne helped us, and great fun we had. About ten we picnicked. The otter was found in a cairn. With infinite difficulty, varied by tumbles, we scrambled to the spot. The scene was most exciting and beautiful, men and hounds dotting the banks. The otter tried to swim down-stream, but suddenly changed his tactics, and dodged up the river. We were in at the death. Lorne and I jumped on our horses and rode home. In spite of my having no habit, enjoyed the ride immensely. We had a great discussion on the Scottish Established and the Scottish Episcopal Churches.

September 30.—In the evening I played. We listened to Dean Milman² reading his translation of *Agamemnon*.

INVERARY, *October 1.*—Dr. Guthrie³ preached very finely to us in the afternoon, and also read evening prayers. We went a lovely mountain walk. *Pencil Note.*—The Duke's ear is very peculiar; not one note of a bird's song that he does not recognise. Yet in human music he is utterly baffled. At dinner the bagpipes were tuning up, and I asked him what they were playing. 'Is it "The Campbells are coming"?' he answered.

Pencil Note opposite next page.—This was an interesting visit. Lord Lorne, a Prince of Hosts, fair and very good-looking, most fascinating to a raw 17-year-old girl. We spent hours together each day, fishing, riding, driving, walking, and he always contrived we should be together. Our talks were of the deepest interest, ranging over endless subjects. He was only 19.

GLASGOW, *November 1.*—To Glasgow, where, in the Music Hall, the Provost presented Papa with the Freedom of the

¹ Afterwards Duke of Argyll. Married H.R.H. the Princess Louise.

² Dean of St. Paul's.

³ Thomas Guthrie, D.D., Scottish preacher and philanthropist.

City. He made a fine speech, but still more striking one in the evening, at the Scotia Hall, to working men. To Newbattle, where beside the Lothians we found Lord Ralph Kerr and Lady Adelaide Talbot.¹ Lord Lothian appeared at dinner though crippled by creeping paralysis, terribly sad, so young, handsome, and brilliant. Made great friends with Lady Adelaide. Some gorgeous trees here. Into Edinburgh for Papa's Address to the students as Lord Rector; most thrilling. *Pencil Note*.—Adelaide on his arm. Her beauty, as they walked up the centre of the Hall, made a great sensation. Her features are absolutely perfect in classic loveliness. The face is a little cold and sometimes like a marble statue. But she is bursting with eagerness and enthusiasm, hungry for knowledge, artistic by nature, and ever choosing and seeing the beautiful. I was intoxicated by the love and friendship she held out to me.

TATTON, *December 5*.—Went to Tatton. *Pencil Note*: (Lord Egerton's.) Here was a very smart party for the Knutsford ball. I had a black silk gown, with a morning and evening body, and one ball gown of white tarlatan. I felt remarkably well dressed! Danced everything at the ball with everybody.

1866

HAWARDEN, *January 3*, 1866.—We went to Broughton for a concert, and as we stepped upon the platform, amid the cheers of the audience, it completely collapsed, our graceful bows ending in a scramble. All the same, we performed quite successfully amid the ruins, playing a pianoforte duet, the treble in the air, the bass in the depth.

HAWARDEN, *January 3*.—We took in a whole family of Langhornes, as all their cows were dying of cattle disease.² Greatly enjoyed the children.

Pencil Note.—We were brought up with a great parochial

¹ Afterwards Lady Brownlow.

² Cattle plague, 1866.

sense. I taught every Sunday in St. Martin's School [London]; and accounts were rigidly kept. We had small allowances, and were taught to give away nearly all that was not necessary for boots and gloves. . . . Saw the election of the Speaker in the House of Commons, and the rather absurd ceremony of leading him, Mr. Denison,¹ to his chair.

LONDON, *February 6*.—The Queen opened Parliament, and we were deeply thrilled as she sat for the first time alone, in the great State carriage; a kind of low murmur of emotion, rather than cheering, as the carriage passed along.

LONDON, *February 17*.—The Habeas Corpus Act was suspended, Mr. Bright considering it a blot on the reign of the Queen.

LONDON, *February 21*.—Parents dined with Tennyson.

LONDON, *March 17-19*.—Heard an interesting little debate, in the House of Commons, on the appointment of a Fast Day for the cattle plague. This Day of Humiliation was observed on March 20th.

LONDON, *April 12*.—Amid frantic enthusiasm outside, in and around Palace Yard, we drove with Papa to the House for the Second Reading of the Reform Bill. His speech was a great defence of the working classes.

LONDON, *April 27*.—After sending Papa (considerately) a message that he would only speak an hour, Dizzy delivered a wearisome speech. He sat down at one. Papa's answer was one of the greatest that he ever made; and the peroration was, surely, his high-water mark.² Helen and I nearly died with excitement, and so absorbed were we in the splendour of the speech that we gave no thought to the Division. It was a scene of frantic excitement; the Government was saved by five votes. It was four o'clock A.M. when we entered Palace Yard. A small crowd cheered the Reformers. On the Duke of York's steps we met Papa, Willy, Freddy, and Lord Edward [Cavendish], in various conditions of thrilling excitement.

¹ Afterwards Lord Ossington.

² Mr. Gladstone's famous speech closing debate on the Reform Bill.

LONDON, *May* 14.—Lord Shaftesbury calls *Ecce Homo*¹ ‘the most pestilential book ever vomited from the jaws of Hell.’ Read it with the deepest interest and admiration. Papa has reviewed it, for it profoundly moved him.

LONDON, *June* 18.—The Government defeated, which greatly marred our enjoyment of the Dudley House ball. The Queen desired the Government not to resign. Meanwhile, had been with my parents to Kew for Princess Mary’s marriage with Prince Francis of Teck. Though the service was most reverent and earnest, Lord Derby, by whom I sat (to be Prime Minister in a few days), upset my gravity by a running fire of whispered jokes.

LONDON, *June* 26.—Resignation of the Government. Papa’s speech, most calm and dignified, great scenes of enthusiasm outside the House. Huge Reform Meeting in Trafalgar Square about nine P.M. Hearing an extraordinary noise, we found that ten thousand had come to cheer Papa. The whole of Carlton Terrace, all the way to Pall-Mall, was crowded, all shouting ‘Gladstone for ever!’ He was away, but being told that it was the only way to disperse them quietly, we went on to the balcony and were received with mad cheering, after which the people quietly went home.

WILTON, *August* 17.—Went to Wilton [Lord Pembroke’s], where I stayed over five weeks, amid all the enchanting pleasures of this Paradise, like the Garden of Eden with its three rivers. *Added later*.—Our first visit, as children, was in 1861, when we went there for Easter, about four months before the death of Sidney Herbert.² Of all the men I ever came across he was easily the first in charm and beauty, and through all the years we used to associate with his children. (Mary Herbert³ and I learnt to make pot-hooks together.) He moved in and out of our lessons and games, and I worshipped the ground he trod upon. At a fancy-dress ball at Buckingham Palace, in my twelfth year, George,⁴ his eldest

¹ By J. R. Seeley.

² Lord Herbert of Lea.

³ Lady Mary Herbert, married Baron von Hügel.

⁴ Afterwards Lord Pembroke.

son, and I headed the country dance without having an idea how to dance it. I forget who he personated ; he was in black velvet with curls tied on his short boy's hair. I was an Albanian peasant. The Queen was on a kind of dais, and, observing our difficulties, came down and held our hands across and then showed us how to pirouette. Mary [Herbert], the eldest girl, had always an unquenchable thirst for knowledge and she, it was, who really taught me how to read.

She gave an extraordinary stimulus to my dormant mind, such as it was. Endless riding, driving, and boating, and beautiful summer weather, sobered by visits to the sick and poor, and steady reading. Dr. Kingsley,¹ one of famous trio of brothers, was here as tutor to George. He had a deadly power of fascinating women, and I knew three of his tragic victims. He always gave me a creep, but then, I think, he disliked me. Was present at the service at Salisbury when George and Maud [Herbert]² were privately confirmed, in the chapel, and received their first communion ; and I heard his first speech at the Harvest Home. He is now Lord Pembroke, and he, Sidney,³ and Reggie⁴ are all three great friends of mine. They each gave me a bit of hair to put in one locket in memory of this friendship.

In due course came the famous first trip abroad. The diary is typically 'guidebook' ; on first reading, any one would assume that Mary had a healthy appetite, rather than a discriminating taste, for pictures, and an unlimited enthusiasm for churches. When, however, the years had brought her the liberty to be candid, Mary confessed that she loathed sight-seeing, and, to a large extent, only enjoyed it in the company of an enthusiast. These conscientious recordings of lists of pictures, lengths of naves and dates of buildings,

¹ George Henry Kingsley, M.D. His travels in Polynesia with the young Earl of Pembroke led to his book *South Sea Bubbles by the Earl and the Doctor* (1872).

² Afterwards married Sir Hubert Parry.

³ Hon. Sidney Herbert, afterwards 14th Earl of Pembroke, d. 1913.

⁴ Hon. Reggie Herbert, drowned in H.M.S. *Captain*.

were the dutiful reflections of the enthusiasm of her companions, Mr. Gladstone, and later Sir Stephen Glynne (notable among the family for 'having the Churchums'). The real glamour of this sojourn lay in some tenuous beginnings of romance which came to nothing. It may amuse the reader to assort the pairs for himself. I insert chiefly the records of events with some slight historic interest. At the date of the tour the Pope was not yet the 'prisoner of the Vatican,' and a certain number of notable figures cross the stage.

LONDON AND PARIS, *Friday, Sept. 28.*—Got up early, and started from Carlton Terrace about 10, walking with Papa, Harry, and Capt. Hibbert¹ to the Charing Cross Station. Arrived at Folkestone about 1 o'clock, found the sea very calm, and the weather altogether bright and beautiful. Crossed the sea for the first time in my life, and after a capital passage of under 2 hours (during which no one was sick) arrived at Boulogne at 3. Drove to the Station, and after waiting $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour, jumped into the train. The carriages so comfortable that we slept most of the way, and about 8 o'clock arrived at Paris. . . . Drove straight to the Hôtel Vouillimont, in the Rue des Champs Elysées. The houses and roads looked magnificent as we drove through, the former so lofty, the latter so broad and well paved, the restaurants and shops looking so wonderfully comfortable and bright. Every one was sitting out of doors, as it is a great deal warmer here than it was in England. Our rooms, which are small, are very comfortable and near together. Had a capital tea, with such excellent rolls and butter and eggs. Went to bed early being very tired.

PARIS, *Saturday, Sept. 29.*—Woke to the sound of French being jabbered in the courtyard below. . . . Walked with Mama to the English Embassy, but Ld. & Ly. Cowley were out; shopped and went to the Louvre and Palais Royal. Drove to the Bois de Boulogne, which is quite lovely, and

¹ Sir J. T. Hibbert, M.P.

very gay. Papa obliged to go to bed with a cold. Dined at the Table d'hôte—great fun. . . . Read prayers. . . .

PARIS, *Sunday, Sept. 30.*—A waiter very nearly marched into my room when I was in my nightgown. Got up after a capital night. . . . Church at half-past eleven, in the Rue St. Madeleine; two very stout clergymen officiated. Papa better, but still in bed. Very hot. Afternoon went out to Restaurant and afterwards to Church. Went into the St. Madeleine, the very first time I had ever been into a Roman Catholic Church. The music was beautiful, and the building itself large and very fine. Walked about the principal streets afterwards, and came home very tired.

Went to dinner at the British Embassy. . . . Lord Cowley very kind and pleasant. Lady Cowley's head a mass of little curls! Got to bed about 12 after packing up.

HOSPENTHAL, *October 4.*—Stopped for breakfast and luncheon. We reached the top of the pass of St. Gothard about two hours afterwards, and found ourselves on a level with the regions of snow. Unfortunately we were entirely enveloped in a thick cloud till we had got some way down it. The pass is tremendously precipitous most of the way down. One of the horses fell, but providentially not on steep ground. At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 4 we reached Airole. A pretty good inn, the Poste. Bed early, damp beds, bad night. Up early, started at 6—followed the course of the Ticino, lovely valley, enormous rocks, and splendid water-falls; the road cut in a wonderful way out of the rocks; churches very numerous, perched sometimes at a great height . . . arrived at Bellinzona about 4, beautiful situation. Dined at Table d'hôte where we fell in with a very agreeable foreigner. . . .

October 6.—Went over Monte Cinere; very steep indeed; two oxen drew us. Walked some of the way. Beautiful chestnuts and blackberries. Beautiful glimpses of Lake Maggiore. Came down upon Lake of Lugano, lying in a flood of sunshine, the lake of the most glorious green, the mountains grand all round, the town wonderfully picturesque. Saw a good many handsome faces. Had one

magnificent peep of a snowy mountain, in a glow of sunshine. . . . Arrived at Como at 3. Not many Garibaldians. An hour's train railroad and we arrived at Milan. . . . Went early to bed very tired, after having eaten ravenously.

MILAN, *October 7*.— . . . Went to Church at 11, some way off. . . . Afterwards went to the glorious Cathedral. I shall never forget my first sight of it. The vastness and grandeur, the sun shining through the beautiful stained glass, produced a wonderful effect on the marble. My winkie, how lovely it was! There were a good many people praying. It is Gothic architecture, but the disappointment is the roof, which seems beautifully carved, but is only painted. Went home after walking about a little and having an ice.

MILAN, *October 8*.—[I insert this entry to show what Mary really could do in the way of 'guidebook.'] Fine day, breakfast at 9 at the Table d'hôte; directly afterwards drove with Mama, Papa, and Agnes to the Hospital, a very fine old building beautifully carved outside, some parts of it very good. Afterwards went to Sant' Ambrogio. This was originally the Cathedral of the City, founded by St. Ambrose in 387; but very little remains of the original building. The date of the present edifice is about 870; there is a very curious marble throne in the middle of the choir which used to be the throne used by the Archbishops of Milan. The pulpit is also remarkable and beautifully carved. Afterwards we went through the Santa Maria della Grazia to the Convent of the same name which contains the famous fresco by Leonardo da Vinci. It has been fearfully damaged, but through everything you can see its wonderful beauty, and what it must have been originally!

Lastly we went to the Brera, the great picture gallery, where we spent nearly two hours. There are some splendid frescoes of Luini's in the entrance halls. . . . Left Milan about 9, arriving at 12 at Parma. Very tired and cold, we got into a very dreary station, the floor all covered with soldiers asleep. Found a single open fly into which we all six bundled, luggage and all. Drove to two inns unsuccessfully,

bringing down the poor men in their shirts with a tallowdip, and not half awake ! At length found room at the Poste ; very fair, except we were all more or less much troubled with fleas.

BOLOGNA, *October 10.*— . . . After breakfast went up alone the leaning Tower of Bologna, twice as high as the one at Pisa ; very hard work. Steep and very infirm ladders. Fine view from the top. . . .

We finished up with the picture gallery. . . . Guido's Crucifixion, and a very fine head of our Lord are the ones I liked best of his. One gets tired of the look of entreaty that he always introduces on some face in all his pictures.

Left Bologna at 4 ; found a splendid saloon carriage provided for us, to belong to us till Rome. . . .

ANCONA, *October 11.*—Beautiful morning. Woke early. Went down to the sea. Ancona stands just on one side of a bay, and is extremely pretty, with hills round it, the sea such a refreshing sight. . . . Left Ancona at about 9. Passed through very pretty country, some of it very wild and rocky. At each station our carriage causing great excitement. Luncheon at Fuligni. Splendid scenery. Got very sleepy and tired towards the end of our journey. We were fortunate enough to be let off the searching of our boxes, and *fumigation*. At last about 10 o'clock we reached Rome. Drove in a crowded bus to our house, 51 Piazza di Spagna, where we found tea awaiting us. Madame Tellenbach, our landlady, very kind and obliging. Comfortable rooms. . . .

ROME, *October 12.*—After luncheon started walking with Papa and Mama. The streets quite filthy and very bad air, giving me a very bad first impression of the Eternal City. Crossed the Tiber, which is very muddy and ugly. Went to St. Peter's, Papa leading me with my eyes shut till we were under the Dome, so that its full beauty and grandeur should burst upon me at once. I shall never forget my first sight of it. Stayed some time walking about those glorious transepts. Presently the splendid bell began to ring, and a man told us it was ' Il Papa ritornando.' We ran outside and

were just in time to see him drive up with great pomp, outriders etc., and to make curtseys, upon which he raised his hand to give us his blessing. It was a great piece of luck, seeing him so soon. . . .

ROME, *October 14.*— . . . Agnes and I went to Church with Stume.¹ At least service is in a large room ; not a large congregation. Rather flat : the clergyman and singing. . . .

ROME, *October 15.*—Began Dante with Papa after breakfast. At 12 went to the Vatican, Papa paying a visit to Cardinal Antonelli.² . . . Saw the wonderful Laocoon. It cannot be better described than by Byron in *Childe Harold*. . . .

ROME, *October 16.*— . . . Dante after breakfast an hour, then went straight to the Vatican, where we spent three hours. An old Professor Somebody showed us through splendid galleries and halls which seemed perfectly endless. . . . After luncheon we went a drive on the Pincio, where we heard some very pretty music. Papa walked with Monsignor Talbot.³ Evening went to the opera—*Rigoletto*—and a very pretty ballet ; could not stay till the end. Lovely dresses and good scenery and acting ; great fun on the whole.

ROME, *October 19.*— . . . Reading aloud *Old Mortality*.

ROME, *October 21.*— . . . The Dean of Westminster⁴ and Lady Augusta Stanley turned up ! . . . Saw the King of Naples. Went in to the Trinita di Monte, and heard very pretty music and singing. A flood of golden sunshine lighting up the altar and priests. A number of novices were inside the screen dividing the body of the Church from the Chancel. . . .

ROME, *October 22.*— . . . After dinner came Monsignor Talbot, [Lawrence] Macdonald, the sculptor, and Mr. Severn⁵

¹ Mrs. Gladstone's German maid.

² Cardinal Antonelli, noted Roman prelate and statesman.

³ Well known to the readers of the biographies of Manning and Newman.

⁴ The famous Dean Stanley of Westminster. His wife, Lady Augusta Stanley, was formerly lady-in-waiting to Queen Victoria.

⁵ Arthur Severn, the artist and ward of Ruskin.

to tea. . . . We are to have a private audience of the Pope [Pius IX.] on Sunday at 4 o'clock. . . .

ROME, *October 23.*— . . . Went with Mama and Agnes to Macdonald (the sculptor's) studio. Saw busts of heaps of friends and acquaintances, Mama amongst them, done 27 years ago. Afternoon drove to the ROMAN FORUM. Began with the Coliseum, the grandest of all Roman antiquities—to stand in the very spot where, hundreds of years ago, the early Christians were slaughtered, where for four years the great Roman games were celebrated, when thousands of people, dead for a thousand years, assembled to gloat over the bloody scenes then so horribly delightful to their eyes ; it is indeed hard to realize, to fill up in the mind's eye the gaps and ravages which time has worked ; to fancy the dense masses filling that vast space, the shouts and yells of cruel triumph, or the cries of anguish, and roar of wild beasts, and now to see the peace and calm, the grass growing on the arena and the moss on the walls. How marvellous it is. We afterwards examined the arches of Vespasian, Titus, and Severus. The Titus is by far the finest, being a single arch of white marble. Then the Basilica of Constantine, which consists of three Corinthian columns standing in the Forum itself, are supposed to belong to the Temple of Minerva. They are of white marble. The column of Phocas stands in solitary grandeur nearer the Temples of Vespasian and Concord which are at the foot of the Capitol. Altogether the interest awakened by these objects is indescribable, and hours and days may be spent there without getting tired of them. We finished by walking through the square in front of the Capitol, with its splendid statue of Marcus Aurelius.

ROME, *October 24.*—It rained a good deal and we had to sit boxed up in Signor Rossi's¹ house, while he lectured to us about the position of the different antiquities about the Forum. Saw a little of the Palace (so called) during the intervals of rain. . . .

ROME, *October 25.*—Afternoon went again with the

¹ Jean Baptiste de Rossi, Italian archæologist.

Stanleys to the Palace of the Caesars. Walked about examining the different curious old walls and fragments of carved marble, everything being meanwhile explained by Signor Rossi. They are gradually excavating all that remains of the building, and the ruins of the different rooms, baths, etc., are extremely curious and interesting. The first idea of a Basilica is taken from one of these. Walked home very tired and wet.

ROME, *October 28*.— . . . Afternoon drove in a state carriage, Papa, Mama, Lady Augusta, Agnes, and I, to the Vatican; Papa in uniform, we in black silk and black veils. We were ushered into a room where sat several other females. After waiting some time Prince and Princess somebody were called in. After they had had their audience, our names were called. Accordingly we marched in one after another to a long and very grim-looking room, with a white figure standing at the end. Mama went up first, then Agnes, then me, then Lady A[ugusta], and lastly Papa; all in turn curtsying to the depths and kissing the Pope's hand. He then told us to sit on five stools which were arranged in a semi-circle round the table behind which he sat on a kind of dais. Then he began to talk and trolled on very good-naturedly, laughing a good deal, for about 20 minutes, asking but few questions, and carrying on the conversation almost alone; about Rome, the Italian language, poetry, Milton, Atlantic Cable, the Queen, Scotland, etc., calling the Prince of Wales 'Prince George,' and complacently remarking that there were 3 or 400,000 Catholics in Glasgow. Asking Lady Augusta whether she was the daughter of the Lord in China (meaning Lord Elgin, her brother, in India). Altogether we were very much pleased with his kindness and simplicity, but there was something excessively ludicrous in the whole thing. He finished by the words 'Que Dieu vous donne toutes les Grâces!' a signal for us to depart. We therefore again made deep obeisances, and kissed his hand, and he gave us each a separate blessing. Thus ended our interview with Pius IX. . . .

ROME, *November 2*.— . . . Afternoon drove to the Callixtus Catacombs. The party were Prince and Princess Radziwill,¹ Monsignor Nardi,² the Dean and Lady Augusta, and some Americans. Hardly had we got down into the Catacombs than a great thunderstorm came on which sounded rather awful, growling in the distance. Monsieur Rossi lectured to us in French, and explained the different compartments, paintings, etc. These were extremely curious, none of them representing the Virgin in any degree of prominence. . . . We remained about two hours in them. I drove home in a carriage with the Dean of Westminster, Monsignor Nardi, and M. de Rossi, such an extraordinary party, especially as Monsignores are not allowed to drive with females in Rome. *Pencil Note*.—And he said some odd things.

ROME, *November 4*.—Went to San Carlo to see a great ceremony. We were treated with great respect, and after standing for some time at the door waiting the arrival of the Cardinals, we were shown to a capital seat near the altar. About $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10 the procession came into the Church, one of the most gorgeous sights imaginable. The soldiers, the scarlet robes of the Cardinals, and high above the heads of the crowd the Pope, seated in a magnificent chair, was borne, all the people and guards throwing themselves on their knees as he passed blessing them all the way. When he reached his seat near the altar, all the Cardinals went before him, like at a drawing-room, kissing his knees. At this point we went away, and reached our Church by 11. . . .

ROME, *November 7*.— . . . Afternoon drove to Monte Mario from which we had a magnificent view of the whole of Rome and the beautiful twinings of the Tiber. . . .

- ROME, *November 12*.— . . . Had a singing lesson from Signor Alari. Went to Mr. Leighton's³ Studio. . . . Afternoon went to the Catacombs of Pretextatus. Delightful drive ; thought them very like the others. . . .

¹ Prince Radziwill, Russian General.

² Monsignor Francesco Nardi, Prelate of the Pope's household.

³ Afterwards Lord Leighton, P.R.A.

ROME, *November 13*.— . . . Afternoon went with Uncle Stephen [Sir Stephen Glynne], etc., to see some Churches, first St. Agostino, where unfortunately the Raphael picture was covered up. The Statue of the Madonna and Child (which was originally Agrippina and Nero) is covered with precious stones and offerings of all kinds, and is continually being worshipped. It is about the most adored Statue in Rome. . . .

ROME, *November 14*.— . . . Very sad, farewell dinner with the Stanleys. The Dean kissed my hand. Went to the Apollo, for part of the *Africaine*. A large theatre, capital scenery, and very pretty altogether. . . .

ROME, *November 15*.— . . . Afternoon Ag[nes] and I drove with the Enfields¹ to the Pampili Doria Villa. Saw the Columbarium there, which is a very large one and looks like a dovecot. Walked about the gardens, and drove home through the miserable Ghetto, the Jews' quarter. . . . Nobody there except Prince Radziwill, the Disreputable,² and a little Zouave. Had great fun, and excellent tea.

ROME, *November 22*.— . . . Dante till $\frac{1}{4}$ to 10. We are now in PURGATORY. Beautiful afternoon. Went with Mr.³ and Mrs. Cardwell to San Pietro in Vincoli, a Basilica on the Esquiline, especially famous for a colossal Moses by Michael Angelo, a splendid statue full of that wonderful force and grandeur, which always characterizes his monuments. . . . Afterwards went to the English cemetery to see Gibson's⁴ grave. . . .

ROME, *November 23*.—My 19th birthday. Very pretty presents. Lapis Lazuli earrings from Mama, gold ring from Papa, turquoise cross and photo of Rome from Uncle S[tephen], cast of a head of Michael Angelo's from Agnes. . . .

ROME, *November 25*.— . . . Evening went to the Respect-

¹ Lord (and Lady) Enfield, afterwards Earl of Strafford.

² See *ante*. So called to distinguish him from the Austrian Prince, Radziwill the Respectable.

³ Edward (afterwards Lord) Cardwell, Secretary for War, 1868-1874.

⁴ John Gibson, the sculptor.

ables'¹ tea-party, which was rather amusing. The Cardwells were there. Very good tea. . . .

ROME, *November 26.*— . . . Afternoon drove to St. Clemente's, where . . . we listened to thorough explanation of all the frescoes and different compartments by the discoverer, Father Mullooly, an Irish priest who, in 1857, brought to light quite accidentally an extensive and most interesting Basilica which had been hidden for nearly a thousand years. It was excavated with immense difficulty, on account of supporting the Church above. The frescoes are in excellent preservation, and are perfectly comprehensible as the names of the Saints are inscribed underneath. There is a range of eight columns of different marbles, two being magnificent specimens, one of verde antico and the other of breccia corallina. Father Mullooly believes in the existence of another building still deeper in the earth. Altogether it was deeply interesting. . . .

ROME, *November 27.*— . . . Afternoon went to the Castle of St. Angelo. . . . It was built A.D. 130 by Hadrian, from which it was called the Mausoleum of Hadrian. The statue of the Archangel on the summit was erected by Gregory the Great in the 6th century. We went down a spiral passage, pitch dark, which goes all round the building ; also into the fearful little cells, in one of which Beatrice Cenci was confined for a year, without light or seeing any one. In another Benvenuto Cellini was shut up for two years. There is a rough bit of drawing in charcoal done by him on the wall. The prisoners were let down into the cells by trapdoors ; they are manholes, pitch dark, and bad air. Went up to the top, from which there is a most lovely view. . . .

ROME, *November 30.*—St. Andrew's Day. . . . Met the Pope, and saw him very well. . . .

ROME, *December 2.*— . . . The Duke of Argyll and Edith² came over to see us, and walked with us to Church. They arrived late at night. The Duchess in bed with Influenza. . . .

¹ Prince and Princess Radziwill.

² Lady Edith Campbell, afterwards Duchess of Northumberland.

ROME, *December 3*.— . . . When we got home found our drawing-room floor on fire, and the firemen pouring water on it. It had burnt through the ceiling of the room below, the beams having caught fire, being built too near the fire-place. It was put out in time, but left the place in an awful mess.

ROME, *December 6*.— . . . Walked by the Pincio to Mr. d'Epine's studio, where we saw some very remarkable pieces of sculpture. A magnificent bust of a brigandess. . . .

ROME, *December 7*.— . . . Went afternoon to the Church of the Santi Apostoli, where there was a great ceremony in honour of its being the Eve of the Immaculate Conception. The altar was beautifully lighted up. The Pope's approach was announced by loud cheering outside the Church. He marched in a procession of Cardinals and priestly dignitaries, and read part of the service. We stood outside to see him go, and witnessed tremendous enthusiasm, about 10,000 people in the Piazza, mostly waving handkerchiefs and cheering tremendously. . . .

ROME, *December 10*.— . . . Went morning to Mr. d'Epine's studio, when he showed us his wonderful caricatures in sculpture, which are too ridiculous. Lord Grey, Gen. Montebello, Lord Palmerston, etc. . . . Afternoon went with . . . Argylls, Cardwells . . . to the Via Latina where we saw the two old tombs which have been lately discovered here; one is remarkable for its beautiful stucco ornamentation on the ceiling and the other for its beautiful painting, which are both as fresh as if they had been done yesterday. . . . Rather dull dinner, but amusing evening between Odo Russell¹ and Nardi!

ROME, *December 11*.—Papa in bed with very bad sore throat. Great fire broke out in Mama's and Papa's bedroom, the floor having been smouldering all night, from the same cause as the drawing-room one. The firemen managed to extinguish it soon, but it was wonderful it didn't break in the night.

¹ Lord Odo Russell, diplomatist. Afterwards 1st Lord Ampthill.

ROME, *December 18*.— . . . Nardi took us to see an orphanage managed by nuns, the cleanest and pleasantest place I have yet seen in Rome. . . .

ROME, *December 19*.— . . . Went with Stephy and Helen to the [Palazzo] Borghese, where we stayed some time. Afternoon drove round by Ponte Molle to the Vatican to see Cardinal Antonelli's collection of marbles and jewels; they were quite beautiful, beginning with the commonest stone to the most precious marbles, Lapis Lazuli, and Malachite, and lovely precious stones most beautifully set. Antonelli was exceedingly kind and good-natured, and besides writing his name in our books presented us all with photos of himself. . . .

ROME, *December 20*.—Afternoon drove to the Sant Agnese Catacombs, where we were well explained by Padre Smith. . . . Willy, Stephy, Lorne and I were lost for a few minutes, and shouted in vain. It was a horrid sensation. Got home late. Quiet evening.

ROME, *December 21*.—Fine but disagreeable. . . . Odo Russell came to sing a duet with each of us, which was awfulissimus but tolerably successful on the whole. Drove with the Cardwells to the Quirinal, where we walked a long time in the beautiful and very extensive gardens, filled with fountains and grottos and groves. One fountain playing an organ! The Palace is very fine and seems quite endless.

ROME, *December 25*.—Christmas day. The first Christmas we have been separated, and the first that I can remember not spent at Hawarden. Sang a Christmas carol at Mama's and Papa's door, then went off to St. Peter's. It was a fine sight, full of pomp and show, but not impressive excepting the Elevation of the Host at the High Altar by the Pope, when the thousands knelt down, and the Silver trumpets sounded from the Dome, each note swelling and sounding all through the Cathedral. By some horrid mistake we were obliged to stay throughout the service, and thus missed our own Church. I sat by a pious female who did the very

utmost to convert me. Went to Church afternoon. The decorations were very pretty. All seven of us dined with the Argylls, and the Cardwells and Mr. Richmond.¹ It was very pleasant and like Christmas, especially as we finished with hymns and carols.

ROME, *December 29.*—Papa's birthday. Helen and Co.² went to the Vatican. . . . Afternoon drove . . . to the Ara Coeli, where we saw a dead monk lying in state, supposed to be a miracle, as he had been dead five days without becoming stiff. We heard a little of the child preaching, and also at San Francesco. . . .

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ROME, *January 1, 1867.*— . . . The sunset was peculiar but glorious, the gleams on the distant hills were perfectly lovely. On getting home the great Liszt came and played to us. The execution was astonishing, immense form and feeling and more exciting than anything I ever heard. The awful part was that I had to play to him first, which brought on a slight attack of palsy. . . .

January 3.—Our rooms in Perugia were a failure, being pervaded with a bad smell. Before breakfast we went out, and had a glorious view all over the country. The snowy mountains brilliant in the bright morning sun. Afterwards walked about the town, which is remarkably picturesque ; irregular streets and beautiful bits of carving. Fine houses with lovely doors and porticoes. We went into the Duomo, which is Gothic, and should be handsome were it not so gaudy. Started about 11 for Assisi ; and drove up from the station in two ramshackle kind of carts, shaking us to pieces, and drawn by skinny mules up a steep hill. . . .

On arriving at San Giovanni we found to our consternation that the train went no further, so we had to pack into

¹ W. B. Richmond, the artist.

² A constant expression meaning 'and various others.'

one of the rummiest little carts, the gentlemen walking, and Mama and the Duchess [of Argyll] begging a lift from a complete stranger. It was great fun, and we laughed and jogged along in excellent spirits and finding dinner most acceptable on our arrival at the Poste.

FLORENCE, *January 8.*— . . . Afternoon stayed with Edith and Lorne and peeped with them through the curtain at Baron Ricasoli ¹ who was having a confab with the Duke. He said amongst other things ‘*La liberte est le remède de tous les maux.*’ Went to the opera with Countess Telchi. Othello and an endless ballet. The Prima donna sang well, and acted Desdemona very fairly. Got home about 12. . . .

January 9.— . . . Evening went to a party at Madame Minghetti’s, ² when we were introduced right and left to no end of gabbling foreigners. A dance was suddenly got up and lots of people asked us to walse, which we didn’t do. Came and went away with the Argylls.

FLORENCE, *January 11.*— . . . Evening dinner at Madame Ondini’s, about three miles out of the town. Our horse jibbed to such an extent that not only were we all but upset two or three times but we had to get out and walk in thick mud with our white satin shoes, getting perfectly wet through. Papa and two or three other men struggling to pack up the carriage and whip and dry the horse, the consequence was that we were three-quarters of an hour late ! Mme. O[ndini] luckily provided us with stockings and gave me the very boots she was wearing ! Went in to dinner with Lorne, which was a decided relief. After dinner a little dance was got up, but as it was mostly walses I only got two quadrilles with two foreign maukins. Our journey home was tolerably successful, as we only once stuck. Got home about $\frac{1}{2}$ past 12.

FLORENCE, *January 13.*— . . . Evening spent with the Argylls, Mrs. Norton.³ . . .

¹ Italian statesman, Minister of the Interior.

² Wife of Marco Minghetti, Italian statesman.

³ The Hon. Mrs. Norton, the famous beauty and authoress. Believed to be the original of *Diana of the Crossways*.

FLORENCE, *January 14*.—Went to the Bargello, where we saw the old fresco of Dante by Giotto, lately discovered but ruined by restoration. Shopped and went to the Chambers. Ricasoli spoke. Thought the whole thing undignified and trivial. Evening went with Lord Morley ¹ to Mme. Telchi's, Papa having a grand dinner given him by Poerio ² and other grateful people. They came afterwards to Mme. Telchi's. . . .

January 16.— . . . Started at $\frac{1}{2}$ p. 8 in two large carriages, arrived at Borghetto at 12, when we had luncheon. The scenery after this became very beautiful, especially as we got very high up among the tops. Our horses were capital and we arrived at 5 o'clock at the pretty little town of SASTRI. It is on the sea and is in a beautiful situation. The waves are tremendous. Very good high tea, then bed.

January 19.—Started about 8, after viewing a beautiful present of branches of oranges from the dear landlord (a great admirer of Papa's). Our journey lay nearly the whole way along the coast, and the weather having turned out beautiful and as bright and warm as spring, the colours of the sea and sky and mountains contrasted with the pines; olives and orange trees were something quite beyond description. A delicious drive of three hours, a repetition of this morning's beauty of scene and weather, and a glorious rise of the moon, we reached SAN REMO. . . . The gum has all upset in my bag, a fearful misfortune. . . .

January 25.—Arrived about 6 at Lyons, where we had a cup of coffee. Traces of deep snow all the way, and tremendous floods. . . . Arrived at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 6 at PARIS. Found Papa flourishing and tremendously sought after! Very nice rooms on the entresol. . . .

PARIS, *January 30*.— . . . Evening went to the play, Théâtre Français, which was rather dull; the acting of the women is capital, far quieter and more natural than the

¹ The 3rd Earl of Morley, afterwards Chairman of Committees and Deputy Speaker in House of Lords.

² One of the prisoners Mr. Gladstone had seen in chains on his visit to Naples in 1850.

English. Mme. de Plissy is the best actress, Mdle. Angelo very pretty. Papa left this morning, also the Cardwells.

The wind-up of the tour is written to her cousin :—

II *Carlton House Terrace, Feb. 9. 67.*

DEAREST LAVINIA,—What frightfully grim paper I am writing upon ! but I have had it so long in my blotting book that I can't help using it now I am in slight mourning. Gertrude ¹ says you are anxious to hear all about our week at Paris . . . and found ourselves overwhelmed with hospitable invitations of all sorts. The consequence was that we dined out every night, except the two when we went to the Tuileries Ball and the play. We went to the Louvre and Notre Dame of course. I was disappointed with the latter but think the Sainte Chapelle lovely—also we went to see the Exhibition, which at present is simply hideous—it looks like a huge gasometer of a dark brown ! Papa was very much pleased with the kindness and cordiality of the Emperor [Napoleon III.] and Empress, and thought we ought to stay as the latter was so particularly kind in wishing to see us. . . . Our ball gowns turned out excessively pretty, though extremely simple—plain white, trimmed with rolls of white satin, no gathers in front, and tremendously long, our wreaths of white narcissus. 3000 people are asked to these great balls, and the consequence is a tremendous squash and frightful heat, but luckily for us we were put close to the throne, and went in to supper with their Majesties, so we didn't suffer at all from the former. The Empress is lovely, I think, and so fascinating. She talked a great deal to us, especially to Mama, and asked many questions about the London poor. She was covered with diamonds and was beautifully dressed, with very little crinoline. I heard some one asking me whether I had been dancing and turned round and saw the Emperor ! He is a short, podgy, little man, very ugly, and a very foxy expression, but his little eyes look very

¹ Gertrude Glynne, afterwards Lady Penrhyn.

sharp and clever. I only danced twice, viz. with an incog. foreigner, and Frank Lascelles,¹ who is an attaché there. The next day we paid a visit to the P[rince] Imperial, who is a nice little boy, with pretty, dignified manners. He told us 'An English nurse took me when I *born*!' I felt mad making him low curtseys.—Your ever loving coz

M. G.

We dined with Rouher² in Paris, Prime Min. & Chan. of the Exchequer. Fancy my sitting between him and the Minister of Commerce!

Then, back to the diary:—

January 31.— . . . Packed up and left Paris by the 1.20. Comfortable journey to Boulogne, having had a carriage engaged by Rothschild. Got into the boat at 6.30. Very heavy swell, a great deal of rolling, no pitching. We remained on deck recumbent and were not very bad. Arrived at Folkestone at $\frac{1}{4}$ to 9. In London $\frac{1}{2}$ past 11. Papa met us. . . . It was pleasant getting home, and feeling how successful and delightful our travels have been. We shall always look back upon these last four months as one of the pleasantest and happiest bits in our lives, a bright spot in our memories, and certainly never to be forgotten!

A silence follows, and our knowledge of Mary Gladstone's life until 1870 is chiefly obtained from some of her letters.

11 *Carlton House Terrace, S.W., July 21. 67.*

DEAREST LAVINIA,— . . . There has been so much going on the last week in London that really the season seems to have begun again. The ball at the India Office was the most gorgeous thing I ever saw, but the death of Madame Musurus³ in the very middle of it all was a fearful shock to everybody.

¹ Sir Frank Lascelles, diplomatist.

² Eugène Rouher, French statesman.

³ Wife of the Turkish Ambassador.

We went to see the Belgians¹ off to-day, from the Speaker's House, but it was a decided failure as the steamers stuck in the mud just as they had embarked. Miss Coutts'² banquet to them was splendid, and better managed than anything I ever saw. Altogether they must take away a favourable impression of England, and from the way in which they were affectionately embracing everybody, men and women, before they embarked, they certainly seemed to be very sorry to go. . . . I went with Lucy to the school yesterday, and as she forgot to tell me she was going on to Church from there, I had to walk home all alone, and actually fell into the arms of the Archbishop of York. I have just been driving with May Wortley, charming creature.³ . . .—Your loving coz

MARY GLADSTONE

All her life long Mary had a great admiration for the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Alexandra, and bears witness in numberless passages to her beauty and charm.

11 *Carlton House Terrace, S.W., Oct. 28. 67.*

DEAREST LAVINIA,— . . . I had the tremendous treat the other day of paying a visit to the Princess at Marlborough House. Mama was to go and see her, and took me for the chance of a sight of the children. She said something to the Princess about there being any possibility of seeing them, and the Pss. said 'You had better send for your daughter.' So a grand flunkey came into the waiting-room where I was, and said I was to go up to H.R.H. I was so awfully frightened when I went in that I could hardly make proper curtseys, but she was so kind and nice and then the Baby⁴ came in which took away all awkwardness. I thought altogether H.R.H. looked very well, and lovely of course. She walked with two sticks, and is very little lame. I can't tell you what a treat

¹ Belgian Volunteers invited to visit England in recognition of the reception of the English Volunteers in Brussels in 1866.

² Afterwards Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

³ Daughter of Rt. Hon. James Stuart-Wortley, afterwards married Ralph, Earl of Lovelace.

⁴ H.R.H. the Princess-Royal.

it was to me, and how it seems almost like a dream. I hope you won't be bored with such a troll, but it is impossible to help being quite full of it. . . .—Ever yr. loving coz

MARY GLADSTONE

1868

11 *Carlton House Terrace, S.W., March 1868.*

DEAREST LAVINIA,—. . . We were in the House when Willy made his first speech. You may fancy the sort of state we were in, Mama rushing madly about the box, and now and then wildly clutching my arm ; Helen in another corner hugging her knee. Luckily there was no one else in that box, so that we could freely give vent to our feelings. Meanwhile the congrats have been endless. There is not a single person who does not think it was otherwise than a great success, and they say it is the best maiden speech that has been heard for a long while. I never saw anything so self-possessed as he was outwardly, though very white, and he never paused or hesitated. They cheered him capitally, at the end of nearly every sentence. . . .

. . . We are going to Dizzy's party next Wednesday, such fun. . . .—Ever lov: M. G.

11 *Carlton House Terrace, March 14. 68.*

DEAREST LAVINIA,—We spent no less than six hours without intermission at the House last night, and were well rewarded by Bright's magnificent speech,¹ one of the very best I have ever heard. His 'peroration' was something never to be forgotten. His whole manner, his countenance, voice, and words were those of an inspired orator. I am not an enthusiastic admirer of his, but really last night I felt myself bursting with enthusiasm. The only other peroration which is equal to it or perhaps even surpassing it was Papa's on Ld Grosvenor's amendment two years ago.² We

¹ On the state of Ireland.

² See p. 24.

hope to go to the House again on Monday when Papa and Dizzy wind up the debate. . . .

. . . We went to our first ball on Thursday, and enjoyed it very much. I valed away like fun and enjoyed life. . . .

—Ever yr. loving coz

MARY GLADSTONE

Panshanger, Hertford, June 2. 68.

DEAREST LAVINIA,—I am so sorry you will miss Charles¹ taking his seat, as it is to be on Thursday. I hear Mr. Forster is to be asked to be one to introduce him. From mercenary motives I hope he won't accept, as I do want Freddy and Willy to do it. As you are not fully worthy (from yr. political opinions) of Charles's becoming an M.P., I don't pity you so very much. . . .—Your loving coz

MARY GLADSTONE

¹ Charles Lyttelton, afterwards Viscount Cobham.

CHAPTER III

MARY AND HER FRIENDS

THIS is perhaps a convenient moment for giving a general description of the friends who appear in the diary. Earliest and foremost come the Balfour brothers and sisters—Arthur (or A. J. B.), Gerald, Eustace, Frank, the brilliant man of science untimely dead, Evelyn, afterwards Lady Rayleigh, Nora, afterwards Mrs. Henry Sidgwick, and Alice, the head of the home and family. The Balfours and Gladstones heard, played, and discussed music together, argued, picnicked, and conducted good works in company. Political differences made a division at one stage, but the breach seems to have healed later. It was at 'Nora Sidgwick's' that Mary went most often to stay when she visited Cambridge, as it was at Keble with the Talbots, 'Edwarden ¹ and Lavinia,' that she stayed on her visits to Oxford.

Another family whose names recur weekly and almost daily was the Grahams, daughters of the Mr. William Graham who was famous as one of the earliest and most faithful patrons of the Pre-Raphaelite painters. Here the intercourse was so continuous and so frequent that Mary never troubles to do more than record it. I cannot find anything more descriptive than the observation, 'Amy looks lovely in white.' Amy afterwards married Mr. Kenneth Muir-Mackenzie (now Lord Muir-Mackenzie), and 'Ken sang' is a frequent entry at one date. Mary's special friend in the family was Frances, who married Mr., afterwards Sir John

¹ *I.e.* Edward S. Talbot. Edwarden was a combination of his Christian name and his position as Warden of Keble.

Horner. 'Sat with Frances,' 'Letter from Frances,' 'Drove with Frances' occur incessantly. The Graham house was a centre of the Pre-Raphaelites, and it was through them that Mary came to know Burne-Jones and Ruskin.

Another lifelong friend perpetually mentioned and never described is 'Maggie,' Lady Stepney.¹ I have not felt that the observations that Maggie came or dined or drove are suitable memorials to this devoted companionship, and have been forced to excise them. But apart from her Lyttelton relations, she was probably the greatest friend that Mary had. A courageous, humorous woman, she confided the perplexities and difficulties of a marriage, tragic almost from the beginning, to her friend, and Mary was one of her chief advisers through all her troubled life.

Mary was a great admirer of personal beauty ; and again and again comments on the beautiful trio of Talbot sisters, Adelaide Lady Brownlow, Gertrude Lady Pembroke, and Constance Lady Lothian, who, by the might of their loveliness and the high positions of their husbands, exercised the powers of slightly irresponsible rulers in a large field of English society.

Mary did not marry till she was thirty-seven ; and as her girl friends married and the circle broke up, it is evident that she felt some loneliness. It was at this stage, about 1879, when she was thirty-two, that the circle of men friends began to form, with many of whom she corresponded all her life. The *doyen* of the group was Lord Acton, who helped, perhaps more than any one, to enable Mary to take herself seriously. The friendship of a man esteemed, one might almost say ticketed, as eminent, restored her self-confidence and started her on a new phase in her life. Writing of it to Lavinia [Mrs. Talbot] in her old age, Mary observes, with a touch of retrospective gratification : ' If he had the choice between sitting by the father or sitting by the daughter, he chose the latter, and it was *so* flattering.' Lord Acton was a man more spoken of in his own generation than ours.

¹ Daughter of Lord de Tabley.



THE HON. LADY STEPNEY

Something in his temperament inhibited his putting forth his learning and intellect into any adequate form. He accumulated an immense quantity of material for a History of Liberty which he never wrote, and to which recent events would have added an ironic footnote. He promoted a constitutional movement inside the Roman Catholic Church which, it is easy to see now, was foredoomed from the start. Probably the greatest service that he rendered to learning was by influencing younger people, and Mary benefited from his influence to the full.

Other friends recorded in the same letter are Lord Rosebery, Sir Arthur Gordon, Professor James (or 'Blackie') Stuart, Henry Scott Holland, George Russell, and Edward Bickersteth Ottley. The friendship with Lord Rosebery lasted until her death, as entries in the diary show. He gave her many books, and was one of the sponsors of her reading. Sir Arthur Gordon, afterwards Lord Stanmore, was one of the honourable race of colonial administrators who founded the best traditions of the Imperial rulership over subject races. He corresponded with her from New Zealand, Ceylon, or wherever he might be, on the nature of his trust, the functions of the English Church, and the books of the day.

'Blackie' Stuart was Professor of Applied Mechanics at Cambridge, and for many years Liberal M.P. for Hackney. In middle life he married Miss Colman, and spent his later years as a director of her father's famous firm. He was a small, dark, rather shy man, no orator, but much esteemed in Parliament. He was one of Mary's colleagues in the Josephine Butler campaign, and his just estimate of Stead's part in it can be read in Mary's book, *Some Hawarden Letters*. Henry Scott Holland, Canon of St. Paul's and later Regius Professor of Theology at Oxford, I have heard described as one of the few authentic geniuses of his time. If he had chosen a secular career and had followed politics his oratory would have carried him to the very front rank. A saint, a wit, a philosopher, and a reformer, he was mainly responsible

for the Christian Social Reform Movement that now expresses itself as 'Copec.' He was a strong advocate of celibacy for the clergy, and one reads between the lines of Mary's letters that his mother was disposed to hope that she might use Mary as an instrument to break down that theory where he was concerned. To escape misunderstanding, not least perhaps by each other, they agreed, on Mary's initiative, that she should be regarded as his Deceased Wife's Sister, a person he could never marry : and thus was founded a life-long friendship and correspondence, of which some part was published.¹

As for Mr. Russell, he became something like a member of the Gladstone family, writing to Mrs. Gladstone almost every day. Many people can still remember him—a professional conversationist ; an amateur journalist of some ability ; what might be called a professional bachelor ; High Churchman ; *gourmet* ; an aristocrat (he was a grandson of the Duke of Bedford) at war with aristocracy and a Liberal often at war with Liberalism.

Mr. Ottley was at one time curate at Hawarden and afterwards head of a theological college at Salisbury, before he became vicar at Quebec Street Church. He was a man of great personal beauty, well known as a preacher, and Mary mentions him as the first man to open her eyes to Browning's poetry.

Mary first received an immense influence and stimulus from this large circle, and was then able to extend it in her turn.

1870

The Franco-Prussian War and the fall of the Emperor and Empress of the French, whose court the Gladstones had visited only three years before, were the background for Mary's gaieties and churchgoings during this year, which

¹ Ollard, *A Forty Years' Friendship*.

marks the beginning of the diary proper. She also heard Mr. Gladstone's famous declaration on the neutrality of Belgium.

HAWARDEN, *Sat. Jan. 15.*— . . . [Papa] highly approves of Lewes' *Life of G[oe]the*, which is satisfactory. Goethe is the image of Dr. Kingsley. Odd. Hope the substance of the book may stick in my head better than most do. The only consolation is that I have come to the conclusion that nothing one reads is ever really lost even if it is apparently forgotten, some impression must have been left, other ideas produced—in fact most books are keynotes. I think Papa is rather like Shakespeare. I felt it while reading Carlyle's Hero poets.

HAWARDEN, *Sunday, Jan. 16.*— . . . Hubert Parry's 'Kyrie' successfully performed and highly approved of, which makes me as cocky as if I had been the inventor thereof. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Monday, Jan. 25.*— . . . A lecture delivered by Charles [Lyttelton] at the barn on his Suez experiences and impressions. It was good and interesting throughout and in parts almost amounted to being fine. The whole thing appears wonderful both in its conception and execution, although whether it will ever pay is extremely doubtful. The length is 99 miles, breadth from 60 to 80 feet, and depth 23 feet all the way. There seems every reason to believe that a canal did exist there in ages very far back.

WITLEY, *Thurs. Jan. 28.*— . . . To dinner hooked to a muscular Christian in the shape of a hunting parson, whose conversation is strictly limited to sporting subjects and the aristocracy. Charles [Lyttelton], luckily for me, was on my other side. After eating our fill, we were audience ¹ to the arrivals in the watching of which there was considerable food for amusement. Lady Dudley looked just 17, and would have been mistaken for a girl except for the

¹ Glynnese—'to be patient, sympathising, adulating, condescending, and probably half-sincere admirer of something of which the owner is considerably proud, and in praise of which he rather prosily holds forth.'

diamond and ruby tiara, necklace and bracelets. She looked very pretty, but being in a delicate state didn't join in the mazy dance, and retired rather early to bed. Danced plentifully—partners were very scarce, so one had to have the same over and over again. . . . We ended up with a mad Lancers (16) and a wild valse at 4.30. Agnes and I had no ball gowns but it didn't matter much.

WITLEY, *Friday, Jan. 29.*— . . . Ly. Dudley was a picture this morning in black velvet, lying down on a bright blue sofa.

LONDON, *Wed. Feb. 2.*— . . . Granny¹ finished a simple story, very exciting throughout, especially the last half, a happy ending, but some parts decidedly very doubtful.

LONDON, *Friday, Feb. 11.*— . . . To a tail² at Cockburn's. Oh, my winkie, Joachim³ played. It was marvellous. I was introduced to him and my feelings were nearly too many for me. An Andante of Mozart's, but the great thing was a Concerto of Mendelssohn's, [Sir Arthur] Sullivan accompanying on the P.F. [pianoforte]. I am so excited with the remembrance, I can hardly write. . . .

LONDON, *Tues. Feb. 15.*— Yesterday was Valentine's. Got none—a sign of old age and wisdom creeping on apace. . . . Papa's Irish Land speech⁴ lasting over 3 hours, well received and very fine. Didn't hear it myself. . . . Sat with Hubert [Parry].

LONDON, *Sunday, 6. March.*—St. Anne's and St. James's, the latter for the sake of Mr. Liddon,⁵ who gave the first of a series of sermons on scepticism which he will preach on the 6 Sundays in Lent. This particular one was a sort of preface, a definition of religion and kind of history of it, its influence on the different ages, its growth and connexion with the greatest revolutions and disturbances in the world's history. There were touches of infinite pathos, especially in his quoting of the text (143 Psalm), and other verses out of the Psalms.

¹ The Dowager Lady Lyttelton, born Lady Sarah Spencer. Often called Granny by the Gladstones.

² A party following a dinner.

³ The famous violinist.

⁴ Introduction of Irish Land Bill.

⁵ H. P. Liddon, Canon of St. Paul's.



MARY ANDERSON



JOACHIM

in which his voice had a yearning and fervour which gave extraordinary effect to the words. Towards the end, when he touched upon the unbelief of the age and the fashion of calling the New Testament indefinite, the indignant force of his language and the indescribable earnestness of manner was really grand. It lasted an hour and a quarter, and we all left the Church quite turned inside out.

LONDON, *Wed. 23. March.*— . . . Browning¹ came in afterwards and made himself very agreeable, telling us all sorts of things about George Eliot. He says she has a mind capable of anything, but is easily discouraged. Mr. B. is not altogether a remarkable person to look at, and talks in a rather too self-confident way. . . .

LONDON, *Thurs. 31. March.*—Rode with Papa and the Prince of Wales, the latter not very long. Afternoon to Millais', he was indisposed, but his pictures were shown off by his wife. There are 6 to be exhibited—a pretty portrait of Ly. Huntly, a nice little widow, a maukin² (very good picture but we never saw the man), a lovely sea-side picture with a picturesque sailor telling stories to Sir Walter Raleigh when a child and another little boy, both faces full of eager expectation and excitement. Then a cradle floating in a flood with a dusky unconscious baby inside and a black cat ! and one a knight errant discovering an imprisoned maiden, which I don't care for much.

LONDON, *Sunday—Palm. April 10.*—Seven years since my Confirmation, and how I have gone down the hill.

LONDON, *Sat. May 7th.*—Have been reading Dizzy's book *Lothair* which I consider snobbish and trash. Also began *Red as a rose is She*³ which is well written but flippant to excess.

LONDON, *Sat. 28th May.*— . . . Dressed for the party, which was the biggest I ever saw. The K[ing] of the Belgians was there, and took a message from us to the Prince of Wales. The great event was that I performed to Sullivan.

¹ Robert Browning, the poet.

² Glynnese—'Signifies an unknown individual.'

³ By Rhoda Broughton.

OXFORD, *Tues. June 21.*—My room is fit to roast an ox. A hurried breakfast, in fact none, and rushed off in the boiling sun to the theatre with Eustace [Balfour], a capital seat in the semi-circle. It was a fine sight and great fun to hear the cheers and groans as the different names were shouted out by the excited undergraduates. About 11 the doors were flung open and in marched the D.C.L.'s designate, headed by Ld. Salisbury. The prettiest thing was his train bearers, his own little boys in velvet and gold embroidery. All the admission speeches were in Latin and it lasted ages. M[atthew] Arnold was the best received of the lot. Ld. S. did it grandly, and in spite of the heat and uncomfortable-ness of seats I enjoyed it thoroughly. . . . To luncheon with Barnes, a sumptuous repast and then to Eustace's rooms, so cool and delicious with the best claret cup I ever did taste. Off . . . to the Worcester Gardens for a flower show which was too hot for any enjoyment. Afterwards again to Eustace's rooms and then to 'tea at 'Turner's,' by which time I had a racking headache. The charms of Turner mixed with music, tea, strawberries and ice were effectual medicine by great good luck, and recovery was completed by Magdalen and New College, both of which we lionized ¹ and reposed ourselves in the latter's lovely gardens. Home by 8 when we (Adine ² and I) rushed off with 'Young' to Exeter College; were introduced to our chaperon, Mrs. Lightfoot, and in we marched to the Hall where the very 1st person we set eyes on was the Archangel ³ playing a duet with one called Powell—such fun seeing him again. It was a delicious concert but we were obliged to go away in the middle for dinner and dressing. But oh, what a broiling process it was—shall I ever forget. Got to the ball at 11 and was immediately surrounded by lions clamouring for dances. It was the best fun in the world and so pretty. I danced 3 times with King Arthur [Mr. A. J. Balfour], also with Mr. Turner and Eustace [Balfour], twice with Harcourt, and

¹ Means to behave like a tourist visiting something famous.

² Lady Adine Murray.

³ Sir Hubert Parry.

once with everybody else, a rather nice Mr. Littleton among them. With 'Young' I went over to the Eton and Harrow ball for one dance with Hubert Parry, such a valse, quite mad, then he brought me home and we finished up with Sir Roger. . . .

ST. GEORGE'S HILL, *Sat. 6. August.*— . . . We sat out after dinner and at 9.30 came a telegram announcing the terrific battle ¹ which was only finished 3 hours ago. The French beaten hollow.

ST. GEORGE'S HILL, *Sunday, Aug. 7.*—A nice little Church and good sermon. Showers but such glorious colouring between. A walk after tea. Ly. Ellesmere and her boy joining us. Fresh telegrams telling of another Prussian victory.² This house is a gem.

LONDON, *Monday, Aug. 8.*—Came up by an early train and went to a rehearsal of the Birmingham Festival. Mr. Sullivan's overture very pretty and bright and full of spirit and grace. To the H. of Commons when Papa announced that a treaty had been made by England with France and Prussia for the protection of Belgium, England engaging in the event of either power attacking it, to join with the other in its defence. . . .

LONDON, *Wed. Aug. 10.*—Many rumours of a revolution in Paris, and that the Prince Imperial is in London. . . . At 1 to the House for a spirited little debate on the treaty. Bernal Osborne ³ made a row and drew forth a fine speech from Papa. Saw the Black Rod enter and prorogue the House.

WALMER CASTLE, *Monday, Aug. 15.*— . . . Afternoon came in news of a great battle at Metz,⁴ contradictory accounts giving the victory to both parties. . . .

WALMER CASTLE, *Thurs. Aug. 18.*—At 12 went off in a boat to pay a visit to the *Penelope*, a man of war, one of three lying at present in the downs. Adine [Murray] went with us, and it was great fun, especially as I had never done any-

¹ Wörth.

³ Ralph Bernal Osborne, Liberal M.P.

² Spicheren.

⁴ Gravelotte.

thing of the sort before. She is 3,900 tons, [] guns,¹ only 4 years old, and certainly a most perfect vessel. We lionized her completely, had the yards manned both on our arrival and departure by the *Achilles* and *Volage* as well as the *Penelope*. . . . It was not quite smooth but the boat part was delicious, only the ship made me so giddy. Landed at the pier, luncheon at 3, then a jolly ride with Ld. G[ranville]. Our talk today was partly on books (it has been mostly on people). He admires the *Promessi Sposi* ² above *every* other novel.

LONDON, *Tues. Sep. 6.*— . . . Napoleon's and MacMahon's whole army are prisoners of war, and a republic is declared at Paris, all the inhabitants in strange exultation ; a fool's paradise I fear. . . .

LONDON, *Tues. Dec. 27.*— . . . Mr. Reitlinger, secretary to Jules Favre ³ arrived. After being 6 weeks besieged in Paris he pd. a thousand pounds to leave in a balloon, arriving at Metz in 4 hours, a journey which usually takes 16 ! A queer little animal.

1871

The records of a Royal wedding (Princess Louise and Mary's friend, Lord Lorne), for which the Gladstone family visited Windsor Castle ; the opening of the Albert Hall ; and the illness of the Prince of Wales, are the chief public events recorded in this year's diary. Mary is still only fitfully interested in politics ; it is ' Papa's sphere,' in which all that he does is right. The Gladstones and Balfours begin to combine for that series of remarkable performances on piano-forte and ' *Infernales* ' ⁴ that was a feature of their musical

¹ Gap in MS.

² *I Promessi Sposi*, by Manzoni.

³ French statesman.

⁴ Mr. (now Earl of) Balfour was a remarkable performer on the concertina, to which the name ' *Infernal* ' was given in the family circle.

experience for some years. Mary also describes the different scenes in which her idols, the beautiful Talbot sisters,¹ took part.

HAWARDEN, *Fri. Jan. 27.*— . . . Uncle H[enry Glynne] read aloud Guizot's tremendous ² letter to Papa, claiming British interposition with the P[russian]s as a duty. Very ably written and expressed, but scarcely enough recognising their humiliated position.

HAWARDEN, *Tues. Jan. 31.*— . . . An ARMISTICE. Hurrah.

LONDON, *Sat. Feb. 4.*— . . . Papa held forth about the [Franco-Prussian] war, and about English nature as a rule. How full of stuff it was and yet how disgustingly lazy.

LONDON, *Thurs. Feb. 9.*—Sun came out. Opened Parliament at 2, truly a gorgeous pageant. Speech read by the Ld. Chancellor. Pss. of Wales in great beauty of person and costume. . . . Read *Adonais*, oh so beautiful and pathetic and yet hopeful ; for it dwells on his future existence, which is not usual with Shelley. Hubert Parry and Eddy [Cavendish] came to tea, and the former played to us for an hour, gem after gem. Papa made a fine speech smashing Dizzy all to fits, but I wasn't there.

WINDSOR, *Sat. Feb. 11.*— . . . At 4.30 off to Windsor where we arrived about 6. Enjoyed our tea. Agnes and I have a sitting-room and feel very comfortable. What an excited state I ought to be in at finding myself for the first time lodged under the roof of my Sovereign, instead of which a strange calmness pervades my whole being. Agnes and the Elders dined with H.M. and I in solitary glory with the Household, which was less stiff and far pleasanter than I expected.

WINDSOR, *Sunday, Feb. 12.*— . . . Agnes dined with the Household. After waiting about 2 minutes in the corridor we saw the Queen coming, and advanced to meet her. She

¹ See page 48.

² Probably referring to its length (28 pages). The letter from M. Guizot, the famous French statesman, is preserved among the Gladstone archives at Hawarden.

shook hands with me and then we followed her into the dining-room, she whispering to Pss. L[ouise] that Mama was to sit by her. I was very lucky, having for my neighbours the Dean of Windsor and Mr. [Charles] Kingsley, with which I was delighted for love of one and curiosity about the other. The only thing wh. made me feel the least shy was catching the Queen's eye every now and then, when I always felt inclined to stand up and make a curtsy. There were very few general topics, and my conversation with Mr. K[ingsley] was very interesting. Music, Morris, Coleridge, the West Indies, his own novels. . . . H.M. talks a good deal to Pss. Louise aside, and they must have a keen sense of the ridiculous from the way they laughed. The Queen talked about Cliveden. . . . She thinks Ld. Westminster has an absurd mania for pulling down and altering. After dinner we all stood round rather like fools, and after a few moments' conversation with Ly. Churchill, H.M. came up to me and began talking about Herbert's illness, also wanting to know how far Ida¹ suffered now from her accident. Then asked about Helen, where she was, and made a few unimportant remarks on London. After talking to Mr. Kingsley for some time, she came and said Goodbye, and off we trotted to join the Household. The evening passed quickly and pleasantly. Col. Hardinge² amused us a great deal and we went to bed very well satisfied with our day.

LONDON, *Monday, Feb. 13.*— . . . Dined with Ly. Gilford and Maude and afterwards with them to the Pop.,³ finding ourselves close to Spencer [Lyttelton] and Hubert P[arry]. . . . Joachim's 1st appearance this season, bringing down thundering applause. I wished to go and kneel at his feet. Mendelssohn Quintette a lovely thing, especially the 2 middle movements, and a quintette of Schubert's wh. couldn't help being fascinating with such performers. We encored the 2 solo instrumental pieces. Joe in a delightful Chaconne of Bach, when he gave us the Gavotte in B. minor perfectly

¹ Ida Gladstone, a cousin.

³ Popular Concert.

² Sir Arthur Edward Hardinge.

played. Mme. Schumann 2 things of Mendelssohn's. It was a Concert, tho' the vocal part was dull rather. . . .

LONDON, *Thurs. Feb. 23.*—Glorious balmy day. Mama and Helen to the D[rawing-]room. Reading the *Revolt of Islam*.¹ Some of De Quincey's *Autobiographic Sketches*; what a delightful style. . . . Dinner with the Farquhars.² Hubert Parry there, who played me into Paradise as usual.

LONDON, *Sun. Feb. 26.*—Papa in great anxiety this morning, relieved this afternoon by telegrams announcing peace almost as absolute certainty. St. Anne's and St. Andrew's. Operatic anthem of Mozart wh. should have enjoyed had it not been Church. Lunch and tea with May [Lyttelton], very cosy indeed. Sat in Papa's room evening.

LONDON, *Tues. Feb. 28.*— . . . Small dinner party. Charles [Lyttelton] and Sarena,³ Messrs. Wade⁴ and Balfour. Sat by the latter, and talked a good deal of nonsense as usual, and he laughed so immoderately as to be forced to starve. After dinner Mr. Wade sang all the old songs, and I played some fugues wh. won some approval.

LONDON, *Wed. Mar. 1.*— . . . Argyll Lodge to dinner, only 8 altogether . . . not a lively evening, but some of the talk was good—on Darwin's theory and about the war; a discussion as to how far Garibaldi helped the French. The room was like fairyland when we arrived, so dim, sweet, and mysterious, lovely elfs with golden hair in various picturesque positions, beautiful contrasts of colour.

LONDON, *Mon. Mar. 27.*— . . . At 5.35 in walked the Princess of Wales. She had tea, seemed very happy, and stopped till 7. . . . Read a lot of Motley.⁵

LONDON, *Wed., March 29.*—Opening of the Albert Hall, a magnificent sight. A capital place in the Ministers' box on the grand tier. The Queen arrived about 12.30, the first of a gorgeous procession in wh. Pss. Louise shone pre-

¹ By Shelley.

² Sir Walter and Lady Mary Farquhar.

³ Wife of Mr. Arthur Godley, afterwards Lord Kilbracken, who was private secretary to Mr. Gladstone.

⁴ Two brothers, singers, sons of the then Rector of St. Anne's, Soho.

⁵ *The Rise and Fall of the Dutch Republic*, by J. L. Motley.

eminent in dazzling white from top to toe. The Princess of Wales in magenta velvet and satin. The Queen walked up amidst deafening cheers and 'God save the Queen' on to the dais. The Prince of Wales then read an address, to which she replied in a clear, ringing voice. The Prince having declared the Hall open, the Royal Family were marched off into their boxes, and a Cantata of Costa's performed. It was good as far as I could judge, but not anything out of the way. . . .

LONDON, *Maunday Thursday*, *Ap.* 6.—. . . To the Abbey for the 7 o'clock service, consisting of Bach's Passion Music and a sermon, between 'Lightnings and Thunders,' and 'Alas, where is now my Saviour gone.' It was a wonderful performance and so all-absorbing as to leave no room for any other sensation, and I did not even feel tired though having to stand throughout the music; except in the bass parts where Stockhausen was dreadfully missed, it was quite as well done as in Feb., by the same choir but no women. The Alto solos almost the best of all. It is the first time such a thing has been done and it is curiously unexpected that the Dean should have started; but there is no doubt of its success and I hope it will become a regular institution. . . .

LONDON, *Mon.* *Ap.* 24.—Practised a deal. London Hospital with Mama; such interesting cases and marvellous patience with dreadful suffering. To the Opera with Harry, enjoyed it, oh so much. Don Giovanni, with Patti, who was a duck and sang beautifully—every famous song rapturously encored. . . .

LONDON, *Fri.* *Apr.* 28.—To the Royal Academy. Millais *does* shine—all his pictures admirable in their way—the 'Moses' wh. took him 7 years, full of power and grandeur, 'No or Yes' of grace, the landscape of descriptive colouring, the 'Somnambulist' of cleverness of form and expression, and the portrait of G. Grote¹ of vigour and characteristic-ness of the subject. The others that please me are Leslie's 'Nausicaa and her Maids,' the colouring of wh. is brilliant

¹ George Grote, scholar and historian.

and the faces very lovely. V. Cole's¹ 'Autumn Gold,' a landscape of cornfields and trees flooded in a marvellous glow from the setting sun. Miss Courtnauld's 'Bethany' with a primrose sky and purple ground. Watts' portraits I don't entirely like, nor Leighton's 'Alcestis,' and W. B. Richmond looks cold and hard both in 'Lucy' and his 'Bowl Players.'

LONDON, *Sat. Ap. 29.*— . . . Off to Chislehurst, the whole pie of us in pouring rain. Picked cowslips, called on the Emperor [Napoleon III.], and had a capital tea and came home wet but all cheerful. . . .

LONDON, *Mon. May 22.*— . . . To the Queen's for *Joan of Arc*, a highly sensational piece with extraordinary contrasts of the very worst and the very finest acting, of scenes of deathly dullness and of tremendous excitement. Mrs. Rousby the heroine, a beautiful inspired creature, surrounded by sticks of the worst water. Some of the scenery very brilliant, but the whole thing too real a tragedy for the stage. Her last appearance standing on a burning pile embracing the sword with gleaming eyes, streaming hair, and triumphant countenance, is not easily to be forgotten. The siege of Tourelles vividly done.

LONDON, *Wed. May 24.*— . . . Drove home at 5 for our Tutu [Tea-party], at which Gounod unexpectedly appeared. Mrs. Weldon, Messrs. Wade, Parry, Leigh, the other executants. Marlboroughs, Cheshams, Bernstorffs, Balfours, etc., appeared, and it was a success, especially interesting to watch Gounod's expression of countenance when playing. . . .

LONDON, *Thurs. May 25.*—A crowd of people to breakfast. . . . At 11 off to the Tichborne trial with Ly. Herbert [of Lea], the 1st time I had ever been in court, but unfortunately 'twas not a good moment as the examination was fearfully long, tedious, and trivial. . . .

LONDON, *Fri. May 26.*—Fine. Walked in the park with C. & B. Farquhar, refreshing ourselves with ginger beer and jumbles for fourpence. At 2.40 with Meriel [Talbot] to

¹ George Vicat Cole, painter.

St. James's Hall, joining Mr. and Miss Balfour, Audrey Hope, and Spencer [Lyttelton], a seat devoted to Beethoven, Bach, and Handel only divided me from the B[s]. The programme was Superb, that mad prelude, fugue of Bach's Mr. Leigh plays, delightful Gigue of Handel's, Sonata of Beethoven's for P[iano] F[orte] and Violin with lovely Adagio finely played by Hallé¹ and Neruda.² Aufswung, Warum, and other little jewels of Schumann's, Chopin's Berceuse quite perfect, and a drunk Polonaise with marvellous octave playing. Had to tear ourselves away before the end to see Mama and Helen off to Panshanger [Lord Cowper's house]. Some tea, and then riding with Herbert at 5.30 joined by the Balfours, overpowered by laughter as usual, and on Constitution Hill treated to a glorious Sunset, which even made dirty houses and chimneys beautiful, but made me pine for Sea or Mountains. Dinner at 7.30 and then with Agnes, Harry, and Herbert to *Faust* at Covent Garden. Mario, Lucca, Schalchi, and Faure. It was enchanting, but the heat terrific as we sat in the roof, and much praise to us that we lost not our tempers. Old Mario did wonderfully well, and Lucca in the jewel scene called down thundering applause. Not over till 12.30, and bed was blessed.

LONDON, *Sat. June 10.*—Off at 12 to Eton with Stephy. . . . And then to the playing fields, a match between Eton and the Cambridge Quid Nuncs. 4 cousins playing. Longman got 85 runs. Bob and Edward [Lytteltons] got 21 and 6. Spencer [Lyttelton] and B. Lawley³ in the Cambridge [XI]. Tea at Evans's,⁴ and sat in her pretty garden full of roses and all wet. Pretty fine . . . made acquaintance with G[erald] Balfour. Home at 10.

LONDON, *Monday, June 12.*—Gounod and Mrs. Weldon came afternoon and a whole heap of people to listen. She sang, and he accompanied beautifully. I played before him

¹ Sir Charles Hallé, founder of the famous orchestra at Manchester.

² Famous violinist. Married Ludwig Norman (1864) and became known as Norman-Neruda. Married a second time, Sir Charles Hallé (1888).

³ Afterwards 3rd Lord Wenlock.

⁴ Miss Jane Evans, last of the Eton 'Dames.'

to Mr. Wade's singing, and got some compliments wh. overwhelmed me coming from so great a man.

LONDON, *Fri. June 16.*—At 10 to Arlington Street [Lord Salisbury's house]. Miss E. Balfour is engaged to Mr. J. Strutt! ¹ Delicious day, not too hot. Drove down in their open carriage, with May and Miss B[alfour] and a gigantic amount of music taking up the 4th seat. Mr. B[alfour] and Spencer [Lyttelton] behind in a hansom. The music began at 12, and we arrived at the C[rystal] P[alace] in capital time in first-rate places. Mr. F[rank] Balfour turned up from Cambridge and completed the $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen. . . . It was on the whole almost perfect bliss. Mr. Balfour sat between May [Lyttelton] and me wh. was not the least delightful part, as his enthusiasm was so congenial. Between acts we went off to luncheon, wh. was a ridiculous part of the proceedings; gigantic heaps of beef were placed on chairs in front of us, but really the excitement was almost too great for appetite. The drive home was deliciously soothing and refreshing, and we ended with tea at Arlington St., where our exhaustion made us weak and foolish in conversation. But it was great fun and will be an enormous pleasure always to look back upon, there not having been a single contretemps.

LONDON, *Wed. June 21.*—At 11 to Arlington Street, and started soon after in 2 open carriages, the weather very uncertain but the clouds holding up during our drive [to Crystal Palace]. May, Spencer [Lyttelton], and I went together, and on our arrival walked about a mile to the dining-room where we had an absurd meal, the waiters even being overcome by laughter. At 2 we were in our seats, myself being put bet. Mr. Leigh and Mr. Balfour, wh. interested me, for I like to watch their different ways of taking it, the former's face wearing an expression of concentrated attention and unmixed delight, the latter's appreciation so keen and intense as almost amounted to pain. The

¹ Afterwards Lord and Lady Rayleigh. Lord Rayleigh, the discoverer of the gas Argon.

Dettingen Te Deum I appreciated if possible more than at the Rehearsal, and indeed everything seemed to me still more beautiful. . . . I paid Stephy a visit between the 1st and 2nd parts, and saw a considerable number of acquaintances besides. We got home about $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7, to Arlington St. I mean, and there had dinner, my neighbours being Messrs. A[rthur] and G[erald] Balfour. Mr. Leigh played afterwards, but alack, we had to leave early, May [Lyttelton] for the Concert and I for the dinner party at home wh. was a very brilliant one as to beauty—Granvilles, Cowpers, Brownlows, Holfords, H. Cowper, Uncle L[yttelton], Herbert and George, Abercrombys—sat on the balcony with George all evening.

HATFIELD, *Sat. July 8.*— . . . Left with Willy at 6.30 and went down to Hatfield, arriving at 8.10 to dinner with Mr. Balfour, who with . . . Mildred Hope,¹ Mr. Liddon, and Mr. Darwin, makes up the party. A wonderful argument afterwards between A[rthur] B[alfour] and Mildred on the difference between prejudice and bias. She argues well for a woman, and on the whole came off pretty well, but the clearness of understanding, the precision of language, and rapidity of thought were most striking on his side.

HATFIELD, *Mon. July 10.*— . . . Most of the company dispersed, and those who did remain went off at 12 to St. Albans, leaving me and Mr. Balfour masters of the field. We began with music, went on to croquet, two balls each, my play failure always, his first-rate, ending in his winning before I got through the 4th hoop, after wh. defeat we sauntered lazily in the sun about the rose garden gathering a few but talking far too incessantly for much business. Luncheon took us nearly two hours, for I employed my tongue more busily than my teeth, and then hearing symptoms of the return of the others we went out again and had another ridiculous game of croquet, in wh. I had a still more humiliating fate than in the last. But 'tis fair to say I was too idle and hopeless to put all my strength out. Our con-

¹ Afterwards married Mr. Lowther, now Lord Ullswater.

versation during the 5 hours *tête à tête* was mostly confined to me, and I fear I may again be in danger of a comparison with the little nun in Guinevere.¹ We missed two trains and finally got away by the 5 o'clock, travelling with Lady S[alisbury], Miss Alderson, and Mr. Liddon. Mr. Balfour personifying the Hatter in Alice.

LONDON, *Sat. July 15.*—Up to Lord's by 11. Very dull. Harrow's first innings 130 and the second only 100; over about 2 o'clock, when 'the real business of the day began,' *i.e.* a luncheon which we ate with the Balfours. A more uproarious meal I never yet assisted at. Mr. Balfour had invited everybody he knocked up against right and left, till the party swelled to a gigantic size. Spencer [Lyttelton] and I were jammed up at the end, 10 others inside, 5 on the box, and others about the wheels and steps of the carriage. Our host was in mad spirits, shouting choruses between acts, hatless, with a handkerchief round his head, hair flying all over the place. We had great fun, and were very sorry when we had done. . . .

LONDON, *Thurs. July 20.*— . . . Out shopping with Agnes all morning, ending with luncheon at the Brownlows (A[gness] with Beauchamps). Adelaide [Brownlow] in bed; sat by her a long time principally occupied in admiring her as she lay with her hair all wild about the pillow. Also a long *tête-à-tête* with Gertrude [Lady Pembroke], wh. was pleasant, very. . . .

LONDON, *Sat. July 22.*— . . . All the Peers of England are fainting and paralysed, the Abolition of Purchase² having become law without their august consent, an old provision giving the Crown power to legalize any bill about estimates without the Upper House, having been put into execution. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Sun. July 23.*—7th after Trinity. And here

¹ Probably a reference to the oft-repeated epithet 'garrulous' given to the nun in Tennyson's poem.

² The purchase of Army Commissions had just been abolished by Royal Warrant, the Bill for that purpose having been rejected by the House of Lords.

we are again at Hawarden after an easy but by no means unexciting season. All unchanged in outward condition. Music has been my mind's chief occupation this time. What a heap I have had, and luckily of an invigorating nature, else where should I be? A curious sensation finding myself sitting in Church as if I had never been away. The choir has had an accident and mostly collapsed, so the singing was but feeble. . . .

WHITTINGEHAME,¹ *Tues. Aug. 8.*—Left by 8.28 from Broughton, reaching Dunbar at 9 P.M., an hour and 20 min. late, having undergone four changes (Chester, Manchester, Leeds, and York). Heat and dust inexpressible, agonies about missing trains, falling in with Mama and Alice Balfour at York, and the incessant chatter of a guidebook, alias a Mr. Wade, in our carriage. Drove at lightning speed to Whittingehame, 7 miles, and went straight in to dinner, where we found a big party, consisting of Ly. Raleigh, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. S[trutt], Mr. R. Strutt, Ld. Aberdeen, Ld. Polwarth, 4 Brothers Balfour, etc. With stupendous and unheard-of energy we sang glees and Round about the starry throne (*how* I need scarcely remark), and at 11.45 started off on a walk to the garden, guided about in total darkness by the 4 brothers, pushed up hills, supported down precipices, and finally going to Bed much refreshed and oblivious nearly of our 11 hours' misery.

WHITTINGEHAME, *Wed. Aug. 9.*—A lovely day tho' very hot. A good deal of music on and off all morning. Afternoon a ride with Nora Balfour and Ld. Aberdeen to Ld. Haddington's, about 8 miles off, and down to the sea shore, where we found the rest of the party. Found it rather warm work, especially coming home, as we went a frantic pace and the horse pulled not a little. Dinner at 8 out of doors—one of those uproarious meals which can only take place in the presence of our host! . . . Played some Handel trios with Mr. B[alfour] and Mr. R. Strutt on the 'Infernals' [concertinas], also 2 lovely things out of Fidelio. There is an

¹ Lord Balfour's home.

entire room devoted to music here wh. often results in confusion worse confounded. The park is lovely, all uneven, some very precipitous bits, the soil bright pink, a beautiful contrast to the trees. Took another perilous midnight walk to the garden, wh. we haven't yet seen.

WHITTINGEHAME, *Thurs. Aug. 10.*—Played 3 hours morning and 2 afternoon, mostly Beethoven's trios for P.F. and 2 vios. In the slow bits we made a grand effect, but wherever the music went out of a walk there was certain Failure. They are beautiful music and it was great enjoyment and very exciting reading them all, tho' perhaps rather tiring. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Strutt were the performers on the 'infernals.' A ride at 5.30 after tea, with Nora [Balfour], Mr. R. Strutt, and Mr. B[alfour]; enjoyed it, down in the glens, lovely park and a splendid gallop home on the grass, Mr. B. singing 'How vain is man.' A singing practice of hymns after, and then dinner, between Frank [Balfour] and a clergyman. I delight in the brothers. A good deal of music, as usual rather comical. Played some duets with Mr. Strutt and Mr. B[alfour] on the I[nfernal].

WHITTINGEHAME, *Fri. Aug. 11.*—Cooler, sun mostly hidden. Played duets all morning, first with Mr. R. Strutt and then with Mr. B[alfour]. 'How vain is man' went splendidly, and the Te Deum bass solos wh. certainly are perfect. Also Verdi prate. . . . At 3 off in 2 open carriages to the sea shore for a picnic, 7 miles off. In the brake were Agnes, Nora, and Alice B[alfour], A[rthur] and Gerald [Balfour] and me—sang glees the whole way, great fun. The meal a triumphant success, specially the fire, and afterwards building a sand castle at wh. we all worked like ants, and made the 'Sea look a fool.' It was amusing to see the gravity and earnestness of them all over the designing of it, and their arguments about the fortifications. Stopped till 9.30 and drove home in the dark, talking to Frank [Balfour]. Saw a star fall out of the clouds. Supper at 10, after wh. Mr. Balfour and I played.

WHITTINGEHAME, *Sat. Aug. 12.*—In the garden early to

pick flowers. 1st visit by daylight. Lovely. . . . Played most of the morning duets on the Inf[ernal] and P.F. out of Solomon, Israel in Egypt (all the latter), and attempted the 3 hand choruses of Handel's for the P.F. wh. mostly resulted in Failure, but that 's a detail. Formula. After tea Nora, Mr. B[alfour], and I rode all about the hills till past 8, no view, but a curious sunset, rather awful. The *red* reflection in the Sea while the Sun itself was invisible behind a mass of dark cloud. Mem. the Eye of Fate. Delightful dinner—a little round table, and the brothers quite forgot our presence and argued away like fun. Bet. Messrs. A. and Eustace [Balfour]. Sang some glees, but laughed too much, after wh. attempted Acis and Galatea all through, failing in every single thing. We somehow were unable to play with any spirit or expression, and even Verdi prate with wh. we concluded was anything but a marked success. Why, we could not make out, 'but no matter.'

WHITTINGEHAME, *Sun. Aug. 13.*—Mr. B[alfour] actually down to breakfast before any other brother. Played till Church time at 12, and most of the afternoon till 5, when we went a long stroll till 7.45. The Service very funny indeed but rather good prayers and sermon, the singing bad, very, but painstaking. Beautiful day, quite cool, wandered about all over the place, filled with admiration at each fresh spot, specially the avenue up near the garden. Dinner as last night, great fun. These 2 days have been worth all the rest. . . . After dinner Mr. B[alfour] read prayers and we sang 'Abide with me,' I leading terrified and right down to any depth. 40th of Isaiah. Sang some hymns and at 10 we resumed our duets. Played all the Messiah right through, on the whole well, frantically excited in 'Why do the nations,' and, dreadfully exhausted, finished with 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' perfect. The combination is certainly good and Mr. B[alfour] plays the Inf[ernal] awfully well. Went to bed saturated with sublime music.

WHITTINGEHAME, *Mon. Aug. 14.*—Cooler, much. Mr. B[alfour] again down to breakfast. But 'let that pass.'

Sat with Alice and Nora on and off between acts of packing. Our Farewell concert—played the 3 Te Deum duets. ‘Turn not, O Queen,’ Esther, ‘In sweetest harmony,’ and ‘O fatal day,’ Saul, *splendid*, and as a climax, ‘For behold, darkness,’ Messiah, superb. It was very sad, and our going away altogether a heart-rending moment. Left it at 2 o’clock, our last view of it in bright sunshine. Mr. Balfour came with us, and the journey to Edinburgh from Linton was pleasant. Some very acceptable rebounds ¹ as to playing. Miss Scott met us [at Edinburgh] and we went off to tea with her, so substantial as completely to destroy our appetite for dinner. Walked about, and admired it to any degree. The Castle with a marvellous light upon it, and the view of the distant hills very lovely. Thro’ the window of our sitting-room espied Mr. B[alfour] curled up on the sofa. ‘Tis a quiet comfortable hotel, 120 George St. A very funny evening, all lying down, so exhausted, feebly capping verses but ending by composing some first-rate old women [Limericks]. He took off his collar.

WHITBY, *Sat. Sept. 2.*—Cold very bad. . . . To Raithe-waite, the scene of *Sylvia’s Lovers* ²—a most lovely spot, quite overgrown with flowers, and inhabited by a delightfully quaint old farmer who showed the utmost joy at seeing ‘the daughter of the Premier.’ . . . To the Congress Hall where an address was presented by the working men to Papa. He was received with thrilling enthusiasm, and his speech, wh. was one of the finest I ever heard him make, called forth ecstatic applause. At one point (abolition of purchase) they simultaneously started to their feet, waving hats and handkerchiefs, clapping and cheering, making one almost burst with excitement. I am gloating over the idea of all England reading that grand speech, with its clear facts, its noble principles, the indignant sarcasm and solemn earnestness. Willy’s speech wh. followed, as he expressed it ‘a pistol after a big gun,’ was nevertheless as good as possible, very well

¹ Rebound—a favourable opinion expressed by others and repeated by a third person (Glynnese).

² By Mrs. Gaskell.

expressed, without hesitation, and in perfect taste. Altogether I never could wish to see a more successful meeting or one wh. gave me more intense satisfaction.

PENMAENMAWR, *Fri. Nov. 10.*— . . . Played the American organ, a delightful instrument in the hall with pedals, 2 manuals, 12 stops. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Tues. Nov. 14.*— . . . The talk is delightful, and I love dear old J[ohn] B[right]. He is a 'grand old boy.'

HAWARDEN, *Sat. Nov. 18.*—A good deal of music. At 1 we went to Liverpool each more stuffed out with wraps than the other. Mr. Balfour in a gigantic fur coat coming right up over his head, his appearance so imposing that not a soul we passed didn't stop to gaze and probably nudge his companion, as he stalked all unconscious thro' the crowded streets. Once we lost him and had to run frantically to catch him. The organ was magnificent, the selection good tho' not peculiarly exciting. Handel's prelude in B flat was really beauty, and the air and variations done full justice to, but they are not really adapted to the organ. A trio of Beethoven's, piece of S. John's Hymn of Praise overture, and march of Best's¹ completed the programme. But what delighted me was the stupendous power of sound in this organ. Home about 6, after tea we played the P.F. till dinner; snug, nice evening, talked entirely to Nora [Balfour], Papa to Mr. B[alfour].

HAWARDEN, *Mon. Nov. 27.*— . . . The concertinas have arrived—tantalising. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Advent Sunday, Dec. 3.*—Church morning and evening. Fine bright day. Mr. Lowe's² behaviour in Church memorable. Very delightful conv. with him at dinner. I like him wonderfully and find in him an intense appreciation of the beautiful creations of God, wh. must produce great refinement of mind. He hates eating, loves music, and understands thoroughbass.

¹ William Thomas Best, the celebrated organist and musician.

² Robert Lowe, afterwards Lord Sherbrooke. At this date Chancellor of the Exchequer.

HAWARDEN, *Fri. Dec. 8.*— . . . A little struggling skating. 'Catch my eye' on the rough duck pond. . . . Bad news from Sandringham,¹ afternoon—a return of fever and prostration of strength, oh dear. . . . Horrid cypher telegrams to do with Willy.

HAWARDEN, *Mon. Dec. 11.*— . . . The account of the Prince last night as bad as possible, scarcely a shade of hope. . . . Telegrams coming in all day, only speaking of restlessness and no change of symptoms. The Princess went to Church yesterday for a few minutes. Our Concert postponed. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Wed. Dec. 13.*— . . . The Sandringham telegrams report no change. What fearful breathless suspense for the watchers. It has had a great effect all over England. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Thurs. Dec. 14.* . . . The anniversary of the Prince Consort's death 10 years ago. A telegram announcing a change for the better. What a blessing, what a strange coincidence. . . . [Chester] Cathedral with Mr. Leigh, ending with 4 o'clock Service. With what thankfulness one listened to the prayer for the Prince. . . . Read *Alice in Looking-Glass House* [*sic*]²—delightful, quite equal to the other.

HAGLEY, *Sat. Dec. 16.*—Telegram to say I may go [to Hagley], a good job. Started at 11, arriving (Hagley) at 4.30 ravenously hungry. Quite a small party, only 6 boys, Uncle L[yttelton] & S[ybella]² May and me. Very glad to be here. Nice evening because you can read.

HAGLEY, *Sun. Dec. 17.*— . . . Evening—Church. Mr. Llewelyn told us to pay our bills and think of the Prince in our closets.

HAGLEY, *Tues. Dec. 19.*— . . . The accounts of the Prince continue quite satisfactory, but the poor little groom³ is dead. . . .

¹ Of the Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward VII., then ill with typhoid.

² Sybella Clive, widow of Humphrey St. John Mildmay, who had married the 4th Baron Lyttelton.

³ Who had contracted typhoid at the same time as the Prince of Wales.

HAWARDEN, *Sun. Dec. 31.*—Lovely still day. Wrote to May, Mary Herbert, and Lav[inia]. Church morn. and even., luncheon at the Rectory and coffee. This day must always be full of sadness. Goodbye is a dreary word at the best of times. The events of the last 2 years (since I began this book) have not outwardly affected me or my immediate relations, and indeed when I look around me it seems marvellous there should be so little change visible. Harry left at 10 and we sat up to hear the bells with many mingled feelings of sadness and hope.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

1872

I have no clue to the explosions that were to be 'one of the great moments of our lives,' and which were noted with more emphasis than the settlement of the Alabama, except it be that Mary had written up her diary some days later and had confused the date. For on January 11 there was a colliery explosion of such dimensions that it was, to quote the *Annual Register* (1872), 'heard over the whole country.' Besides this incident Mary returned thanks for the recovery of the Prince of Wales, watched three of her Lyttelton cousins play in the Eton eleven, visited the London Hospital, visited her 'district,' attended concerts innumerable, and left politics to Papa.

HAWARDEN, *Mon. Jan. 1.*— . . . We have said our Farewell and have now but 1872 to do with. Do the years really get shorter and fly faster, or is it that in childhood all is exaggerated, and that we only are approaching gradually to reality, to be reached in mature age? 'It is the destiny of men to rejoice little, to suffer much and always to hope.'

And each new year we begin with fresh hope ; but beginning a new journal is rather awful, and such a fat one, for how many changes must take place before I finish it. . . . Sat by Mr. Heron, a pleasant old gent, who once dined with Canning, Sir Walter Scott, Lockhart, Bp. Blomfield, Coleridge, and Southey, the result of wh. was the dullest evening he ever spent.

HAWARDEN, *Sun. Jan. 7.*— . . . Terrible explosions. This is one of the great moments of our lives. Can we ever, ever forget ? No, not Ever. . . .

HAGLEY, *Tues. Jan. 16.*— . . . Nasty long journey, in a fly from Stourbridge, arriving about 8 at Hagley. After dinner came 2 plays. *Marie*, adapted from a story in Macmillan, and *Done on both sides*. Bob¹ splendid in the first in a large wig of sort of loose sandy hair, knee-breeches and top boots, father of Marie, (May) [Lyttelton] as an interesting young widow ; but it is too really pathetic a little story for the occasion, though it acted very well as a contrast to the 2nd piece, in which the sad young widow was transformed into a stout, bustling landlady, with gigantic curl fronts and a capacious cap all flowers, lace, and ribbons. Edward [Lyttelton] a young swell with large brown whiskers, one of which wd. not stick on. Bob, a good henpecked landlord, Arthur [Lyttelton] best of all, Pygmalion Phibbs, godfather to the pretty meek daughter (Lavinia) who eventually marries John Brown John, the supposed swell. Altogether we laughed without cease, and it was great fun. Between acts Mr. W[ade] and Spencer [Lyttelton] sang. The scenery very well done. No audience from outside.

LONDON, *Mon. Jan. 22.*— . . . To the London Hospital by train and cab at 3. Stayed about an hour and a half. Satisfactory on the whole though it is rather shy work somehow going from bed to bed. What always strikes me more than anything is what a marvellous amount of patience and goodness there is in the world. . . .

LONDON, *Mon. Jan. 29.*— . . . Many crosses to-day.

¹ Hon. Robert H. Lyttelton.

Note from my G[ertrude]¹ asking me to drive in her pony carriage, and I had to go to the London Hospital, and to Etty's,² a horrid walk in the dark and rain, no cloak or umbrella, to Cannon St., nearly losing Mama at the nasty crossing in Poultry, then waiting an hour kicking by myself in the brougham while she was with Ly. Lothian, then coming home finding G[ertrude] had been to see me at 6, all the fires out, the drawing[-room] in a despairing state of disorder, and a heap of flowers to arrange with nought to put them in, and a dinner party impending in half an hour. These are indeed the miseries of life, and it is astonishing what a humiliating effect they had on my temper. But no matter, dinner and evening went off well. . . .

LONDON, *Fri. Feb. 8.*— . . . Mr. Balfour came to dinner, interesting conv. with Papa. Evening we played with the Infernal—the beloved Handel Sonata rejoiced my heart indeed, 'Low at her feet,' 'In the battle,' 'Vouchsafe,' a lovely bit of Porpora. Played 'By slow degrees.' Altogether enjoyed my even. . . .

Mon. Feb. 11.— . . . Drive to Kensington for Pauer's lecture on Handel and Bach, delightfully illustrated by some of the former's suites de Pièces, the Italian Concerto beautiful, the Fantasia Chromatica delightful, and some gígues and courantes. The Fugue he played with far more expression than Mr. Leigh, but didn't finish with equal spirit. The octaves in the bass not given with sufficient go. The account he gave of the 2 giants was most interesting ; tho' I knew most of the facts before, there were touches and bits of colour he gave which added a great deal. . . . Lord Mayo³ assassinated.

LONDON, *Mon. Feb. 26.*—To P.P. [Portland Place, for harmony class] in brougham and cab. All our chords wrong, and we didn't get half blown up, for in fact I had taken no note whatever of the rules, and in consequence was guilty of dozens of consecutive octaves and fifths in the

¹ Lady Gertrude Talbot, afterwards Lady Pembroke.

² Lady Desborough.

³ Viceroy of India.

lower parts. Luncheon at Lucy's [Cavendish] and with her and Mama at 2 to the London Hospital. We were there 2 hours. Was a good deal interested in several people, especially have lost my heart to a poor girl utterly friendless in the wide world, in dreadful suffering and weariness, and yet happier at this moment than ever in her life before. . . .

LONDON, *Tues. Feb. 27.*— . . . Started 6 in the open carriage at 9.20, a jolly party, and drove straight to St. Paul's,¹ enjoying this stage of the proceedings almost as much as anything, for the streets along which the procession was to pass 3 hours after us, were a real fine spectacle, not a house undecorated, not a window not crammed with eager, happy faces, flags, banners, devices and mottoes of all sorts, evergreens, triumphal arches, and all lighted up by sunshine. We drove proudly past the 2 lines of carriages and went along in grand style amidst a never ceasing fire of chaff and derisive cheers at our numbers. The interior of the Cathedral not so striking by any means as it might have been had the men been in uniform and the women in brighter colours ; but the arrangements were perfect, and tho' we had nearly 3 hours to wait it did not seem very long before the great organ behind us struck up the well-known but ever most thrilling of strains, God save the Queen. The procession we could not see very well, but it was a wonderful moment as they walked up and took their places, the Queen in the centre, the Prince and Princess on each side of her with one of the little boys. The Service was short, the *Te Deum* and Anthem, 'The Lord is my strength and my song,' Goss, both good, the Sermon (Archbishop of Canterbury) $\frac{1}{4}$ of an hour we couldn't hear, but the prayers were beautifully intoned, and the final hymn to Wesley's splendid tune was glorious, the last verse sung with heart and voice, the Queen joining with all her might. The effect on one I could not describe, and it was very wonderful the feeling of oneness in all that huge concourse of people. We got out quite easily, hearing enthusiastic cheering as they drove

¹ Thanksgiving service for the recovery of the Prince of Wales.

away, and walked rapidly home by the embankment, arrived at our door just as Papa and M[ama] drove up, jumped into their carriage and flew to the Marjoribanks,¹ from where we saw the procession and heard the shouts of the multitude, the Queen and Pss. bowing away, and the Prince bareheaded all the time. He looked very ill, but it must have been a dreadfully trying day. Had luncheon there, Belgrave² and Sidney Herbert waiting upon us, and then started to go home by Park Lane, but when we got into Piccadilly we found ourselves jammed up in a crowd of roughs and had four really horrid frights of being squeezed to death. The whole of the street being blocked up by carriages, two regiments of foot soldiers had to force their way along the foot pavements, and when we tried to follow them into the road we found ourselves helpless in a surging mass and to our horror a great coach was to be seen bearing down upon us. This was one of the worst moments, and it was luck indeed we had Sidney [Herbert], for just as we were beginning to recover from that, came about 6 regiments of horse, four abreast, galloping and prancing in the midst of us, the crowd divided, kicked and struggled, and I found myself wedged so tight I cd. not stir, but S[idney Herbert] pushed off the people in front of me with all his strength. However, we eventually got all safe into Green Park by diving under horses' heads and squeezing between wheels. Once there we were safe and sound at the end of our adventures. . . .

LONDON, *Sun. March 3.* — St. Anne's, thanksgiving anthem and hymn. The former improves a good deal on acquaintance. Lovely day. Charles and May to luncheon, with them to St. Andrew's, where such a break ;³ we had Willy's lovely Dies Irae tune. An endless anthem of Mendelssohn's almost all solo. . . .

¹ Afterwards Lord and Lady Tweedmouth.

² Lord Belgrave, afterwards Lord Grosvenor, son of 1st Duke of Westminster.

³ Glynnes—'Any event or circumstance that breaks, or tends to break, the monotony of existence.'

LONDON, *Mon. March 4.*— . . . To Millais. Interesting visit, and talk about painting versus music, the latter winning the day. A lovely warm landscape in autumn with delicious water. 3 girls at whist with an azalea background beautifully done, a clever portrait of Sir J[ames] Paget,¹ and a picture of a young woman rather like Mary Egerton, very pretty. . . .

LONDON, *Wed. March 13.*— . . . A party successful in the usual sense of the word, but anxious and disturbed to several, the Turkish Pasha [Musurus]² tumbling badly on the stairs and breaking his arm. . . .

LONDON, *Thurs. Mar. 14.*—Feel as if somebody was dead, but he isn't. The Turk is progressing favourably. . . . Quiet evening at home finishing the 2nd vol. of *Middlemarch*. I am only really interested in the Dorothea-Casaubon part, which is first rate.

LONDON, *Tues. Mar. 19.*—To the Messiah. No words can possibly describe its effect upon me. . . . It is all-absorbing, takes entire possession of your whole being—it is divine. . . .

LONDON, *Wed. Mar. 20.*—H. of Commons, bored to death. . . .

LONDON, *Thurs. Mar. 21.*— . . . To the Newport Market Refuge³ meeting. About 3 people and a half for audience—absurd—had giggles. Mr. Shaw Stewart in the chair with such a good heart, in a cheerful voice announcing they spent £1000 a year more than they received. . . .

BELTON HOUSE, GRANTHAM, *Easter Sunday, Mar. 31.*—Went to Church by myself. The clergyman preached an odd sermon. Said the Devil laid eggs in us. An unpleasant idea. . . . Browning says several things worth writing down, but I can't remember them just now. I've got a snug room. Sang some of the Messiah in my armchair over the fire.

BELTON HOUSE, GRANTHAM, *Fri. Apr. 5.*— . . . [Thomas] CARLYLE arrived, rather an event in my life. Sat

¹ The famous surgeon.

² Turkish Ambassador.

³ An orphanage founded by Mrs. Gladstone.

by him, but didn't speak. Played. [Robert] Browning took me for Pss. Louise this morn.

Sat. Apr. 6.— . . . He [Mr. Brookfield] ¹ went away, also Browning—of the latter I have got tired, the others I am sorry to lose. . . . A long dreary walk with Carlyle, at a funereal pace, and a gentle uninterrupted flow of his low, measured tones. Disappointed in his poetical tastes, but he is a striking old man, inside and out. . . . Brookfield calls Carlyle's laugh 'a glorious convulsion.'

LONDON, *Tues. Apr. 30.*—Cowslips arrived by millions, quite a nightmare of them. Worked on for hours, despatching thousands all over London, but scarcely made any effect on the vast golden heaps. The room in a state of wild disorder, plates, basins, pots of every description, cans, trays, ourselves with dirty hands, dowdy gowns. . . . [when] in walks Princess Louise! Confusion covered us as with a garment. Oh dear, it was a scene never to be forgotten. H.R.H. stayed nearly an hour and went home in the brougham.

LONDON, *Tues. May 7.*—Bustle preparing rooms, chairs, etc. . . . Pss. Louise came at 3 and other swells and the room was chock full. Mr. Pinnington [a reciter] very nervous, but went through it beautifully, 3 scenes from Julius Caesar and Hamlet and Horatius, the last with great spirit and vigour. It was very interesting, only there were people rustling and dropping in all the time. . . . Off to Buck. Palace after some tea and conv., where heard some rather phantod ² music. Arabella played rotten things, but splendidly. Vignier the Chopin Berceuse with great taste and lovely delicate touch. 3 crowned heads of a row. The Queen beat her Imp. Majesty to fits as to looks. . . .

LONDON, *Sat. May 11.*—The Infernal and Mr. Balfour came at 12 and we had 2 hours of delightful practice. The old Handel in A, the Concerto with imposing Largo, exciting

¹ William Henry Brookfield, Chaplain to Queen Victoria.

² Glynnese—'An imbecile person; one incapable of serious and rational procedure. Can be used as an adjective.'

chromatic fugue, lovely musette and fly away Allegro. 2 Handel flute Sonatas; 3rd and 5th, the latter perfectly delightful. The Beethoven sonata with the beautiful Minuet. 'Convey me,' the Ave Maria and the Bach Sonata played at the 1st Hallé recital, enjoyed it like anything, refreshing and exhilarating. . . .

LONDON, *Thurs. May 30.*—A breakfast. . . . A discussion on the efficacy of prayer, in wh. I liked T[om] T[aylor].¹ Mr. Pin[nington] spouted Virginius and some of Macbeth. . . . Mr. Blunt sang. Oh my stars, it was delightful. A drive. To see Ly. Dudley, whose beauty riveted my orbs. . . .

ETON, *Tues. June 4.*—Drove to Eton by early train and in time for speeches. Herbert's good, capital voice and plucky delivery, from opening of Spanish Gypsy. Macnaghten the best, 'Execution of Montrose,' but Milman was first rate in 'Alexander's Feast.' Luncheon at Miss Evans. To the playing fields to watch a game of cricket. Bob [Lyttelton] got runs very rapidly and bowls well too. All 3 are likely to be in the eleven. The ground in great beauty Tea with Miss Evans, giggles major² over a deaf man. . . . Walked down to Brocas, a lovely evening, much struck with the scene, Windsor Castle, the bells, the river and the happy holiday look of the multitude. Saw some of the boats and hurried to the station, travelling by special to London. Belgrave and Ch[arles] Lascelles . . . great fun though questionable. . . .

LONDON, *Thurs. June 6.*— . . . To Stafford House for Sir J. Lacaita's³ lecture on Vesuvius—rather protracted, he only came to the point just at the end. The Princess was there close to us looking such a duck. . . .

LONDON, *Mon. June 24.*—A rush all day. Ride at 12 with Willy and Gertrude. To Lambeth afternoon, tea with Stepby and hurry home, snack of food and off to Phil[harmonic] Concert, meeting Albert and Arthur [Lyttelton].

¹ Editor of *Punch*.

² Glynnese—'Great or notable.'

³ Sir James Lacaita, Italian scholar and politician.

Superb programme. Concerto for strings No. 3 in G, Bach, wh. nearly made me scream with excitement. First time of performance in England, and enthusiastically received. Overture to *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Spohr Concerto in A minor quite exquisite, Neruda leading by heart, such a proud position. Beethoven's 7th Symphony was the jewel. Oh, the Adagio was glorious! Trebelli and Titiens sang very well, especially the former. The lightning flashed in and out but the orchestra drowned the thunder. Rushed home and dressed for the ball—a trial, only a short time there. Danced with Ld. Charles Scott, Bill Strutt, flirted with Lds. Wharnccliffe and Lascelles, but 'twas a Bathos.

LONDON, *Thurs. June 27*.—Dull breakfast. Luncheon with Maggie & Co. nice. . . . To see Adelaide and G. . . . Herbert the butler cut his throat last night. Alabama is settled all right. . . .

LONDON, *Wed. July 10*.— . . . To the Albert Hall for Gounod's 4th Concert. Papa, Stephy, Willy, Harry, Agnes, and I. Stainer played a Fantasia of Bach's, after wh. we had a double Motet of his and a chorale and fugue, very well sung, the latter especially very difficult. Gounod's conducting is very remarkable, so energetic, and certainly the result is equally so, for I never saw such a large body of voices so perfectly in hand as these; their appearance is also striking, the women being all in white, and there being no orchestra the choir come right down to the conductor's platform. Gounod's own Kyrie we liked and Cleg's 'Flag of our ancestors,' a jolly thing. Stainer also played rather a pointless sonata of Mendelssohn's and a gentle fugue of Bach's.

LONDON, *Thurs. July 11*.— . . . Mr. Balfour and Nora [Balfour] dined; windows wide open and lightning quite incessant illuminating the sky, trees, and towers with every variety of colour. Papa and Mr. B. kept the ball up between them till 10 o'clock, very interesting conv., the former came out fine on unbelief or rather scepticism. . . .

WINDSOR, *Tues. July 15*.—To Windsor, Mama, G[ertrude],

and I by special. Prince and Princess of Wales, Tecks, and all the beauty and fashion of London ; to luncheon with the Blues at the barracks, having walked from station with Pembroke, Sidney [Herbert], and Eustace [Balfour]. After which we proceeded to Windsor Park to see the game of Polo. This was great fun. 9th Lancers ag. the Blues. You each ride mounted on jolly little ponies—a very simple game, the only object being to hit the ball into the enemy's ground, long hooked sticks being the implements. A very pretty sight, and sometimes highly exciting. Each side won a game, and they had to stop just at the highest pitch of excitement in the very middle of the conqueror—such a bore.

LONDON, *Fri. July 19.*— . . . To Covent Garden for *Lucia*, most luxurious box I ever was in. . . . Albani perfect, her last appearance [that season]. She sang like a nightingale, received rapturous applause and bouquets as thick as hail, from Willy and Harry amongst others. Enjoyed it tremendously. She is a darling.

ASHRIDGE, *Tues. July 30.*—Dreadful horrid telegram about 11. 'Come home we have news of Uncle Henry's ¹ death.' A terrible shock. Mama picked me up at Bletchley and we had a long dreary journey knowing nothing beyond the bare fact, and not reaching Hawarden till nearly 12, and then we heard that he rode yesterday to Rhual, came home very ill at 9, and died at 5 this morning, it is supposed from the effects of lightning, as he was caught in a storm just as he reached the Philips' and was very ill there, intense cold and sickness were the chief signs. [Dr.] Moffat was sent for at 12 and Dr. Waters came just before the end. He was only half conscious. Oh what a dreadful day.

GLASGOW, *Thurs. Sept. 19.*—Up early. Started from Broadgreen in a jolly saloon. At each station people waiting. Heartiness of receptions much on the increase when he had once crossed the border. An hour late at Glasgow, dense crowd, frantic enthusiasm, struggling police. Met by

¹ Rev. Henry Glynne, brother of Mrs. Gladstone.

the Provost and 2 fine open carriages in which we had a chilly drive to Mr. Middleton's, the rain happily over. Rather frightening driving rapidly through the masses of people all running, leaping, rushing to get a glimpse. . . .

HATFIELD, *Sat. Dec. 7.*— . . . By the 4 o'clock train to Hatfield, in time for the practice in chapel. Eustace, Cecils, and Dr. Brewer¹ and Aldersons. At dinner by Mr. Balfour. Fair amount of interesting conv. Played a few phantod² things evening. Danced reels madly.

HATFIELD, *Sun. Dec. 8.*—Bright morning. Communion in chapel at 9. Then breakfast. Church at 11. Dr. Brewer preached dully. A short stump after and then luncheon. Cold provokingly bad, making me wretchedly cross. Played the whole afternoon to Mr. Balfour and Gwenny,³ both outstretched upon a sofa adjoining the P.F. We also played 3 duets of Concerto fugues. Chapel at 6. Sat with Alice [Balfour]. Storm came on and my room was dense with smoke, so I came to dinner with crying eyes. Mr. Balfour took me in, and Fish⁴ on my other side. The children kept up a lively conv. all thro' the meal. After dinner sat all the evening with the children telling ghost and robber stories. Mr. Balfour told the most thrilling.

1873

The Government was beginning to flag and the dissolution loomed ahead. Mary notes a speech of her father and his assumption of the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, but seems unaware of any of the special difficulties of his Government. Music is still her first interest, though pictures follow it close. One also notices a visit to a convalescent home after a fortnight of mumps, and a dance a few days later!

¹ Author of the *Dictionary of Quotations*.

² See note, p. 78.

³ Lady Gwendolen Cecil, daughter of Lord Salisbury.

⁴ Lord William Cecil, now Bishop of Exeter.

LONDON, *Thurs. Feb. 13.*— . . . To the House for Papa's speech on Irish education,¹ lasting 3 hours. Considering the immense complications and dryness of the subject it was wonderfully interesting, his voice and spirit never flagging, nor did the deep attention of the House. . . .

LONDON, *Wed. Feb. 26.*— . . . A lively discussion with Papa on the arts, after wh. he held forth on poetry, Homer, Dante, etc., having decided the tip-toppest poet to be the tip-toppest of everything.

LONDON, *Mon. March 3.*— . . . Dinner with Alice Balfour and to the Concert, the finest I ever was at. Scatell of Brahms B flat, delicious right through, and then came Mme. Lavrowska, a small, plain woman, very like Schlüter,² in plain black velvet, standing as still as a rock, till she began, when came rolling out a great, grand contralto, her whole face lighting up, 'Lascia ch'io pianga' and 'Ich grolle nicht,' the 2 finest songs she cd. have chosen, and the great dignity and passionate working up in both was splendid, and such enthusiasm I never heard before. Then came Mme. Schumann's perfect playing of the Waldstein. Joachim's marvellous *tour de force* in a Chaconne with 20 Variations, and Prelude of Bach's without P.F. ac., winding up with a lovely quartette of Beethoven's with my beautiful creeping Andante, D major. Waited ages for the carriage, and Joe [Joachim] came out and said Howdedo and we had a delightful talk about the exhaustiveness of music. . . .

LONDON, *Tues. March 11.*—To the House after dinner.³ Maukins⁴ till 11, all discontented more or less, when Dizzy rose and made a thoroughly weak speech of an hour, followed by Papa who spoke for 2 hours. I suppose the most perfect speech *as a whole* he has ever made in his life, so full of tact, taste, in such good temper, and so clear, quiet, dignified, at the same time witty and sparkling, that one's only feeling was that the whole House must be converted. But no

¹ Introduction of Bill (Irish University Education).

² The German maid.

³ Second reading of the Irish University Bill.

⁴ Glynnese for unknown individuals.

—the division was frantically exciting and the result was a defeat of the Govt. by 3, received with a yell of triumph by the foolish victors. Ld. Elcho¹ voted with us and several Consv. walked out. Everybody said it was the finest speech ever heard. Not to bed till 4 and felt Mr. [afterwards Sir William] Harcourt was right when he said 'he who has so often led us to victory, and who even in defeat has covered us with glory.'

LONDON, *Wed. March 12.*— . . . Great bustle at home till dinner, when I went in with Joachim, which was very nearly quite perfect bliss. We had a delightful conv. almost entirely about music. What he was most interesting upon was Brahms and Wagner, as compared with older masters such as Beethoven. After dinner he played Beethoven in G major (Op. 30), the Spohr Barcarole, 3 Brahms Hungarian dances, the L clair, and last and best of all the Handel in A. It was a wonderful delight, but I was loaded with cares as there was such a crowd of people, and so difficult to keep them quiet. . . .

LONDON, *Fri. March 14.*— . . . Down with Alice B[alfour] to Millais' studio. His pictures are (5 of them portraits) his youngest girl, a child about 6, seated demurely on the ground with her hands folded in her lap, and a wee black kitten nestling in her arms, hair light brown, cut across her forehead, dark eyes, chubby cheeks and perfect little mouth, mob cap with blue ribbon and a Pre-Raphaelite background of green bushes and trees. Mrs. Bishopstheim, rather good-looking person, too fat, picturesquely got up in a brocaded gown, standing in a handsome attitude. Sir Sterndale Bennett,² excellent. An old Scotch lady of 92, full of character and finely painted. The eldest girl supposed to be going to market with a basket of eggs on one arm, in a Dolly Varden gown, pretty face and head well set on the throat, hair remarkably nice. An old man with a clever head and very shrewd face, globes and maps about, 3 girls just

¹ Afterwards Lord Wemyss.

² Sir William Sterndale Bennett, the composer.

sketched in—meant to be a traveller in the Arctic regions come home. Sat rather pompé¹ for nearly an hour till Mama and Papa came: . . .

LONDON, *Wed. March 26.*— . . . To the House for 20 min. to hear Dizzy pitch into the Burials Bill; rather good. To Marlboro' House to see the darling little Princesses. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Thurs. 24 Ap.*—Pain in throat. . . . Got Mumps. . . .

LONDON, *Mon. May 5.*—Drove down to the House for Goodbye . . . very comfortable journey.

LONDON, *Tues. July 8.*— . . . Montagu House, enjoyed it very much. Nine dances including 3 tip-top vales at the end. . . . Oh such a heavenly morn, it was a sin to go to bed.

HATFIELD, *Sun. July 13.*—5th after Trinity. A shocking bad cold, didn't sleep a wink and was intensely miserable all day. Went to Church morn. and chapel afternoon, and dragged out a weary existence over a fire in the solitary drawing-room. Rather enlivened by dinner, between Mr. Goschen and Mr. Brewer, when we discussed the faults of the age, particularly youth of the period. Noisy disjointed eve, Audrey [Hope] thumped on the P.F., the children romped and the company shouted and laughed and argued. Bob² was a jolly little Spartan and Miss Alderson sang 'Angels ever bright' and 'I know that my Redeemer' so beautifully. To bed dead tired, etc.

LONDON, *Monday, July 14.*— . . . Went away by the 11.20. A struggle over flowers when I got home. At 2 came the pretty Princesses and the P. of Wales, Duke of Cambridge,³ Granvilles, Bright, Motley,⁴ Buccleuchs,⁵ Ly. Spencer and Bp. of Winchester,⁶ very successful pretty luncheon in the gold room, with songs from the negroes,⁷ performed with immense spirit and refinement and great beauty of tone. Afterwards all went out on the terrace and

¹ Glynnese for 'pumped out.'

² Lord Cecil of Chelwood.

³ Cousin of Queen Victoria.

⁴ Author of *Rise and Fall of the Dutch Republic*.

⁵ Duke and Duchess.

⁶ Samuel Wilberforce.

⁷ Jubilee Singers, mostly freed slaves.

they left at 4.30. To tea at Marlboro' House. Pretty to see the Princess making tea and the 3 ducks of little girls¹ nestling on each side of her. . . .

HOLMBURY, *Sat. July 19.*— . . . Just before dinner arrived intelligence of a bad fall of the Bp. of Winchester, who was to ride here with Ld. Granville, but only about 10 did we know the full and fearful extent of the fatal accident. The horse fell, throwing the Bishop right over his head. Ld. G. looked round and saw him lying quite still on his back. Life was already extinct. It is an awful thing and Ld. Granville was like a ghost. Altogether a ghastly evening, so different, oh so different to what we thought.

HAGLEY, *Fri. Aug. 8.*— . . . Papa is Ch. of the Ex. as well as P.M. Ld. Ripon and Childers² retired. Bright, Duchy of Lancaster. Bruce³ a peer and President of the Council and Lower House. Freddy [Cavendish] a Lord of the T[reasury]. Startling: . . .

MOLD, *Tues. Aug. 19.*— . . . Off to Mold with Papa in waggonette in pelting rain for the Eisteddfod. Enormous shed holding 4 or 5 thousand. Papa's speech very striking and calling forth vehement expressions of delight and enthusiasm, but he had to leave for Balmoral in an hour. We invested 2 maukins.⁴ Very interesting and sometimes amusing proceedings. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Mon. Sept. 15.*— . . . Next to Bright at dinner. Immense enthusiasm for *Paradise Regained*.

HAWARDEN, *Sat. Nov. 1.*— . . . Finished Voltaire. He's rather better than I thought. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Tues. Nov. 18.*— . . . Wore new gown. With G[ertrude] drove to Buckley. Tea at Rectory. Church and night school, 11 men in my class—overwhelming. Spouting⁵ *Scarlet Letter*.

¹ Princess-Royal, Princess Victoria, and Queen of Norway.

² Rt. Hon H. C. E. Childers, afterwards Chancellor of the Exchequer and Home Secretary.

³ Rt. Hon. H. A. Bruce, created Lord Aberdare.

⁴ Unknown individuals (Glynnese).

⁵ Reading aloud.

1874

January entries are an alternation between concerts and election news. Mary's brother William was a candidate as well as her father ; but apparently no one expected her to take any part. On the contrary, she took the opportunity to pay a visit to her sister Agnes at Wellington College.

There is not a word about Mr. Gladstone's resignation of the leadership of the party nor of the religious and ecclesiastical controversies in which he was engaged. Mary read some of the early spiritualist literature (with the comment 'Precipitate judgment the curse of the age,' quoted from her father), played and practised, was bridesmaid to a friend and took part in some private theatricals. At the same time she visited at hospital and workhouse. The Gladstones now lived at 11 Carlton House Terrace for the time they were in London.

LONDON, *Sat. 24 Jan.*—Thunderbolt. Dissolution of parliament. Chuckling breakfast with Papa and copious searching of newspapers. His address (3 columns long) quite excellent. Lucy [Cavendish] came home and we tore up letters for 2 hours. . . . 3 Whips, Mr. Gurdon, F. C.'s, Ld. Acton, Mr. Lambert and Edward [Hamilton] and Mr. Peel dined—such shop, perfect gabble and volley of election talk. An enemy in the camp.

LONDON, *Wed. Jan. 28.*—Gloomy morn. Arrangements about Greenwich. . . . Off in open carriage at 2, arriving on the common at 3. Clambered up into a waggon and there sat in state during Papa's animated and spirited speech,¹ full of good hard hits and very happy turns, received with frantic enthusiasm. Drove off at 4 protected on each side by galloping mounted police, hundreds running along by the side of the carriage, and deafening cheers. . . .

¹ This and the Woolwich speech (January 31) were in connexion with Mr. Gladstone's candidature at Greenwich, for which he became member.

LONDON, *Thurs. Jan. 29.*—Spencer [Lyttelton] turned up and we had a deal of Mujack.¹

LONDON, *Sat. 31 Jan.*— . . . At 1.30 off to Woolwich. Very long drive, 12 miles. Horses taken off about 200 yards from hustings, magnificent sight as we appeared on the balcony, apparently unanimous enthusiasm. Fearful row part of the time. A small body of men (evidently paid) went about in the crowd, making a disturbance. Sometimes it was horrid, the struggling and swaying of the dense, tightly-packed mass, and the noise often overwhelmed his voice. About half way through, however, he conquered them with a squib, and from that moment all was peace. The rest of the proceedings went off capitally. Grand bursting applause at the end, and by the time we had got off we were pretty nearly deafened. . . . Election talk incessant. Baddish news.

LONDON, *Tues. 10 Feb.*—The elections continue disgusting. . . .

LONDON, *Sat. 21 Feb.*— . . . The P.M. went to resign last night, and today the new broughams (*sic*) go down to Windsor.

LONDON, *Wed. 4 March.*—Breakfast of considerable interest. . . . Bet. Prof. [John] Tyndall and Mr. [Herbert] Spencer.² Rather liked the latter. So different to what I expected; not much power of intellect to the naked eye. We talked about Crookes,³ very strong ag. him. . . .

LONDON, *Fri. 6 March.*— . . . At 2.15 drove off to Mr. Stanhope's studio, a follower of Burne-Jones (in oils) but with far less poetry, and very inferior painting. The girl in the picture he is now doing is very nice, but much of the detail is hard and ungraceful, and the other girls regularly Bad. On to Beaver Lodge. Mr. [W. B.] Richmond out, such a bore. Went into his most delightful of studios, and saw his Prometheus, which is perfectly magnificent, a

¹ Music.

² John Tyndall, the scientist, and Herbert Spencer, the philosopher.

³ Sir William Crookes, scientist.



ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR AND SPENCER LYTTELTON
1874

gigantic work, about 18 feet high, great big rock with the grand figure bound hand and foot. There is a splendid despair about it, and the whole outline is massive and splendid. Finished with Burne-Jones. He was out. His studio was a treat, cram full of lovely things. The one I like best much is Pygmalion standing before his statue. The statue isn't half pretty enough, but he is beautiful in rapt contemplation of his work. Graceful host of live girls looking in at the door by way of a contrast. The Creation is going to be beautiful. Venus with the apple *lovely*. The Dream of Good Women, Chaucer, very taking, and a girl in yellow picking flowers, such fine colouring, golden yellow and dark olive green. Pan picking Psyche out of the water, the pose of her head and her face very pretty. Heaps of others wh. I liked. Ended at Mrs. Spottiswoode's music, listening to the singing, and coffee. . . .

LONDON, *Sat. 7 March*.—Mr. Palgrave¹ came and poured cataracts upon us. . . .

Thurs. March 12.— . . . Great hubbub all about on account of the Dss. of Edinburgh's public entry.² The decorations lovely, but the weather broke one's heart. Stopped in the house and saw everything well enough, and the sun came out for the first time as they came in sight of us. They bowed till they were sick. . . .

LONDON, *Fri. March 13*.—Fine mórñ., but frozen. Church at 8. Only 3 hours' sleep. Arranging the rooms till 10, when [came in] Adelaide and G[ertrude] . . . and last and biggest JOE [Joachim]. Pleasant meal, and then all walked into the next room, and Miss Stephenson arrived and accompanied in Beethoven's F major sonata; Mr. Wilson sang 'Softly sweet,' after wh. we had 2 Hungarian dances, the Bach great Chaconne (wh. I now appreciate entirely), the G minor solo, and I accompanied in the Andante of the B minor V. and P.F. Sonata; it went on till 1, and was pleasure

¹ Francis Turner Palgrave, compiler of the *Golden Treasury*.

² As the bride of the Duke of Edinburgh, to whom she had been married in January at St. Petersburg.

unalloyed. There was complete silence and thorough appreciation ; perfect happiness and enjoyment depicted in every countenance. . . . Went to the Court in canary, shook hands with the Queen and 6 others. Thought the Bride [Duchess of Edinburgh] pretty, and such a delightful fresh young face, with good complexion and very pleasant expression. Dead tired after it, lay down. . . . To the Wagner Concert with May and Spencer [Lyttelton], some of it fearfully noisy and some perfectly hideous, but enjoyed the Lohengrin part, very lovely. Tea and Concertina after. We played about 6 fast movements of the Handel Trios. Bed about 12.

LONDON, *Mon. 23 March*.— . . . To C[arlton] G[ardens] and played nearly 3 hours on the 2 lovely Broadwoods, such delicious fun. Leonora No. 3, Tannhäuser Overture, with Mr. Leigh the Schumann for 2 P.F.'s, the Brahms Variations on Haydn air, and a Handel Concerto. What went best was the one with May in B flat. Enjoyed it enormously. Dined at 44 and after to my last Mon. Pop. and such a fearfully dull one, except the scherzo in the middle of a Mendelssohn Quartette, and Joe made me a salute.

LONDON, *Tues. March 24*.— . . . After to Mr. Baring's for music. . . . Felt dreadfully tired and done and Browning brushed my face with his beard. Some supper with Mr. Doyle ¹ (Dicky) was refreshing.

LONDON, *Tues. March 31*.— . . . Ly. Salisbury and Alice [Balfour] went with us to St. Paul's.² It was a marvellous striking sight ; no service but the 51st Psalm chanted kneeling, and one or two prayers. The huge place filled in every cranny, a pause for meditation in the middle, wonderfully impressive. Good selection, very little omitted, but the resounding spoilt in a good deal and made it a great confusion of sounds in some places ; however, this had a good effect in the thunder and lightning chorus ; it was a grand storm of confused sound. The solos did their part well, and made very little impression owing to the size of the building.

¹ Richard Doyle, *Punch* artist.

² For the Bach Passion music.

The deep silence and boundless kneeling multitude in the pause was wonderful. 'He was despised' before and the Bach E minor after.

LONDON, *Wed. 1 April*.— . . . C[arlton] G[ardens] at 10 ; duets with Mr. Gosselin till 11.30, Rubinstein's, Schumann and Handel, C. Potter. Till 1 playing with Mr. Balfour. 'Fixed' and 'Righteous Heaven' were gigantic success, also some out of the Jubilate. Mr. B. was good on the Inf[ernal] the G Major, C major, and No. 5 Handel Flute Sonatas . . . rather well played.

LONDON, *Fri. 17 Ap[ri]l*.—Finished *Nathalie*.¹ Desperately in love with the hero. Much interested in the book—not so evenly good as *Daisy Burns* ¹ although in some ways more vigorous. But the plot is not devoid of flaws, or *Nathalie*'s conduct quite consistent with her character ; but as a whole it is an enthralling book, and there is a scene towards the end wh. wd. melt the stoniest heart.

LONDON, *Wed. 22 Ap[ri]l*.—Bustle till 8.15, when P.M. left. Colder wind but still lovely weather. Church. Dawdling and being happy. Played. Finished *Adèle*,¹ rotten rather. . . .

Sun. Apr. 26.— . . . Papa reading *Nathalie*.

HAWARDEN, *Whit Sunday, 24 May*.— . . . Long conv. with Papa evening—Homer, spiritualism, Jevons, ivories, and works of art. Homer before Moses. The redemption hinted at in his pages. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Trinity Sunday, May 31*.— . . . A short sharp walk with Papa, the conv. entirely and absolutely limited to the trees of the park. . . .

LONDON, *Sat. 18 July*.— . . . To No. 4 [Carlton Gardens] for Infernal. Played till 7, with long tea interval ; very cosy with Nora [Balfour]. 2 Handel Sonatas (1st and 6th), Beet. Symphony C minor, part of No. 8. 3 Corelli Sonatas (8, 9, and 10). Beet[hoven] Do. in F major with the heavenly C minor Adagio interposed, and 2 Bests, 'Tremble guilt,' and a Jubilate ch. . . .

¹ *Nathalie*, *Daisy Burns*, and *Adèle*, by Julia Kavanagh. Three novels which in their day achieved some fame in England and America.

Wed. July 22.— . . . Travelled [to Wellington College] with Mr. Bowman and a lovely girl in deep mourning and a big hat. At Dorking, in shunting off 3 empty carriages, ran over a porter, horrid, but only his heel was crushed. After the Bowmans got out, made friends with an old French gent. who paid me many compliments and proposed to me for his son. . . .

PENMAENMAWR, *Fri. Aug. 7.*—Church at 10. Stormy. Luncheon at 1 and bathe at 3, good. Up Gertrude's path with Helen, meeting Willy, Stephy, Herbert and Gertrude at the Parsonage Cottage, where we had oh such a good tea. Home about 7. Delightful life this.

HAWARDEN, *Wed. Oct. 14.*—Drove . . . to Minera, 13 miles off. . . . Arrived about 2, sitting tight till 4, wandering from height to height. People perched all about casually, the explosion was subdued, the amount of limestone rock dislocated nearly 30,000 tons. It is a new sort of powder, and they used a ton. . . .

I put in the following entry to show that private theatricals do not change ; and have spared the reader a complete list of the hysterics of the actors.

LOTON, *Tues. 3 Nov.*—Got to Westbury Station at 6.30, and found a large bus (' illuminated coffin ') and arrived at Loton just in time to scurry on our bridesmaids' gowns and rush down to dinner. Bet. Cath. Warren and Rose Wilbraham. The moment we had done, rehearsing began and went on till $\frac{1}{2}$ past 11. Ld. Eliot and A. Wilbraham make a perfect Mr. and Mrs. Sutcliffe. Mrs. Burgess as Naomi, Rose as Bella, the former feeble, the latter too fat and coarse and heavy. Ld. Pollington not cadaverous or disgusting enough for Crux. Ld. Carlow very weak as Ld. Beaufoy. Sir Baldwin Leighton and Mr. Herbert Gardner¹ excellent as Beau Tavistock and Jack Poynts. Great disorder and confusion, loss of temper and much noise, all speaking at once, all cooks² and all disagreeing. To bed very tired.

¹ Afterwards Lord Burghclere.

² *I.e.* spoiling the broth.

LOTON, *Fri. Nov. 6.*— . . . The play came off about 10. Great success. About 200 county gentry for audience. . . .

WHITTINGEHAME, *Wed. Nov. 18.*— . . . Mr. Robertson dined and Papa held forth on terminable annuities, etc., till 12 o'clock. Mr. R.'s grave earnestness and Mr. Balfour's face of intense, eager interest, his whole attitude such a transformation of the usual indolent postures, were interesting to watch and most characteristic.

HAWARDEN, *Tues. Dec. 1.*— . . . Poor Harry's last evening,¹ very grim. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Wed. Dec. 2.*—Breakfast at 7.30. They went off at 8. Harry luckily much occupied driving the ponies, very fresh, bitterly cold. A horrid goodbye it is.

1875

Music heard and played, still entirely without supervision, continues to occupy a large part of the diary. (At no time, after a very early age, does Mary seem to have worked under a first-rate teacher.) But there is a definite flagging in the enjoyment of it all. Mary suffered this year her first overwhelming grief, the death, on Palm Sunday, of her cousin and namesake May Lyttelton.

Nothing is so hard to recapture as the charm and beauty of a young girl. May Lyttelton's photographs and portraits give us little assistance beyond an impression of height and slenderness. They show nothing of the glowing reddish colouring she shared with many of her family ; nor do they give any suggestion of her vitality and response ; nor indeed of her real intellectual power, shown by the fact that she 'read level' with her brother Arthur when he took his degree in Moral Science. Fate did not treat her particularly kindly. Much adored and courted, she was twice engaged to be married and each time the man died. But no grief or

¹ Before setting out for India.

loss, however deeply felt, seems to have had any power to impair her. She was of those who 'have life and have it abundantly.' I have met people who knew her and who, twenty and thirty years after her death, could not speak of it without distress.

HAWARDEN, *Wed. 6 Jan.*— . . . A feeble attempt at tennis with the 3 L[yttelton] boys. Some neuralgia and very X¹ feelings all day. . . .

LONDON, *Fri. 12 Feb.*— . . . Went in [to dinner with Burne-Jones] . . . and much liked it. We talked hard, and he told me lots of things worth remembering. Called Browning's outside 'moss,' and said the works of a man were his real self. Swinburne, Geo. Eliot, Richmond—he raved of Scott, and always works in the morn. Says he has no creative power after noon. He is delightfully un-P.B.² for such a P.B. artist. . . .

LONDON, *Sun. 14 Feb.*—Valentine's Day. F[rances] has got such a beauty from Mr. Burne-Jones—a big picture of Cupid dragging a maiden through all the meshes and mazes of Love. He has got a glory of little birds, so pretty.

LONDON, *Wed. 10 March.* . . . Dressed at home for Marlboro' House, getting there about 11.15. Whipped off for a good valse with Mr. Egerton. Tea with Ld. Rosebery and shakes with royalties. Conv. with Dizzy in the hall, and all over and abed by 12.30.

HAGLEY, *Sat. 13 March.*— . . . Went all over the house with Spencer [Lyttelton]. At the top you quite lose yr. self. Up to the Rectory after breakfast. Giles gave me leave to see May [Lyttelton]. She was lying with eyes open, quite torpid, the change in her face when she saw me was wonderful, and yet tho' she smiled so beautifully, still very different. When I came near she said, 'Oh, this is fun. Did you think I shouldn't see you, silly old thing,' and going on saying, 'Oh what a break.' I tried to get away but she wouldn't

¹ Cross.

² Passionate Brompton, a phrase for the people forming the penumbra of the Pre-Raphaelite Movement.

hear of it and I stopped close to her. She said, 'You see I'm not so very much better.' Mama managed to get between us, and she forgot directly and went off to sleep. Was very much touched by this interview. After luncheon we had to go straight to London (good journey, S[pencer Lyttelton] leaving me at Oxford), reaching Paddington at 7.25, doing my hair in Lucy's brougham, jumping into my yellow gown, and getting to the Münsters [German ambassador] in beautiful time. But oh, the dinner was horrid. Seated bet[ween] Mr. Hayward ¹ and a maukin,² felt tired and wretched, the contrast was too great, and afterwards to the Granville party, wh. also was beastly.

LONDON, *Sun. 21 March*.—Palm Sunday. No news early. Chapel Royal at 10 and H.C. at St. Anne's at 11. At 2 arrived the fatal words, 'The end is very near.' The only comfort was in the last words, 'All is peaceful.' To St Philip's at 7. At 10.30 Herbert and I went to George St. [Talbot's] and there we waited for the letter wh. was to tell us of life or death. It arrived about 11.15. May [Lyttelton] had gently passed away about 10 this morning without pain or distress. 'She left off breathing and no more.' All was quiet and peaceful. Lav[inia] and Lucy had said hymns to her. Mama had whispered 'God will be with you, darling,' to wh. they believe she answered 'Yes.' And so it has ended, the long and weary struggle, and she is at rest at last.

LONDON, *Mon. 26 Apr.*—A heavy hearted dinner. . . . Conv. rather flagged and Papa wd. only talk on wine. Ld. R[osebery] and I hit it off with more success after dinner. . . .

LONDON, *Mon. 14 June*.— . . . Felt very thankful for 3 things as I lay in bed. 1st for not having to go to balls. 2nd for a very comfortable mattress; and 3rd, total absence of bodily pain for 6 months.

LONDON, *Thurs. 17 June*.— . . . Oh! went with Lucy in afternoon to see exhibition of wicker coffins at Stafford House; such nice ones, but it was like a sort of funeral breakfast, everybody an undertaker and all in the garden. . . .

¹ Abraham Hayward, essayist.

² Unknown individual (Glynnese).

23 C. H. T. 19 June 75.

DST. LAVINIA,—. . . Nothing has happened of importance since you went, only that I have been twice out into the world and each time was perfectly weighed down with the force of Maggie's words about the 'bright, blessed faces,' and those which cursed the earth with their presence. Going out appears to me more utterly depressing than anything in the world just now, and everybody looks so dreadfully beaming and sitting tight for one to beam at them. The great break is *Lohengrin* at Drury Lane next Monday, when Frances [Graham] is going to take me. . . . Bless you.
—Yr. loving M. G.

LONDON, Mon. 21 June.—. . . Frightful agitations all day—comedy and tragedy. . . . Dinner at 44 and to Drury Lane [for *Lohengrin*] with Mr. Laing, Frances, and Aggie. Oh how dreadfully I enjoyed it. The excitement is perfectly terrific. Appreciated it throughout far more than before, but cannot think it a high class of music, so little of the sustained power one meets as in *Fidelio*. It appeals to the senses in a marvellous way, the plot and the music support and incite each other and now and then rise to a climax which is quite overwhelming. Ortrud was magnificently acted by Titiens,¹ and her singing of the triumphant song near the beginning of Act 2 is splendid. Nilsson was very beautiful, and whenever she lost self-consciousness (wh. is seldom) was perfection. Campanini sings well, but is such a quiz. A great deal is cut out, but with much discretion, and it never dragged as at Covent Garden, though the whole effect is often finer there. Nilsson is altogether too coquettish for the simple dignity and grace of Elsa's character, but in all the passionate parts she could not be better. I am dying to see it again.

LONDON, Thurs. 24 June.—. . . Gertrude to luncheon.

¹ Her last great creation. Titiens died two years later.

We let down our legs ¹ till they dragged. We drove together and got a little better with a sight of Mary Egerton. . . .

LONDON, *Fri. 25 June*.—Dr. Schliemann ² and a lot more to breakfast. Felt interested in Dr. S. . . . With Frances at 4 o'clock to Mr. Burne-Jones's. A good look at his lovely pictures. Venus and the others looking at their reflections in the water is quite beautiful, the forget-me-nots on the further bank making sort of crowns to some of the reflected brows. Looked through his sketches for Virgil and at his designs for the Balfour room. Had tea in his big studio, and then strolled about the pretty, old-fashioned garden and picked roses. Rather shy. Can't make out whether he isn't over self-conscious. . . .

WINDSOR, *Sun. 27 June*.— . . . 5 of our party ordered off to the Castle. So Ld. Cowley and I were host and hostess, entertaining the G[reat] P[eople],³ and Alfred [Lyttelton], A[rthur Balfour], and I pd. a visit to Arthur [Lyttelton] and then sat on the delicious balcony. Mrs. Wellesley ⁴ came home and said the Queen wouldn't live a year, as she showed signs of dropsy. We'll hope this isn't true.

Wed. 30 June.— . . . To Devonshire House with G[ertrude Glynne]. We were all more or less mad, and there were some in dire despair.

HAWARDEN, *Thurs. 12 Aug.*—To see Gertrude. Interesting trolls on the bombshell to come. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Thurs. 19 Aug.*—Church. Flower show arranging flowers. Ld. Westminster came over. Lav. and Ed. arrived, such a gigantic break. Mr. Pennant ⁵ at 7.30, and went straight to the Cottage and returned engaged to G[ertrude]. And so ends this Journal of so many tears with a bright, smiling event. Amen.

¹ Glynnese—The 'origin is the idea of a wounded bird. It is held by the Glynnese that a bird in that state flies with one of its legs dangling. . . . Means, to be sorry for oneself.'

² German antiquarian who identified the site of Troy.

³ *I.e.*, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone.

⁴ Wife of the Dean of Windsor.

⁵ George, afterwards Lord Penrhyn. Gertrude Glynne was his second wife.

HAWARDEN, *Aug.* 20.—This book begins with a smiling event. Gertrude's engagement to Mr. Pennant, arranged last night, without a Proposal or a Yes or No. They fell in love on June 29th, since which full gallop has been the programme. They are wonderfully serene. Otherwise am very shivery at beginning a new journal, viewing the experience of the last one. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Sept.* 18. . . . Sat. to see Mrs. Campbell¹ and heard the whole lovely touching story of little Florry's last moments. Her Mother was singing hymns to her when she suddenly said, 'Don't sing any more, Mother, it drowns something else I'm hearing.' 'What is it you hear, darling?' But there was no answer. She seemed to have lost consciousness of earthly things, her eyes sparkling and fixed as if gazing on something wonderful, the whole expression eager, excited, joyful, speaking quickly and eagerly, tho' the words were unintelligible, and then she shut her eyes and her spirit left its suffering home for one of perfect peace. The Sunday before she entreated her Mother to go on singing to her, 'For you won't have me next Sunday to sing to, Mother dear. I shall be singing in another place. I can't sing now, but I shall then.'

HAWARDEN, *Tuesday, the long-expected eventful 19th [October].*— . . . Began with steady rain and uncompromising clouds. All wrung our hands, and all faces, flags, flowers looked equally depredged² At 2 it stopped for no earthly reason, and we careered up and down the village, ending at Mrs. Burnett's, where we hung out of the window (Meriel and Lucy having arrived early) and nearly burst with excitement as the beginning of the procession came in sight. A bright and joyous scene it was, no house undecorated, bands (Home Sweet Home) playing, banners waving, people running, cheering, shouting. Willy and his bride³ seated in the

¹ Hawarden neighbours.

² Mary and her circle began to use Gamp language at this time.

³ William H. Gladstone had married Hon. Gertrude Stuart, daughter of Lord Blantyre. This was their arrival at Hawarden after the honeymoon.



" EDWARD AND ALFRED "

ETON, 1875

open carriage, looking a picture of a pair, she all in black velvet and chinchilla, a lovely nosegay. They beamed up at us, and the minute they were gone we scuttled across by the Cottage, saw them at the Wint, and then reached the flower garden in time to see them draw up in front, amidst loud cheers; received by Papa, an address presented, and Willy answered most touchingly and beautifully. Papa also thanked, and then an enthusiastic cheer was given for our bride elect, after wh. all subsided into stiffness, after such a pitch of excitement, the evening shy and hard work. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Thurs.* [Oct. 21] dawned hopefully . . . dressed with G[ertrude Glynne] and helped to dress her.¹ Had made her wreath of myrtle from the cuttings grown out of Agnes's wedding wreath, and orange flowers came from Covent Garden, wh. stuck in with happy effect in her black hair, and she looked extremely pretty—lovely, I thought—so slight and young, and the colour of the satin and beautiful old lace suiting that glowing complexion. . . . Service beautiful—hymns very choky, but altogether 'twas a most cheerful wedding. Uncle B[illy]² made a mess of the names and said to her 'Wilt thou have this woman for thy wedded husband?' . . . the couple came to the Castle for all the good-byes, going off at 1 and seeming to take with them all the brightness from Hawarden. . . .

OXFORD, *Sat.* 20th Nov.—At the Bradleights [? Bradley, afterwards Dean of Westminster] between Mr. Wordsworth (dear man) and one Butcher³ (great classic) with whom much talk on the Hornby-O[scar] B[rowning]⁴ row, wh. has now ended in the dismissal of the latter to the gt. indignation of some and dissatisfaction of most.

OXFORD, *Tues.* 23rd Nov.—Struck 28! Soon I shall be older than the hills. Early Chapel, prayers in Magdalen,

¹ For her marriage to Mr. Pennant, afterwards Lord Penrhyn.

² Rev. the Hon. W. Lyttelton, brother of George, Lord Lyttelton.

³ Samuel Henry Butcher.

⁴ Considerable ill-feeling existed between Dr. Hornby, Headmaster of Eton, and Oscar Browning, then one of the masters, and had culminated in the latter's dismissal on technical grounds. Browning wished to take legal action, but was dissuaded by his friends.

Monk double chant lovely, and oh, the Voluntaries by my request, Handel O[rgan] Concerto in F (1st movement Perfectly Gorgeous and overwhelming row) and Bach G minor. Never has my birthday been so distinguished. Excited to desperation. A word with dear Mr. Parratt¹ after.

ASHRIDGE [Lord Brownlow's], *Wed. Nov. 24.*— . . . Read the Analogy [Butler's] and answered questions part of the morn., the remainder listened to loud reading mostly M[atthew] Arnold, and played. . . . Sir James [Lacaita] read us a deal of Dante and some Manzoni with extraordinary fire and feeling. Mr. Cowper² rare bits Tennyson and Shakespeare Sonnets in Adelaide's lovely room. . . . Played. Adelaide and Pembroke did tableaux and looked ideal but laughed hopelessly. Roman peasants. She was glorious last night in deep red velvet; at tea-time today in white embroidered with gold regular toga sort of thing, and tonight with the red beads, white handkerchief on head. Oh lovely! The usual depredation creeping on.

ASHRIDGE, *Thurs. Dec. 16.*— . . . Early luncheon, reached Ashridge about 3. . . . Neruda arrived about 5. To dinner with Mr. Compton. All in small tables. Bored rather. A good deal of singing in afternoon, accompanying Mr. Wade and Pss. Mary.³ She sings with a good deal of force and liked my ac[companiment]. The hall very brilliant in appearance, hung with tapestry and rich draperies, much light, many flowers, tall palms in the corners with lamps among them, a gorgeous canopy on the 1st landing, upon wh. Pss. Mary sat with becoming grandeur. Dizzy, who took a seat next her, hardly came up to the mark. A great deal of company. . . . Neruda played the old Handel in A, Brahms dances, and part of the Kreutzer to perfection. Mr. Wade and Miss Löwe sang not to advantage somehow. Accompanied in 'Where'er you walk.' Mr. Grain⁴ convulsed the

¹ Sir Walter Parratt, organist at St. George's, Windsor.

² Hon. Henry Cowper, brother of Lord Cowper.

³ Of Teck, mother of the present Queen.

⁴ Corney Grain, a well-known actor and reciter.

company. Got deadly tired and to bed before the remainder. . . .

ASHRIDGE, *Fri. Dec. 17.*—Bad night 'cos of gumboil. Mujack fr. breakfast to luncheon, quite beautiful. Löwe sang all my best-loved Schuberts, 'Du bist die Ruh,' 'Die junge Monne,' 'Rosamunde,' 'Der Tod und das Mädchen,' etc. Neruda played Bach, Spohr, Raff, mostly with Charlie W[ortley],¹ but the Adagio from A ma. Beet. Sonata with me. Great succedee. . . . Tried a game of tennidge in the dark, v. Charlie Wortley and Hilda, they conquering, but with difficulty, and a tramp round the garden. C. W. took me in to dinner and W. Carpenter² on t'other side, agreeable dinner. Charlie played most of the evening. A bearfight at bedtime. . . . Ld. Mayo came.

HAWARDEN, *Christmas Day—Sunday.*—Beautiful, peaceful, bright day. A calm thankfulness was the prevailing feeling of the day. Full service (Mr. Gamlin preaching) morn. and Stephy even. 3 priests. The Cottage dined. Ld. De Vesci is dead suddenly. . . . Nora Balfour going to be married to Mr. Sidgwick,³ thundering bit of news. Wrote to her.

HAWARDEN, *Fri. 31 Dec.*— . . . Tried not to realize today's wrench, too heart-aching parting with this April-like year; each of the 3 families is altered, the blessings will no doubt stand out more vividly as time goes on, but just now Palm Sunday⁴ is more present to me than anything else, and it almost seems today like going through it again. Good-bye, poor old year, tearful 75.

1876

During this year Mr. Gladstone seems to have made more use of Mary to help him in his correspondence, and con-

¹ Afterwards Lord Stuart of Wortley.

² Brother to the Talbot sisters, who had to take the name of Carpenter with an estate.

³ Professor Henry Sidgwick.

⁴ The date of Mary Lyttelton's death.

sequently she is getting more interested in politics. The E. Q. (Eastern Question), and whether people are 'sound' anti-Turk, is one of the touchstones by which she tests her new acquaintances henceforward, both in books and in the flesh. A great grief was the sudden death of 'Uncle L,' George Lord Lyttelton, and a new excitement her friendship with the Tennyson family. When in London the Gladstones are at 6 Carlton Gardens—early in the year; later they took a house in Harley Street.

HAWARDEN, *Sat. Jan. 8.*—... Willy and Gerty and Charles . . . tried some tennidge in the snow, but couldn't see the balls. Go Bang flourished after dinner. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Jan. 9, 1st Sunday after Epiphany.*—... A rapid walk by lake, horseshoes hunt, old lodges, brought me home in a fine glow in my beauteous Frances cap.¹

HAGLEY, *Mon. 17 Jan.*—... The Hawarden party arrived about 6, early dinner. . . . Concert at 8. Leapt up and down continually. Played the Moschelles (frightful) and the Freischütz (fair) . . . also the lovely Spohr Barcarole. Mrs. F[ennel] played a *tour de force*, the Weber rapid end movement of a Sonata, in 3 minutes. Miss I. thundered out the Mendelssohn Concerto; we all ran away desperately in 'Tramp.' Mrs. Glover Eaton sang 2 Ballads to perfection. Mendelssohn's D min. Trio rather feebly played, and a miserably childish set of Marta airs on the Cello completed the programme. . . .

LONDON, *Feb. 9.*—... Early dinner and to the Princess's for *Rip van Winkle*, a good plot with a wretched moral. Everything, however, gave way to the great charm and refinement of Jefferson's acting, all the last part particularly, the bewilderment waking after 20 years and the yearning after his unrecognising belongings, in wh. the mixture of the grotesque and pathetic is extraordinary. All others bad except the little children. Horrid places, but enjoyed it.

LONDON, *Feb. 11.*—... At dinner Mr. Bright, Ld. Rose-

¹ Xmas present from Frances Graham.

bery, Mr. Morier,¹ Mr. Howard, also Willy and Gerty. Not up to the mark in conversation, afterwards much better. A curiously vain man is J[ohn] B[right] considering his greatness, but perhaps in him it is joined to great simplicity and ingenuousness.

LONDON, *Feb. 18th.*— . . . Early dinner and to Lyceum for *Othello*, Irving having given us a box. Felt it all, every word, marvellous. It hardly seemed to matter how it was acted, Shakespeare alone so took one's breath away. It is almost too awful a story to see, so infinitely more terrible than when read. 'Oh, the pity of it.' All one's breath seemed taken away in awe and admiration of the conception. Iago's character specially strikes one as a superhuman masterpiece. On the whole it was well done, Irving a little exaggerated perhaps. It is awfully sad. . . .

LONDON, *March 16th.*—Argylls, Ld. Granville, JOE, Messrs. [Wilfrid] Blunt, Gordon, Brodrick, etc. to breakfast. By Joachim, and we jabbered. He promised to come and play. . . . H. of Commons for the Empress² quarrel. Ld. Hartington very nice gentlemanlike speech. Sir St[afford] Northcote and Sir W. Harcourt equally offensive, the former insolent, the latter melodramatic. . . .

LONDON, *March 19th.*— . . . Letter from Joachim. 'Will Wed. at 4 suit you to play with my accompaniment!' It's to be next week though. . . .

LONDON, *Fri. 24 March.*— . . . Harry came.³ . . . Great excitement. . . . The whole family flew to the door and received him with yells. He looks extremely well and full of spirit and interesting things.

LONDON, *Sat. 25 March.*—Luncheon with Gerty. To St. James's Hall, frightful squash. Hauled in a bench. The Schumann Quintette as heavenly as ever. Madame Schumann struck me after all this while as the best of the lot after all. She has a noble grasp of the p.f. such as I don't feel to

¹ Sir Robert Morier, diplomat.

² The conferring on Queen Victoria of the title of Empress of India. .

³ Her brother's return from India.

the same extent in anybody else, and such a great, grand, rolling rich touch. Ecstatically received. Ran for our lives and caught the Pss. going out. Snug evening all at home, so pleasant.

LONDON, *Wed. 29 March*.— . . . Topsy turvy and very depressing day, tiring and altogether taking out of, in spite of the marvellous break of Joachim from 4 to 6. Beethoven C minor and G major Sonatas, and my Adagio, and a Rondo, also his solo of Monday night. Wonderful his playing, and his goodness to me. . . .

LONDON, *Thurs. 30 March*.—Big breakfast. Ld. Acton amongst them, a wonderfully delightful conv. with him afterwards. To the Globe Theatre for 'Jo' (out of *Bleak House*). Miss Lee the actress. Most horribly pathetic, couldn't bear it, because it felt so true with the poor little N.M.R.¹ boys behind us. An absolutely perfect bit of acting so far as 'Jo' was concerned, but the rest was bosh. A headache. . . .

LONDON, *Tues. Ap. 4*.—To 4 C[arlton] G[ardens] with Nora [Balfour's]² wreath, wh. put on. She looked herself all over. Very quiet and nice, bridesmaids, pretty gowns, a wonderful apparition in the long room. Yellow shoes, Indian d-gown, shock head of hair. The wedding musicless and uneventful, but rather nice. . . .

LONDON, *Wed. Ap. 5*.— . . . Hideously dull dinner at the Ducies', big and smart. Handed in by Ld. M., a youth of whom I found no clue in spite of laborious research. Mr. C. on my other side bored me out of my life. Strawberry mess the only rally. Left at 10. . . .

LONDON, *Monday, Ap. 17*.— . . . To St. Andrew's at 5 with Uncle L. 'I know that my Redeemer.' . . . Dinner comparatively quiet and the evening still better. He even asked for music, went home happier.

LONDON, *Tues. 18 Ap.*.— . . . About 11 came Alfred beautifully telling me by degrees all the fresh, terrible

¹ Newport Market Refuge, an orphanage founded by Mrs. Gladstone.

² At her marriage to Mr. Sidgwick.

trouble,¹ the awful fall, and now he lies in the greatest danger, concussion of the brain. Walked up with A. and stayed there all day, utterly miserable nightmareish hours, doctors, dreadful letters, Sybella, Meriel, Arthur arriving. Came away at 7.30 with very little hope left. Lav. and Alfred with me to dinner at 21 with Albert. At 6.30 on Wed. morn. came a note from Edward ; his [Lord Lyttelton's] life had ended in perfect peace at 12.30. Had to tell Albert. It is so awful. Most of that day spent with Lav. We all went into the room and Ed. read prayers, and the sight was very grand and full of a solemn peace wh. almost brought thankfulness. . . .

LONDON, Tues. June 6.—With Sarena to Royal Academy at 9.30. . . . Cared for nothing violently. 'Over the Hills and far away' (Millais) very delicious, the 'far away' at least. Zan Ralberg's picture by Sant, the perfection of unconscious grace. W. Richmond's little brown girl very nice. Alma Tadema's tired Bacchante perfect in pose and beauty of form, but the face unattractive. Some excellent portraits by Oules. The Millais' as a rule very much below the usual mark. The huge Leighton (a Thebes Apollo festival) fails to interest me much. The open mouths (all singing) give a foolish effect, and the drapery of the women and children is (to me) ungraceful. There is a fine back of a man in the foreground, and a lovely group in the left-hand corner of the picture. Poynter's 'Atalanta' the next most remarkable work of this year, too much of a *tour de force* of her, the 'snowy-souled, and footed as the wind.' Fildes' 'Widower' is pathetic and picturesque to any degree ; am not worthy of Long's 'Pool of Bethesda,' nor of Rivière's contributions. Many cool, blue-green sea pictures of Hook's, with the usual boat and warm-complexioned fishermen, and a golden autumnal landscape of Vicat Cole's gave pleasure, but there is nothing to call forth enthusiasm. Walker's picture of Uncle L[yttelton] is nothing more nor less than a painful shock, and one longed to tear it down. . . .

¹ Lord Lyttelton's tragic death.

LONDON, *Wed. 7 June.*— . . . Papa read me some of his Macaulay Essay.¹ Perfection. . . . Left Charing Cross at 5. At Shalford all had to bundle out, the tunnel having fallen in on the line by Guildford. Jolted across country in a great waggon, a motley group indeed. Swore eternal friendship with my fellow-traveller, who turned out to be an angel of light. A great sensation as we drove thro' the streets of Guildford. Waited 2 hours before a train was made up and filled, only reaching Well. Coll. at 10. Met Ag[nes], Lav[inia] and Ed[ward Wickham] at the door, all in a fright, as the telegraph wires were broken and Ed. had gone off to Blackwater for information.

LONDON, *Sat. 10 June.*— . . . Mr. Holland² (Monkey) came Sat. even.

LONDON, *Sunday, 18 June.*—Herbert has got a First,³ frantically exciting. A telegram came last night. . . .

LONDON, *Thurs. 29 June.*— . . . With Charles and Mr. Godley to the Grange⁴ and a good go at the pictures (mem. the Merlin and Vivien). Especially looked at 'The Days of Creation,' chockfull of ideas, and most curiously treated. My strawberries much relished by A. J. B. and others. Mr. Howard⁵ in white linen painting in the garden. . . .

LONDON, *Wed. & Thurs. 5th and 6th July.*—Mr. Palgrave came, I played to him. . . . At 12 with Harry, Herbert, and Stirling to a séance at the house of one Williams; saw and heard and felt various things wh. wd. be unearthly if 'twere certain they weren't conjuring. . . .

Thurs.—Sidgwick, Mr. Balfour, Holland, Ld. Acton to breakfast, ought to have been stunning, but wasn't. All held their tongue to hear Papa, and he was oppressed. Nothing of interest turned up. A bombshell when Mr. Sidgwick said to W. E. G., 'I am very curious to see what the *Quarterly* does with Macaulay.'⁶ Papa turned it off

¹ *Quarterly Review*, July 1876.

² Henry Scott Holland.

³ In History at Oxford.

⁴ Burne-Jones's house.

⁵ Hon. George Howard, afterwards Lord Carlisle.

⁶ Mr. Gladstone had himself written the article on the *Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay*, by George Otto Trevelyan. It appeared in the *Quarterly* of July 1876 a few days after the diary entry.

cleverly. Mozley's sermons discussed. The comparative intelligence of the Chinese and Japanese. Lav. came. Played a tune. To Blake's pictures with her and Arthur, wonderful mixtures of grotesque and divine productions. Some of the sacred things are lovely, especially one Nativity. To Marshall's with her. Drive with Alice B[alfour] all over the place, ending at Mortimer House for tennidge. . . .

LONDON, *Sat. Jul. 8th.*— . . . To the Crystal Paladze with Ly. Gordon and Carry and Mr. Irving,¹ a remarkable trip. Enjoyed it, saw everything—the aquarium so noiseless and creepy, the Divers, the Skating Rink, the wondrous Camera Obscura. Had a splendid luncheon and attended an orchestral Concert, quite excellent. Midsummer Night's Dream—Schubert, Rosamunde—Beethoven, Pastoral Symphony—Rossini, Guillaume Tell. After saw races, frightfully exciting, camels, men riding 4 horses, women driving golden chariots. Back about 6. Mr. Irving was very silent and melancholy and preoccupied. He is just like Armand in *Nathalie*, and has the same fascination for me, a perpetual frown, which makes the smile, when it does appear, very singular and attractive, a wonderful voice and wonderful face. . . .

LONDON, *Tues. 11 July.*— . . . Afternoon to Chiswick [Duke of Devonshire's house], very dull. The Queen was there, the children rather a break, the eldest boy is a fine creature, with straight features and open countenance. Some of the people looked quite mad. . . .

LONDON, *Thurs. 13 July.*— . . . Breakfast, extremely noisy and animated. Ld. Rosebery, Ly. Marian [Alford], Mr. Lowe,² A. Godley,³ Charles, Palgrave brothers, and Count Münster.⁴ . . .

LONDON, *Fri. 21 July.*— . . . To H. of Commons to hear Papa on the Turkish Loan,⁵ for wh. no interest has been paid for years. A consultation with the French Gov. promised

¹ Sir Henry Irving.

² Robert Lowe, afterwards Lord Sherbrooke.

³ Now Lord Kilbracken.

⁴ German Ambassador.

⁵ The Turkish Debt and Loan of 1854.

by Sir Stafford was the upshot of an otherwise dull discussion. . . .

LONDON, *Sat. July 22.*— . . . With Harry at 8.30 to Drury Lane. Great blow finding it [*Mariage de Figaro*] began at 8. All the same enjoyed it enormously. Titiens quiz major as a page,¹ bursting and with fat white-stockinged legs, nevertheless took the whole house by storm with the splendour of her voice and the fire and vigour of her acting. Just came in for the lovely canon Quartette, encored as was the Overture No. III, the latter carrying everybody right off their legs. Ghirlandi did well, as also Behrens. Boxes very empty in spite of which she was 4 times recalled at end of Act 3 and overwhelmed with flowers and wreaths—a wonderful triumph of genius over looks. . . .

LONDON, *Mon. 24 July.*— . . . Reading G[eorge] Sand's *Consuelo*, a book full of beauty and power, but also, alas, full of blotches.

LONDON, *Thurs. 27 July.*— . . . Drove . . . to the Crystal Paladge. Heard a Bach Fugue on the organ and some trash. Saw the Circus, perfectly enchanting; elephants who stood on their heads, horses who walked on their hind legs, clowns who flew, dogs who ran 'steepleschases, men who threw hats from anywhere on to anything, besides all the ordinary astonishing horsemanship feats of various ballet dancers. Afterwards perishing with hunger saw the fireworks. . . .

[*Hawarden*], *July 30.* 76.

DST. LAVINIA,— . . . Yes, I am enchanted to be out of London though it feels almost too icy cold here just at present, but oh the beauty of it! I suppose I am more struck on account of having seen literally nothing of the country this summer—not even a Sunday out. There is a great, soft wind, and outside my window all the green branches are swaying in the sun, making that delicious cool noise which

¹ 'Quiz' is generally used by Mary to describe some one who looks ridiculous, and 'major' is Glynnese for great or notable.

nothing else can make. Then the deep quiet in the night, that is what I appreciate. . . .—Yr. lov. M. G.

LONDON, *Wed. 9 Aug.*— . . . Papa talked to Mr. H[olland] from 9.30 till 12 without a break. . . .

LONDON, *Thurs. 10 Aug.*— . . . Dizzy made an Earl, and the Bravo¹ verdict is 'Murder, without sufficient evidence to say who.' . . .

Sat. Aug. 19.

. . . Do you know last Thursday at the flower show at the Rectory everything was so lovely and bright and happy I could quite have cried from the pure pleasure of mere existence. It all rushed over me in a moment what blessings we had, and as I looked round all seemed so unbroken and beautiful. Agnes and E. with their baby. Stephy, Herbert, Willy and Gerty, Mama and Papa—such moments are rare and so precious for they lighten up everything even when they are past.—Yr. lov. M. G.

HAWARDEN, *Monday, 4 Sept.*—Papa rushed off to London Sunday night, pamphlet² in hand, beyond anything agog over the Bulgarian horrors, which pass description. The whole country is aflame, meetings all over the place. There is no conceivable or unconceivable atrocity those villainous Turks have not been capable of. . . .

Sat. 9 Sept.— . . . A gigantic meeting on Blackheath. Papa gave vent to his boiling feelings in one of his most glorious speeches. The scene as described by Mama was wonderful, the enthusiasm and respect, people of a higher class instead of election mob, the tone of the speech was grand and lofty beyond words. He came back here in a blaze of glory on Tuesday. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Sunday, 17 Sept.*— . . . An Indian in orders

¹ A 'classic' murder mystery. Mr. Bravo's wife was tried for murder later, but acquitted.

² *Bulgarian Horrors and the Question of the East* marked the beginning of Mr. Gladstone's famous campaign against the Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria described by Disraeli as 'coffee-house babble.'

at the Rectory who was a Brahman and became a Christian at the moment he went to confute Christianity.

HAWARDEN, *Mon. 24 Sept.*— . . . Bucks election lost, but by so small a number as to make it nearly as good as victory. Great agitation in the country continues. Ld. Beaconsfield spoke disgustingly at an agricultural dinner, on the position of affairs, cynical, sneering, vulgar. No Cabinet yet been held.

HAWARDEN, *Sun. 30 Sept. to Fri. 5 Oct.*— . . . We have early breakfast, and long hours for business. Papa's letters take me a good bit ; such interesting ones from Dr. Liddon and Mr. MacColl ¹ wrt. from the scene of action [Bulgaria], full of horror at what they see and hear, and of earnest gratitude to Papa. . . . The war news does not brighten. Ld. Derby spoke complacently last week just a few hours before the message arrived that Servia refused the peace negotiations. Mr. Lowe wrote a telling letter to the papers on the refusal of the Govt. to summon Parliament, in the teeth of the whole nation, and Mr. Bright spoke with his usual vigour at Manchester, though he made a great mistake in the amount of his self-congratulations on the Crimean crisis. A Cabinet Council has at length been called. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Thurs. 12 Oct.*— . . . Mr. Knowles ² (*Contemporary*) came and drew out Papa finely.

PENRHYN, *Wed. 25 Oct.*— . . . Played 'Batti batti' even, and Ld. P[enrhyn] thinking it sacred expressed an earnest wish I shd. instruct the Cath. organist, Dr. Rogers, and flew out ag. all immoral stuff like Don Giovanni. George [Pennant] delighted. . . .

PENRHYN, *Oct. 30.*— . . . Many political skirmishes with Ld. P[enrhyn]. I scored 1 this morn., telling him of Ld. Derby's admiration for Russia's behaviour (Ed. Talbot's grub ³). He said, ' Ah, but did he mean it ? ' ' You know

¹ Malcolm MacColl, afterwards Canon of Ripon, writer of many pamphlets.

² Sir (then Mr.) James Knowles, then editor of the *Contemporary Review* and shortly afterwards editor of the *Nineteenth Century*.

³ Glynnese, meaning ' gossip,' ' news.'

best whether Ld. Derby is accustomed to speak the truth, Ld. Penrhyn.' There is meanwhile a sort of lull in Europe, England having stepped quite aloof, and Turkey giving in to Russia as to a 6 weeks armistice. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Tues. 31 Oct.*— . . . At 6 came Tennyson and his son Hallam, tired and cold. Sat between the two at dinner. He snubbed me once or twice, but was afterwards very amiable. He is exactly like Shakespeare to look at. The boy is nice and very light in hand and quickly interested; worships his Father and sits adoring. Some good conv. after dinner on Dante, Homer, and Shakespeare, with quotations in a sonorous voice. Both agreed as to Dante being progressive and reaching his climax in the *Paradiso*. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Wed. Nov. 1.*— . . . About 11.30 Tennyson read us *Harold*, his last production, not yet published, a drama infinitely superior to *Queen Mary* in every respect. The subject to begin with is far more inspiring, the actors are fewer, so that the force is more concentrated; there is more spirit, more action. It is altogether more stirring, the interest of the characters is greater and fine passages are more abundant. It lasted about 2 hours and $\frac{1}{2}$, read with great vigour and power and evident enjoyment to himself; now and then he paused to praise the passage or to ask an opinion. Papa seemed sleepy and not forthcoming, Willy rather giggling, Helen fierce, Eleanor¹ rapt, dropping her work and sitting entranced. Myself rather on pins and needles for Papa, the boy motionless, but now and then referred to by his father and having to fill in a word or passage, actually knowing it all by heart. The Edith scenes are very tenderly done. The most dramatic is perhaps where Harold is entrapped into forswearing himself to William of Normandy, and perhaps the most powerful. The last scene during the battle is wonderfully vivid and exciting. Altogether it was a great thing to see and hear. We were forced to take no heed of such earthly things as luncheon. . . .

¹ Hon. Mrs. Lionel Tennyson, afterwards Mrs. Augustine Birrell.

HAWARDEN, *Thurs. Nov. 2.*—Fine and warm. Conv. at breakfast got on to eternal punishment (in which T[ennyson] firmly disbelieves), the immortality of the soul, and prayer, in which he has great faith. Papa great on deploring the levity of the age. T. does not appear to be much of a Christian, and I suspect is no theologian, but very really religious. He was hit rather hard several times and finally rose abruptly. We administered Mozley,¹ but without much result. Ld. Acton, however, took and devoured it. . . . Went with Tennyson over the Church, comparing notes with the boy over sonnets. They left at 1 to our great sorrow. . . .

Hawarden, Nov. 2. 76.

DEAREST LAVINIA,—. . . Tennyson is just gone. It has been a short but most interesting visit, chiefly from the fact of his having read aloud to us the whole of his new drama—a work infinitely superior to *Queen Mary* in every respect. We must not divulge the subject, as it is by way of being a dead secret. He read so finely—with such fire, sometimes almost acting it, and at times stopping to say ‘That’s a fine passage.’ He is most ingenuous in the way he does not attempt to conceal his pride and admiration in particular passages. He uses very vehement language in talking, and is not altogether good-tempered, but certainly far more agreeable and pleasant than I expected. . . .

Some of the conversation was very remarkable. This morning at breakfast, particularly, when they got on the immortality of the soul and eternal punishment. The latter T. does not in the least believe in, but Papa drove him into a corner, and he got up and broke off the talk quite suddenly. He doesn’t seem much of a Christian, though I expect he is very really religious. . . .—Lov. M. G.

Tennyson’s letter to Mrs. Gladstone after his visit to Hawarden is not without interest.

¹ The Gladstone family had a great admiration for Mozley’s sermons.

Farrington, Freshwater, Isle of Wight, Nov. 12th, 176.

MY DEAR MRS. GLADSTONE,—Here we are returned to our winter quarters, which, however, we find at present colder than Aldworth. We retain golden memories of our visit to Hawarden, and your statesman, not like Diocletian among his cabbages, but among his oaks, axe in hand. Has he anything to say about my drama? If so, let him say it quickly before *Harold* passes into stereotype, and then burn or return the proofs.

I am very glad that Hallam made a favourable impression. I do not think any man ever had a better son than I have in him.

With our best remembrances to all of you—Believe me,
always yours,

A. TENNYSON.

HAWARDEN, *Mon. 6 Nov.*— . . . Copying long letter in French from Papa to Strosmeier took me an hour and $\frac{1}{2}$, and reading his to Papa translated by Ld. Acton.

HAWARDEN, *Wed. 8 Nov.*— . . . As we came home soon after sunset, very light, suddenly a brilliant creature sprang out of nowhere and fled across the sky; it had a fiery tail, the 1st meteor of the kind I ever saw, and most unearthly it looked winging its bright mysterious flight silently thro' the air. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Sat. Nov. 11.*— . . . Read *Harold* over again. It loses a good deal.

HAWARDEN, *Monday, 13 Nov.*— . . . Papa read to us his own and Ld. Derby's and Cowper's translations of the Council,¹ the former to our ears far the most strong and spirited. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Tues. 14 Nov. to Sunday, 19 Nov.*— . . . The 'pugnacious polemical pugilist'² departed and was replaced by a young Salisbury who has been serving with the Russian Volunteers in aid of Servia, and gave us fresh, bloody details, but some rather contradicting Mr. MacColl.

¹ *Iliad.*

² Canon MacColl.

Readings daily. Macbeth specially fine after Anthony and Cleopatra, wh. is neither interesting in plot nor rich in good passages. Got into Cymbeline. Amusing argument with Papa one night on use and beauty, and how far absolutely necessary to each other.

OXFORD, *Sunday*, 26 Nov.— . . . Off to Magdalen at 5, Lav. and Mr. Balfour joining us in the antechapel. 'Blessed be' beautifully sung, and afterwards the 4th Organ Concerto (rather disappointed). Flew up to the organ loft and begged for the D m. Toccata, so splendidly glorious, I never enjoyed anything as much in all my life. One by one all the lights were put out, every person left the chapel, we were left in total darkness. Still the chords cracked out and the sound seemed more wonderful, and at last the trumpet stop pealed startlingly forth in the great, grand, finishing chords and left one breathless. Rushed home in such a blaze of excitement. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Sat. Dec. 9.*— . . . The London Conference [on the Eastern Question] began today. Papa in Harley St. for it. He spoke powerfully and wisely and with great moderation, using terms of high esteem and confidence about Ld. Salisbury. The meeting altogether pronounced a success, the enthusiasm for Papa quite splendid. The combinations of 'conveners' most curious, representing every class and mind—poet, historian, painter, cleric, dissenter, R.C., unbeliever and Bishop, headed by the Duke of Westminster Papa returned Sat. night a good deal exhausted.

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'E. Q.' continues to occupy Mary almost as much as her father. It was the year of his agitation on the Bulgarian atrocities, that forced him out to excite opinion in the country. His daughter, meanwhile, in spite of innumerable interests of her own, was approaching more and more the attitude of mind of a colleague, realizing the occasions of



JOHN RUSKIN



SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES

success and failure, and anxious for conditions to be favourable.

HAWARDEN, *Fri. Jan. 12.*— . . . A wondrous outburst fr. Papa at breakfast on the E. Q. till past 11. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Tues. Jan. 16.*— . . . My Miller picture arrived—a new view of myself. It's rather pretty, without the weather-beaten complexion. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Sat. Feb. 3.*—Much interesting talk on the Mozley's, Lessing's Laocoön or climax or 'fragments,' Holman Hunt's big picture, pictures, gunners, music, and whether the Incarnation was the crowning act of creation, *i.e.* independent of the fall of man, *or* the result of it. Fine thought the former, shared by Dr. King, combated by Dr. Liddon and Mr. Benson.

HAWARDEN, *Tues. Feb. 13.*—(Shrove.) Church, Mothers' Meeting at Sandy[croft], and (all in the rain); 2 energetic games of tennis to celebrate the day before Lent. Night school, fragmentary but int. scraps of conv. with Mr. Ottley.¹ He had tea with us for a wonder. Stephy and I eat and sit in the library, the others in ante and dining room. Loathed the night school, having to take 2 uproarious classes (teachers failing) in dif. stages of ignorance.

HAWARDEN, *Thurs. Feb. 15.*— . . . Night School was peace after Pandemonium. Too many teachers, triumphantly taught $\frac{1}{2}$ a class. Read *Sunset* and various others by the same author; more struck with the meanings and ideas than the *poetry*, tho' that sometimes mounts high too.

HAWARDEN, *Tues. Feb. 20.*— . . . A lecture always at prayers. On Coffins last Sat. In the middle of conv. as how best to realize Death, mem. A. V. L[yttelton]. 'This is a new road—not paid for yet.'

Hillside, Chesterton Road, Cambridge, March 9. 77.

DEAREST LAVINIA,— . . . The O. B.² dinner was good fun enough though, alas, George Eliot failed through illness.

¹ Edward Bickersteth Ottley, afterwards Canon of Rochester.

² Oscar Browning.

Our host took me in to dinner, Mr. Leigh ¹ on t'other side. Mrs. Ponsonby of Düsseldorf, Mrs. Cornish,² her sister, the Dannreuthers,³ etc., were there. Joachim came in the evening but no mujack, and after all *much* the jolliest thing was the entrance of Ed. and Alfred, their old faces quite bursting. Nora said we all 3 looked as if we were screaming, and indeed one felt inclined to. Mr. Stanford ⁴ and Mr. Cobb and other musical lights were present and thro' them I got an inv. to the Rehearsal yesterday morn. That lasted from 11 till 2. Poor Nora, I pitied her, it was so bitter cold, and it requires such devotion to music to sit numbed listening to quite new things. The Song of Destiny [Brahms] didn't go quite well at first to Ed. and Alf.'s great horror, the band put them out, but it was splendid in the evening. At 2 we went off *ventre à terre*, cold and empty to see Joe made a Doctor and listen to the graceful Latin oration in his honour. Then a rush to the boys' rooms—a snatch of cold beef, after which a walk with Nora to see the backs. After to King's Chapel, lionized by Mr. Leigh. Oh, how he loves it, and I was enormously struck, my breath quite taken away by its size. Here we sat in perfect peace for an hour while Mr. Mann played everything I wanted. I loved it so, looking up at the great windows with their gorgeous yet subdued colours. Then, still bottleheld by Mr. Leigh, to tea at 'Prothero's' in such pretty P.B. rooms, meeting all the same people again, [Robert] Browning, O. B., Cornishes, etc. Flew home and dressed, out again for 5.45 dinner at 'the Bard's' (Mr. [Sidney] Colvin); handed in by old Browning (disliked him more than ever, we talked about the Ring and the Book and Abt Vogler). . . .

. . . Nose (Mr. Grove) ⁵ very much to the fore last week, and R. Browning, whom I liked less than ever. He talks everybody down with his dreadful voice, and always places

¹ Rev. Austin Leigh.

² *Née* Ritchie, wife of Mr. Warre Cornish, Provost of Eton.

³ Edward George Dannreuther, musician, and friend of Wagner. Founded Wagner Society, 1872.

⁴ Sir Charles Stanford.

⁵ Sir George Grove.

his person in such disagreeable proximity with yours and puffs and blows and spits in yr. face. I tried to think of Abt Vogler but it was no use—he couldn't ever have written it. By the way that reminds me, tell Ed. I read [his] Xmas Eve and Easter Day [sermons] for the first time the other day at Hawarden, and thought them, specially the latter, splendid—parenthesis. Sat. we lionized Newnham Hall, and Von Moltke¹ has a surprising plan in her head, that Helen should go there for a year. I have really been thinking a deal about it and discussed it with Nora, who pats it strongly on the back, and I feel sure it might be a grand success; but don't mention it yet—as it's not ripe—before I have sounded Helen and Papa. . . .—Yr. lov. M. G.

Hillside, Chesterton Road, Cambridge, March 13. 77.

DEAREST L.,— . . . Oh yes, it's my first visit to Cambridge and *very* exciting certainly. Nothing could have been pleasanter altogether, the 3 dinners (O. B., Mr. Colvin, and Mr. Leigh) all went off with great ease and brightness. I have seen a good deal of Ed. and Alfred, am to walk this afternoon with the former, they dine here tonight and the Great Dinner comes off tomorrow. It is to be in Ed.'s rooms as A.'s are too small. We are to meet Hallam Tennyson, O. B., Frank, and Gerald, . . . and in the evening various other friends look in. . . . Prof. [Goldwin] Smith and Mr. Godfrey Lushington,² Mr. Trevelyan, and Bryan and the 3 brothers Sidgwick made up a really brilliant assembly, and though no topic of surpassing interest turned up, nothing could have been more sparkling than was the talk, all so quick and funny, the most commonplace remark at once twisted into something amusing, and *such* laughter, you never did, just like real boys; they sometimes nearly choked. I wished Mr. Balfour had been there, rather, it was just the sort that would have amused him beyond.³ . . .—Yr. lov. M. G.

¹ A family nickname for herself.

² Lawyer and early positivist.

³ Glynnese. Ellipse for 'beyond anything.'

CAMBRIDGE, *Thurs. Mar. 15.*—The *Times* declares the crisis of the Eastern Question to be reached, Russia having declared she will disband her armies if England and other Powers will join her in forcing Turkey to amend. . . . Further book discussions at breakfast ; [Papa] sorrows to confess that De Quincey strikes him as laboured, long-winded, self-conscious, and affected.

LONDON, *Sat. Mar. 17.*— . . . Enormous discussing and digesting and planning of my Newnham inspiration. . . .

LONDON, *Monday, Mar. 19.*— . . . We went on to Mr. Tennyson's very higher ground assembly. Browning, Joachim, and Tennyson seated together. Mr. Gurney, Mr. Leaf, etc. Tennyson forgets everybody and growls out ' Haven't an idea who you are,' very embarrassing for a shy individual. Joe broke a string and couldn't play.

LONDON, *Thurs. Apr. 5.*— . . . Mr. Cowper came. Mem. ' Bumptious brute ' ([applied] to Ch. Kingsley). Ly. D[orothy] Nevill ' leaves her dau. up ag. the wall and then dances,' and Browning wiping Ly. M. Alford's eyes with a dirty p.hank.

A reminiscent note made by Mary at a later date may well be inserted here :—

How I wish I could remember more about Henry Cowper. His, I think, was the quickest mind, the readiest wit I ever came across. . . . Once at Panshanger, about the year 1869, there was a Volunteer Review in the Park. Strolling about among the crowd of sightseers, Mr. Cowper was addressed by one of them—' I beg your pardon, sir, but did not I hear that Lord Palmerston was on the ground ? ' (Lord Palmerston had been dead three or four years.) ' No,' said Mr. Cowper, ' under it. Perhaps you mean Mr. Gladstone ? '

The Lord Chesham of that day was very fat and round and wore brass buttons. Henry Cowper said, ' When Chesham dances he passes his partner round and round his person.'

One night at Ashridge we were a party of twelve or fourteen at dinner, a round table, I remember, it was. There

came a pause ; Lady Brownlow, our hostess, looked around. ' I wonder,' she said, ' who is the cleverest person seated at this table,' and gazing thoughtfully at each one of us she suddenly clapped her hands. ' I know,' she said, ' *Henry Cowper*.' The guests were looking rather shy and self-conscious and were thankful when the die was cast. . . . All eyes were turned on Mr. Cowper. He showed not the slightest embarrassment. ' Yes, but after me, dear Lady Brownlow, after me.' This way of quietly accepting the compliment yet at once diverting attention from himself, seemed to me a triumph of dexterity. When I first came out, it was generally my lucky fate at dinner parties to go in with him. But while I much enjoyed his company, I regarded him as middle-aged and, with the crude judgment of youth, I felt it was unworthy of him to be a mere diner out, a flâneur of society. I was glad when time passed and I ceased to see him as I felt he must be writing a book, or at all events working at something more worth doing. But an evening came when we were in Park Lane—one of the huge smart dinners that used to make my heart sink, as I walked into the room behind my Father and Mother—ambassadors, statesmen, fashionable ladies, etc., etc. And behold ! there stood Mr. Cowper as of old. As soon as he came up to hand me in to dinner I said—' O, Mr. Cowper, why have you begun again ? *You 'll die dining out !* ' ' But that 's just why I have begun again,' he said, ' to escape the thought of death, to let me die living, not to live dying.' I was startled by a kind of desperate earnestness in his tone. As we sat down at the table, he continued—' Do you see ——'s white hair ? It is the haunting fear of death that has bleached her hair. Look at —— . Do you know why he gambles ? To escape the thought of death. It is the one fact in our lives that is absolutely certain, yet we dare not contemplate it. We do all we possibly can to run away from it.' And he took each person round the table and showed me the unmistakable signs, as he thought, of flight from the terrible, haunting thought of death.

I think it was that night that George, Lord Pembroke, then only about twenty, sat opposite to me at dinner. He was next Mr. Delane, then the famous editor of the *Times*. I noticed they were having a lively talk together. Directly the men joined us upstairs, George, a friend of mine from our earliest days, came and sat near me—‘ I have had such a good talk at dinner. I don’t know who he is, I was never introduced to him, but we talked of newspaper editors ; we fought, and I ended by saying, “ Nothing in the world would give me so much pleasure as to break my stick across an Editor’s back ! ” ’ Tableau, when I told him who his neighbour was ! Mr. Delane talked to me later in the evening and, in spite of the contretemps, was completely vanquished by the charm of the boy. George was six foot five, and very striking, and had far the most beautiful eyes I have ever seen—eyes that were almost bewildering in their beauty.

One evening at dinner we were discussing the respective attractions or merits of people, for social purposes, and our host wondered how far the company would differ as to whom they would choose for the ideal small dinner party. I think there were twelve of us and we were each asked to select the nine ideal people for a dinner party of ten. I quite forget who chose which. I only recall at once remembering whom I had found ideal company. Everybody else chose five men and five women, and all were green with envy of my dinner party, which consisted of nine men and one woman—eight Lyttelton brothers, A. J. Balfour, and M. G. [herself].

LONDON, *Sat. Apr. 14.*— . . . H[erbert S[pencer] far more agreeable this time, tho’ am still struck with his common, plain appearance. Dreams made an amusing topic, and he had odd rather far-fetched theories about blood-vessels to account for want of power in controlling thought, either sleeping or waking. He has taken much morphia and finds dreams under its influence quite consecutive and sensible. He is frightfully excitable, cannot read at all at night, finds fishing the only thing that stops philosophising, loves George

Eliot, originally persuaded her to write novels, usually dislikes Browning. 'Poetry,' he said, 'shd. diminish the friction between the minds of the writer and reader,' and that he had increased it. Declared the same person cd. be theoretically sceptical and practically credulous, and much more that I forget.

LONDON, *Thurs. Ap. 19.*—Brilliant talk at breakfast. We sat till past 12. Present—Consul White of Belgrade, Mr. MacColl, Lord Acton and others. Much E. Q. discussion. W. E. G. openly challenged with his passive attitude as Prime Minister with regard to it. This drew forth a clear and emphatic defence from him wh. satisfied all parties.

LONDON, *Sat. 21 Ap.*— . . Alice B[alfour] picked me up for the Crystal [Palace]. Rubinstein. Such a real rotten Concert, bad, flashy, vulgar, worthless music played to perfection, such a sarcasm, it was fun watching him and his marvellous performance on the P.F., but *really* as a composer! And everybody frantic with admiration! Liked a bit of a duet, and just a little of the [illegible] Symphony, his *pièce de résistance*. Came out and had a good bun. . . .

OXFORD, *Mon. Ap. 23.*— . . Oxford at 3, in time for tea. Such fun. We talked for 5 hours without drawing rein. A gossamer meal, and the Gospel Deacon (forget his name, oh, Gore¹) came to coffee.

OXFORD, *Tues. 24 Ap.*— . . At 3 delicious tennidge, Lav. and Mr. Wilson ag. Mr. I[llingworth]² and self; capital games. Mr. I. flew about as much as the balls and got frantic and delightful. . . .

OXFORD, *Wed. Ap. 25.*— . . War is declared [between Russia and Turkey]. . . .

OXFORD, *Thurs. Ap. 26.*— . . To Balliol for luncheon with George and Leveson,³ meeting 2 other B[allioli] men, Farrar⁴ and [blank in diary]. Oh, we had sweetbread, and

¹ Bishop Gore.

² Rev. J. R. Illingworth. Author of well-known theological works. At that time Fellow and Tutor of Jesus College, Oxford.

³ Mr. (now Sir) George Leveson-Gower, private secretary to Mr. Gladstone.

⁴ Dean Farrar.

what's more, ate it, a dreadful moment the discovery.¹ Back with Ed., and with Mr. O[ttle] beat him and Mr. I[llingworth] at tennis twice, but such a blow, something unearthly had come over Mr. I. and he wouldn't move. Took him on to my side, but 'twas no good at all. However, after it got all right and we had grand fun. . . .

LONDON, *Monday*, 30 *Apr.*— . . . Horrid dinner at the R—s, taken in by a flat-faced maukin, who, however, kindled up at pudding over Herbert Spencer. Mr. Beaumont ² on t'other side was pleasant, but the even. fearfully heavy. . . .

LONDON, *Wed. May* 2.— . . . Dinner party evening, 2 failures at the last and altogether a grim one. Granvilles (he depressed), Abercromby (never a lift), Ld. Arthur Russell (never spoke), Ld. Durham (he glares and looks as if he'd bite yr. nose off), and Ly. Beatrice (pretty, but badly got up), and 2 Dowagers, Ly. Russell and Agatha and Charles, a few in the evening very flat. The fat's in the fire, the resolutions ³ not being supported by W. E. G. colleagues.

LONDON, *Sat. May* 5.— . . . We went to see Irving in *Richard II.* The scene with Ly. Anne excellent, and he is altogether far better in this than in anything I've seen. Enjoyed it tho' tired. Full house. Papa impressed. . . .

LONDON, *Monday*, 7 *May*.— . . . W. E. G. had 120 letters. Opened and sorted heaps. . . . Ed. and Lav. came about 3, off to the House with them. On the announcement of the last 3 resolutions being forsaken, great disturbance and turmoil and unruly and petulant wrangling till 7, wh. was a great irritation and waste, the Great Man having to speak 3 times before his real big one, and when the time came for that, the House was emptying for dinner and he had forgotten his glasses, so cd. make no reference whatever to his notes. In spite of this we had a very glorious 2 hours and $\frac{1}{2}$ speech, mostly of engrossing interest, some parts of withering irony, but the whole lofty and dignified to a degree. The wind-up, which was long, was a triumph of sustained beauty of lan-

¹ Referring to the family's dislike of the 'innards' of animals.

² Afterwards Lord Allendale.

³ On the Eastern Question.

guage and passionate earnestness. But it was a *beastly* House to-day, with no greatness or fervour in them. Dinner at Meriel's, after wh. we flew to the Albert Hall, sanguine,¹ and found the gas being put out. Had to walk all about London. Lav. and I returned for Mr. Cross's rather laboured speech (they say 'twas very good), and got home about 1.30. Forgot to say that Ld. Salisbury sat near me during the speech and made many a betraying nod of approval.

LONDON, *Tues. 8 May.*— . . . With Sp[encer] to Frank's very higher ground Concert, not a thing I had heard before. The new Brahms Liebeslieder were really beautiful, Henschell sang most satisfactorily, and Richter, and Hubert Parry's delightful Violin Suite took extremely well. After to Mme. Ralli's, where were deafened by Marinda, Capoul, etc. Santley enchanting though, and dear Neruda.

LONDON, *Wed. 9 May.*— . . . Dined with Charles at Gros^r Place, after wh. to the Albert Hall for Wagner. Interesting to see him lead, quite motionless at times and then starting up in frantic excitement. The sight is always fine, but the sound on the whole in this instance a failure; with an effort you *may* manage to imagine the scenery and the storms, but you cannot imagine choruses, wh. are indispensable as contrasts to the immensely long recitatives and lugubrious accompaniments. In this series of performances Wagner throws to the winds all the principles and theories with wh. he has bored the world in print, and the result is the failure it deserves. Was amused though beyond words, watching the hundreds of people with bored, patient faces, persuading themselves it was all glorious. The selection fr. the Flying Dutchman much the best. The troll from the Walküre between 3 maukins was really too dull, with a few and very-far-between grand dramatic passages startling us into life. Afterwards went on to the Gros^r Gallery, wh. was very brilliant and pretty; admired beyond words Watts'

¹ Glynnese. Never used in Glynnese as the epithet of a person, but as describing some attempt or enterprise which none but an absurdly sanguine person would undertake.

grand Death and Love. Didn't look at much, so many people. Talked long to Dr. Stainer.

LONDON, *Monday, May 14.*— . . . To the House. Came in at the end of Sir Stafford's very dull speech, immediately followed by an hour and $\frac{1}{2}$ of W. E. G., *very* fine I thought, and with an uninterrupted swing. The horrid division gave the Govt. 131 majority, producing a vulgar yell of triumph. $\frac{1}{2}$ p. 3 to bed.

LONDON, *Fri. May 18.*—To the Albert Hall at 10.30 for rehearsal, great fun, came back to life; one splendid bit in Tristram and Isolde when the Violins all rush wildly after each other. . . . Wagner flew in an awful rage at one moment. Watched Geo. Eliot's repulsively ugly face. . . .

LONDON, *Fri. May 25.*— . . . Fin. *Lisa* by Tourgenieff (Russian). Too biographical, but the hero and heroine uncommon and good. Began *Phoebe Junior*, by Mrs. Oliphant.

CHATSWORTH, *Fri. June 1.*—Read aloud some Shelley, the *Sensitive Plant*. The Duke [of Devonshire] became very lively last night over physical geography and our lamentable ignorance thereon. . . . Travelled with Lucy and Freddy (very rainy) as far as Birmingham, devouring the papers, wh. give various flaming accounts of the wondrous [Bingley Hall] meeting yesterday. Had to walk thro' the town, very tantalising, and see the flags. The speech was only an hour and $\frac{1}{4}$ long, spoken to 30,000, marvellous enthusiasm. Reached Oxford with aching neck at 6. . . .

TAPLOW, *Thurs. 28 June.*— . . . Off with Lav. and Ed. and Hubert and 4 L[yttelton] brothers to a water party at Taplow, the Free Foresters and all the Cokes and Cavenishes that ever were born. Quite a delicious day and everything was succedged, the boats, the fruit, the singing, the dinner, the company. Fr. 2 till 12 most glorious sun and shade and green and roses. Dined close to Cliveden.

LONDON, *Sat. June 30.*— . . . I finish this teeming with events one [journal] without much regret.

LONDON, *Thurs. 5 July.*— . . . Early dinner with Edward and Bob and off to 5s. seats at Her Majesty's for Lohengrin

Never enjoyed anything more. Excellent seats, cool atmosphere, enthusiastic neighbours, and the opera itself thought more exhilarating than ever. Oh how we nearly burst. We shared a Neapolitan ice and promenaded in the fine corridor between acts. Nilsson much improved by distance, and she looked splendid. The King and the Herald also good, very. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Thurs.* 12 *July*.— . . All the evening watched Burne-Jones drawing a cartoon, a great thing of Love with children folded in his wings. My headache vanished as I watched, fascinated with the beautiful thing growing with such wondrous rapidity under my eyes. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Wed.* 1 *Aug.*— . . 1400 people came to see the place and Papa, and watched and cheered him cutting down an ash ; curious and pretty sight, evening, sun, lovely spot (near Niagara ¹), intense enthusiasm.

Hawarden Castle, Aug. 20. 77.

DEAREST LAVINIA,— . . Poor Papa so harassed by the poor enthusiastic excursionists, the result of Willy opening the park, and it always rains all day, and such good heart ² to see them with umbrellas haunting the house all day hoping for a glimpse. He has to dodge them in every kind of way. A new rule has got to be made not to have them while we are here. They all go to the Church and worship his seat. There were over 3000 last Saturday, all orderly and well behaved. . . .—Yr. very loving M. G.

KILRUDDERY [Lord Meath's], *Tues. Oct. 23.*— . . At 12 went up the Lesser Sugar Loaf, steepish bit at the top not made easier by a tremendous wind wh. getting inside my gown nearly carried me right away. Spencer and I only persevered to the 3rd point, fr. which we were rewarded with a fine view over land and sea, and striking colouring. . . .

¹ Waterfall in Hawarden Park.

² Glynnese. In these expressions the heart is regarded only as the seat of courage or spirit, never as that of the softer feelings.

COOLLATTIN [Lord Fitzwilliam's], *Sat. 27 Oct.*— . . . Hooked by Mr. Mahaffy, or rather Professor, an ugly Trinity Coll. clerical professor, learned on every subject under the sun from ancient Greek to cricket. Moreover he shows his ring.¹ Talked a deal at dinner. . . .

Powerscourt, Enniskerry, Oct. 29. 77.

DEAREST L.,— . . . We left Coollattin² today with the deepest regret. It is so utterly unlike any other visit in the world, so free and unsmart and informal and comfortable—such wonderful simplicity and unselfishness in the middle of luxury. . . . I never saw a prettier or finer character,³ golden all through. . . . At Coollattin she lives a life as free as air, often out at 4 in the morning. They sleep on *straw* mattresses, and are as hardy as mountain birds. You should see them going up a mountain, driving the drag (Alice jumping on and off without ever pulling up) or anything you like, and then her drawing and her music and reading and her poor people. . . .

All this week I shall be a grinning automaton prancing from house to house—Charleville [Lord Monck's] on Thurs., and Carton [Duke of Leinster's], Sat. I shall love my beautiful Georgie [Vesey] and Evelyn [de Vesci]. Spencer is enjoying life, and there are many 'odd jobs,' to tell the truth much more than I ever expected. We have had showers of invitations from all parts, but steadily refuse everything. There will probably have to be one speech before we leave, and he is trusting to Providence to furnish him with some subject wh. is not politics. We are still closely pursued by reporters—the noble army as Sp[encer] calls them, but they are rather short-winded, so we can usually tire them out. . . .

Mr. I[llingworth] says in one of his sermons, do you remember, 'Does the most ideal family, can it ever, fully

¹ Glynnese. It is applied to any act of self-satisfaction or vanity, on the part of any one of any age or sex.

² Lord Fitzwilliam's house.

³ Lady Alice Fitzwilliam.

satisfy the infinite cravings of the human heart? The experience of every one of you will answer "No." Perhaps I might have said No, too, before I had been to Coollattin, but certainly they as a family require nothing beyond each other—falling in love I don't quite count.—Yr. loving

M. G.

Monday, Nov. 12.—Breakfast at 7.45—all our hosts were down, and Capt. Byng, with whom I am in love—and it went off very brightly. The weather seemed peaceful and sunny, tho' cold, and we started in high feather. Left Dublin at 9.30 amidst cheering and the warmest farewells from the crowds that came to see us off. Soon found we were in for a rough journey. The wind got very high and the waves increased as we got further from Ireland. Sat for an hour enjoying it much on the paddle box, invigorated by the 'rushing seas and bounding breeze,' conversing with the nice Captain, who had the cares¹ of my getting wet. I only just got off in time, as a regular wopper washed all over my seat just as I had left it, warned by a slight shower of spray. Soon after 'a ship in distress' was the cry, and we had to turn out of our course and dance round her for an hour or so, a pitiable object, an American merchant vessel with 4 or 5 men only on board, her masts gone, the sails flapping helplessly in the wind or dragging in the water. The men refused to leave her, so we steamed off, leaving her to the mercies of another steamer wh. luckily came on the scene. All this time the tossing was so violent we cd. scarcely sit, still less stand, and the waves dashing over the deck, we were at last forced to shelter, wh. immediately brought on a fatal result. We didn't reach Holyhead till 4.30, and till then utter and inexpressible misery reigned. I passed these wretched hours in analysing my sensations. At the moment the ship goes away from underneath you, leaving yr. inside behind you, there is literally nothing on earth that could compensate, and life is simply not worth having. On

¹ Glynnese—to be anxious or uneasy.

arriving we were forced to perk up, being received with loud cheers and having to struggle thro' enthusiastic crowds to the Town Hall, where we smiled and bowed as if we weren't dead, and Papa made one of his most spirited speeches. A grand saloon carriage wafted us to Queen's Ferry, but repose was impossible as there were crowds at every station. To bed and slept beautifully. Woke with aching eyeballs.

1878

This year was important to Mary as the beginning of the friendship and correspondence with Ruskin. She also took a short holiday in Germany with 'Uncle Billy,' uncle of her Lyttelton cousins, Rector of Hagley and well known as a 'character.' Sarah Lady Lyttelton, his mother, had been governess to the Royal Family, and this put other members of the Lyttelton clan on a footing of intimacy in several European courts.

In public affairs this year was called by Gladstone 'the tumultuous year.' There was war in the Balkans and war between Russia and Turkey. The British Fleet went into the Dardanelles as an anti-Russian move. Mr. Gladstone, who was passionately anti-Turk, drew on himself the anger of the London crowd, who tried to smash the windows of his house in Harley Street. The climax in foreign affairs was the Treaty of Berlin, Mr. Disraeli and Lord Salisbury being the British representatives at the Congress where it was drawn up.

HAWARDEN, *Fri. 11 to Mon. 14 Jan.*—A letter to Agnes from Ruskin saying he couldn't come, sent us into fits. Telegraphed orders to him wh. he obeyed, 'praying yr. merciful pardon.' . . . At 6 arrived Mr. Holland and Mr. Ruskin. We were all unspeakably shy and I soon vanished. Dinner was very interesting; I was between the two, and

Ruskin spoke just as he writes. Every word might be profitably written down. He has the most gentle and chivalrous manner and reminded me a good deal of Carlyle—the slow and soft stream of beautiful yet unaffected words, the sudden lighting up and splendid laugh. He talked about sins and ugly things in the world all as mistakes or misprints, and utterly condemned the way in wh. they are dwelt upon and collected. ‘You can see the beauty of a rose without a nasty dripping fungus near it,’ when the need of contrast was urged as an argument. Said there shd. be newspapers ‘wh. only talked about nice people.’ ‘I never trouble myself about a thing till it is settled,’ wh. sounds a sort of feather bed of life. But heaps of what he says is purely visionary and unpractical, and it is the ideal beauty of it wh. is so entrancing. Sunday morn., at breakfast they wd. go off on some dull technical point about the Colenso¹ trial, wh. was a horrid waste. Walked up to Church with him; conversation is often baffling as he presupposes you well up in Scott, Dante, etc. Mr. Ottley preached well, tho’ not his best, and he was so nervous. At luncheon I asked him whether he was not glad to have had his own dove in the psalms ‘wh. is covered with silver wings and her feathers like gold.’ ‘Thank you so much.’ Katie [Wickham]² was much taken with him and went and stood confidingly leaning ag. him. Agnes gave her some violets to give him, and ’twas very pretty to see him kneel on one knee to take them from her. She suddenly repented and said, ‘It’s Mama’s!’ He didn’t walk with us, tho’ it went off pleasantly enough.

Ld. Acton came in the morn. And at tea he talked a good deal. Stephy and Albert [Lyttelton] both came. Dinner also went off admirably. He has a delightful way of realising you, and always listens to the meanest thing you say.

Monday morn. at breakfast much enjoyed talking of Tennyson and F. Myers—he [Ruskin] admires the latter enormously, and thinks the former, after Homer, the greatest painter of Nature. He says Poetry is *the* living art of modern

¹ Trial of Bishop Colenso for heresy.

² Niece.

days. Admires Morris, but thinks he has overwritten himself. He didn't go out at all because of cold, so we cd. show him nought. Lively tennis after luncheon with Mr. Holland. He fills everything with spirit ; ended by rushing up the old Castle for the dying colours of the sunset. . . . Dinner again a succedge. Went in with Mr. Holland. . . . Before that he [Ruskin] showed us his copies of the Carpaccio St. Ursula, beautifully explaining all their refined detail and telling her holy story. Played to him a good deal, wh. seemed to please him. After dinner Alfred and I got all the plums, as he sat at the P.F. with us, talking in the most solemn and pure and pathetic manner of young men and maidens, love and marriage, quoting from Pope 'by submitting sway,' all the time with such reverence and perfect beauty of tone and language that he almost made one believe the ideal might become the real. Went off to bed in a glow.

Next morn. Church, in much rain. Pleasant breakfast. Every now and then he says, 'I am a strong Conservative,' and chuckled with delight when Papa said he was an 'inequalitarian.' Carlyle he calls by turns his king, his master, his father, and gave Alfred a letter to him (Carlyle) beginning 'Dearest Papa.' Called Rubens a 'magnificent beast of a painter,' read us some lovely verses of Myers, and finally as he drove off—'What a lovely Gainsborough you wd. make,' as we all, including Katie, stood in the doorway, leaving us in a 'golden mist.' Looking back upon it now as enrolled among the glories of the Past, I think nothing could have been more entrancing and even ennobling. More than any one else he seems to give one a glimpse of 'the King in His beauty,' always revealing the loveliness of things, choosing the good, refusing the evil. Though often unpractical and inconsistent, there is a consistency of its own about all he says, and you feel throughout that he is a raising influence in your lives.

Well. College, Feb. 7. 78.

DST. LAVINIA,—. . . He [Arthur Lyttelton] thinks the signing of the Armistice the greatest triumph for Papa.

Does not let down his leg¹ over the Cornmarket,² and altogether cheered me not a little, dear boy. He can't say yet about Macbeth, but will let you know. Meanwhile how our tongues here have wagged to be sure—Keble House, Tutors, Baby, Cornmarket, H. of Commons. Edward [Wickham] is a perfect Tower of strength in his unflagging confidence and belief in Papa's course throughout. He thinks him the only person who has taken a consistent and statesmanlike view all through, and he says because the English are bored and irritated at tremendous earnestness is no reason against his having tried his utmost to instil it into them (badly expressed). He boiled over when I said that about Ld. Salisbury having been exasperated and driven to a more cold-blooded tone by Papa's enthusiasm. He says if you look carefully at the history of the last few years you will find plenty of precedent for the Cornmarket speech, *i.e.* Ministers or ex-Ministers speaking out of Parlt. *while Parlt. was sitting*; only that the greatness of this occasion magnifies the greatness of its importance, and thus the abuse attached to it. He says also that if you compare the utterances of the two parties on this question you will find that the Conservatives have all along been allowed to impute personal motives without end to their opponents, while as a whole the Liberals have been wonderfully free of personalities. He thinks the Cornmarket speech fully justified, and that it was true and just all through. Also sees quite sufficient cause for the change of tone in the change of circs. All this is *such* a comfort to me.—Yr. lov.

M. G.

LONDON, *Tues. Feb. 12.*— . . . Was mildly amused by the looks of people—arms are worn bare to the shoulder, and each person has a curly fringe or bush on the forehead and a knot of hair low in the neck behind. It makes some people wonderful quizzes. . . .

¹ See p. 97.

² A speech of Mr. Gladstone's at the Corn Exchange, Oxford.

LONDON, *Wed. 13 Feb.*—The Fleet can't get into the Dardanelles. Very exciting. . . .

LONDON, *Fri. and Sat. Feb. 15 and 16.*— . . . The Fleet has gone into the Dard[anelles] with only moral Turkish resistance, and the Russians will occupy Con[stantinople]. Everybody in a fever. Mr. West came.¹ He told us that [John] Bright, hearing Papa violently abused by a lady, only said to her, 'Have you any children, Madam?' 'Yes.' 'Then endeavour to show Mr. Gladstone to them, and if possible let them shake hands with him, and long before they are as old as I am they will thank you for having shown them the greatest, the purest, and the noblest of English statesmen. . . .'

LONDON, *Monday, 18 Feb.*— . . . We went to the House. Nought happened, but the Fleet has at the request of the Porte moved further off. The Russians consequently remain where they were. Everybody in a supreme fuss over the great working-men's meeting where Papa is to speak, as no pains or money is being spared to make it a fiasco. (Forgot to say that a dirty mob visited the House on Sat. when I was in it, to hoot and howl.) Visited Meriel and Lucy. Dined at C[arlton] G[ardens] where there was the most extraordinary flow of talk I ever heard. What didn't make it softer was that it seemed the rule not to talk to yr. next neighbour, but across him. . . .

LONDON, *Sun. Feb. 24.*— . . . At 4.30 there came a mob, cheering and hooting, the latter eventually winning the day. At one moment it got exciting and rather serious; they had been pushed into New Cavendish St., and a line of police barred our part of Harley St. from them. They seemed to be increasing in numbers and in voice and struggling with the police, till they actually broke through the barrier, and then came a race between the mob and the police who shd. reach our house first. 20 of the latter got here in time and took up their position, but stones were thrown over their heads and cracked in the window over the door and the one

¹ Afterwards Sir Algernon West, private secretary to Mr. Gladstone.

in Papa's little study (he luckily was upstairs). Nothing however worse happened, the police again got the upper hand and drove them down into New Cav. St. Till about 7 the street was guarded by mounted police, and nothing more happened except wonderful promenading in front till bedtime. Ly. Burrell came to offer shelter, and people sent to enquire, having got exaggerated reports. . . .

LONDON, *Sat. 9 March*.— . . . Ed. and I dined with Tennyson. He was uncommonly crusty with lumbago and bit my nose off, altogether somewhat of a failure, as Hallam was glum. Missed 1st act of *Louis XI*, a French play translated and revived; much too horrible and ghastly throughout, except when it became hideously vulgar. The finest piece of acting on Irving's part I ever saw; but the last two Acts are entirely occupied with men hard dying, and he looks unutterably ghastly in gorgeous blue velvet robes and crown sparkling with jewels. Lasted till past 12.

LONDON, *Thurs. 14 March*.— . . . Drove with Alice B[alfour] to Hampstead, very bracing and pleasant in her Victoria, up and down dale hunting for Mr. Holiday's studio; found such a happy party. Mr. H. painting 'A duet'—two girls playing violins. One (very pretty) was sitting to him, and turned out to be one of Mrs. Kitchen's. A pupil was also busy at work, and there were flowers and turtle doves and instruments of music all about. Saw an ancient harpsichord perfectly in tune with double rows of keys. Mrs. Holiday was ill, and quite overwhelmed me with her enthusiasm for Papa; very young and pretty and interesting and always suffering, all clothed in soft grey. It was very touching, and she ardently kissed my hand at Good-bye. . . .

LONDON, *Fri. 15 March*.—Walked to Gt. Stanhope St. for luncheon with Mrs. Cowper Temple,¹ all very beautiful and different to everything else. The boudoir deep green satin with broad gold band between it and dado, shelf top of dado; pictures [by] Rossetti, Edward Clifford, B.-Jones, flowers. Dining room blue-green panelling with gold let in, flowers

¹ Afterwards Lady Mount Temple.

painted on it, rich gold and green above, flowers springing up on the table, coffee, milk handed with wine, pretty children, widow who expounds the Bible, clergyman, conversation varying on inspiration and Biblical interpretations. Afterwards sat long with her talking of Ruskin. . . .

LONDON, *Monday, 18 March*.— . . . Off to see the telephone and phonograph. The former is nothing to compare with the latter for wonderfulness, tho' likely to be much more practically useful. The pho. keeps your words and voice shut up for any length of time and then repeats them back word for word.

LONDON, *Tues. 19 March*.— . . . Dined with ever renewed hope at the Ellices'. Oh dear, what a fate was mine. Taken in by an old, pig-headed phantod,¹ quite deaf and with a horrid cough and sawny smile. . . . We fought desperately on the E. Q., and my only comfort was in congratulating myself that I wasn't the faded Lady B. sitting opposite. . . .

LONDON, *Thurs. March 28*.— . . . Everybody's breath knocked out of their bodies by the news of Ld. Derby's real sober resignation on calling out of the reserve forces. Very exciting and alarming. Fri[day] rushed at the papers but got not much new light from them. The war party are throwing up their hats, and the peace ditto letting down their legs.² . . . At 4 went to tea with Mme. Moschelles, an ancient widow of the composer's, dear old lady. Found myself in a tiny room stuffed with musical celebrities, and in the twinkling of an eye found myself on a sofa talking amicably with Geo. Eliot, and very soon listening to Henschel's glorious Handel singing. He accompanied himself all through in a masterly manner, showing himself equally great in the fiery and the quiet passages. He sang a good many of his own songs, some extremely good. Was introduced to him, Miss Redeker, etc. Miss Friedlander sang to Brull's accompaniment very finely, tho' too loud for that little room. Mean-

¹ Glynnese—an imbecile person.

² Moaning (Glynnese); see footnote, p. 97.

while my neighbour, with her great strong face (a mixture of Savonarola and Dante), impressed me deeply with the gentleness and earnestness of her manner, both in speaking and listening. There is something a little like affectation sometimes, but I don't expect it's it. Mr. Lewes was rather obtrusively enthusiastic, I thought, and is a comic sight with his long, dishevelled hair.

LONDON, *Sat. March 30.*— . . . Dressed in violent hurry and a rush to Eaton Sq., where we dined with Tennyson. Went down with Browning, Hallam T. on t'other side and Lecky¹ on his other. Amusing dinner. D. of Argyll and Mr. Locker² the only others. Browning and Tennyson hurled ridiculous epitaphs at each other. The former refreshing on E. Q. Afterwards trooped in all sorts of Big Wigs, including Joachim, who played various old friends ac. by Pinkie Ritchie. An int. talk with Mr. Myers (Fred). Also there—Mr. Arnold, Gurneys, Ritchies, Bradshaw, Listers, Prof. Huxley's 2 funny little tightly-dressed cropped-headed daughters. Much amused.

LONDON, *Thurs. Apr. 4.*—Large breakfast, superabundance of Big Wigs—Tennyson, Browning, Burne-Jones, Toole,³ Gerald Balfour, Prof. Stuart, Ly. Lothian. . . . Very amusing. Not much E. Q. till all were gone, when Papa held forth to Ly. Lothian. Browning has ended thus the

‘ We don't want to fight,
By Jingo, if we do,
The head I'd like to punch
Is Beaconsfield the Jew.’

Apr. 5. 78.

DEAREST L.,—It's so difficult about light blue satin, for I don't like light-coloured satins ever unless they are white or grey, but I daresay you will look very pretty in it, for you do in most things, and anyhow it's nice and smart ; but

¹ The historian.

² Frederick Locker, afterwards Locker-Lampson, writer of light verse.

³ The actor.

don't you think a puckered body wd. be too fat? It is generally supposed that satin ought to fit close and not be made full, but I don't know. Could you have white lace sleeves, do you think? It wd. be pretty and soft, and the skirt very plain and long and some white lace.

. . . Papa thinks there is now scarcely a hope of peace *unless* Russia retreats before our brag and bluster, wh. as he says wd. be a bad *moral*. Gerald B[alfour] had breakfast; he thinks Ld. Salisbury's circular ¹ very much too strong. Since writing this, have seen the wretched Russian despatch to the Roumanians, which I am afraid ought to make us justly angry, and takes away the possibility of making much opposition to the Queen's message, *if* it is true, which certainly it looks. . . .—Yr. lov. M. G.

LONDON, *Monday, Apr. 8.*—Went to the House and heard Sir S. Northcote's very mild and reasonable speech on reading the Queen's message about the Reserves, followed by a splendid one from Papa showing up the Circular, and most earnest and forcible in tone, all the more fr. its moderation. Enjoyed it like fun. Dined at Sir C. Foster's, sitting by Dr. Vaughan and fighting with him over Russia and with my other neighbour over ritualism. Ld. Hartington and others there. Ld. Crewe wandered in, and when asked what had happened in the H. of Lords—'Ld. Granville seems in favour of peace.' Very funny. Meanwhile Dizzy had made a great flourish of trumpets in a warlike speech. Ld. Derby had explained that he had disagreed with the Govt. in other more important points than the calling out the reserves. Ld. Salisbury passionately upbraided him. Ld. Carnarvon spoke strongly ag. the Govt. D. of Argyll also fired away.

LONDON, *Fri. Apr. 12.*— . . . Dined with Papa and off to Tennyson's, *great* fun. Ld. Acton turned up to my delight; there was George Eliot and Miss Thackeray (oh how affected she was), Mr. Ritchie, and a group of nice Cambridgites,

¹ Sent by Lord Salisbury to the Great Powers, objecting to the Bulgarian frontier as drawn by the treaty of San Stefano.

Prothero, Butchers, Monteagles. Herr Moritz, an ecstatic Hungarian, who worships England and Shakespeare, and opened all his heart in the 1st five minutes. Mr. Tennyson read *Boadicea*, a good deal of *Maud*, and the *Revenge*; the latter was perfectly Splendid. He read it in an ever increasing rush, and shouting out the climax. Enjoyed it beyond all. Ld. Acton was really drunk with delight over his dinner, seated next to G. Eliot.

LONDON, *Easter Sunday, Ap. 21.*— . . . To St. Paul's Cath. Most glorious service and sermon. 'Worthy is the Lamb' anthem, Dr. Liddon on Death, Resurrection. I never heard him so grand, most pathetic it was and yet triumphant, voice, words and manner increasing in greatness and overpowering indeed, the Easter hymn as a climax. The text was 'This is the day the Lord hath made.' Mem: his words on the Transfiguration, 'A flash of glory in a life of pain.' We came out quivering. . . .

OXFORD (KEBLE COLLEGE), *Thurs. St. Mark's Day, Ap. 25.*—Up early, beginning life rather tired. Hundreds of people at the 8 o'clock Celebration, very striking and beautiful. Missed Matins. Joined the procession marching round the quadrangle singing psalms, a most impressive sight with its scores of past and present Kebleites, and then the choristers in their scarlet gowns, and the very brightest sun and sky above. The library was opened with a short form of service, and then after some dawdling all went to luncheon in the beautiful big hall. Sat at the up. table between Dr. Bright and Bp. of Bloemfontein. Altogether long and very tiring. Edward's [Talbot] final speech (containing a touching tribute to Papa) being cut short by the 5 o'clock service bells. Ld. Selborne, Mr. Hardy, Bps. of Salisbury and Oxford all spoke, the first long and stodgy. B. of Salisbury very refreshing anecdotes of Keble. The Gibbs (2 of whom are givers of the h[all] and l[ibrary]) short and in good taste. Papa long and good but a little dry for him. Came in for Dr. King's sermon, but heard little. . . .

CAMBRIDGE, *Monday, May 13.*— . . . Mr. Sidgwick read us Pope (mostly reciting) all the evening in a remarkable manner, but I was somehow too tired to enjoy completely. He repeated a bit of the *Princess* at dinner in a way I can never imit[ate].¹ Mem : 'Let us give a moment's consideration, Eleanor, only a moment, to this fish.' There are many notes of conversations that should have been recorded, but I have been too stupid.

LONDON, *Tues. May 21.*— . . . House at 5. The Attorney-General very flat. Papa at $\frac{1}{4}$ to 7 till near 8, supposed to be one of his greatest. The House very empty on the Gov. side. Extremely interesting considering how legal it all has to be. The 3 faces opposite, Uncle B[illy], May and Stephy, delightful to watch, all varying in expressions and gestures of emphatic approval. . . . Forgot to say that Mr. Balfour had to answer, poor man, there being nobody else. It was funny watching him—much emphatic gesture, too much.

LONDON, *Thursday, May 23.*— . . . After to House.² Mr. Cross spoke well but weakly, Herschell very good. Waddy developed new and important points for making a very strong case ag. Govt. Roebuck effective but riling to the last degree, a violent attack on the Opposition frantically cheered by the Tories. The Solicitor-General bad, Sir Henry James clever, interesting, and mostly excellent. He revenged himself on Roebuck, who was squeezed off the Lib. side and took his seat among the Tories amidst loudest applause. We were finally driven to bed by the exceeding flatness of Sir Stafford, caring little about the division after such a smashing as they have had in debate.

73 Harley St., [24] May, 78.

DEAREST L.,—I have got the real luxury of a whole blessed evening to myself in my blue dressing gown, parents dining out without me, fire burning snugly, and I shall go to

¹ Mr. Sidgwick had a violent stammer.

² Adjourned debate on Military Forces of the Crown.

bed at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 9 for I am so tired. We have spent most of this week in the House of Commons. Yesterday began with a breakfast to 8 picked Presbyterian ministers, Mr. Lowther (High), Mr. Cadman (Low), and Goldwin Smith [a free-thinker] to meet them; everybody in high feather, all talked as hard as they could. At 3 to Westminster . . . and then to the House, where we stopped (except dinner) till Sir Stafford Northcote's flatness sent us to bed at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 1. Very interesting it was, specially Sir Henry James's speech, and tho' we were disappointed at the size of the majority, one must not grudge it them, they got so fearfully the worst of it in debate. They had to evade the main points and take refuge in recriminations on the Opposition for 'weakening their hands.' The Roebuck episode was wonderfully funny, but it's too long to describe. Papa's Tuesday speech was received with the warmest praise on all sides; many go so far as to say it was the best he ever made. I think many people think he has gone so mad on the E. Q. that they are taken by surprise by a speech of that kind, quiet, forcible, strong, careful and telling in its legal points, no bursts of vehemence, but sustained in earnestness and vigour. . . .

—Yr. very loving M. G

LONDON, *Sat. May 25.*—Mama came down late and told us of the Dss. of Argyll's death at Lucy's last night. It was a tiny dinner for Uncle Billy. She was bet. Freddy and Papa and had a sort of stroke the moment they sat down. She was taken to F.'s study, where she died in about 7 hours. The whole scene very distressing for all; at first the struggles to speak, the powerlessness of getting doctors and relations, and then the crowd of them, many fr. Marlboro' House in their fine clothes. Papa and Mama feel it very much. . . .

LONDON, *Monday, June 3.*— . . . Mummery's [dentist] at 10. He said, 'You go to the Congress to represent England, Ld. Beaconsfield the Government' Bravo.

73 Harley Street, W., June 4. 78.

DST. L.,—Your astonished letter amuses me, for I am sitting so calm and yet it does feel mad that I may be going to-morrow to Germany. Only I feel exactly as if I was Ld. Salisbury going to the Congress. Uncle B[illy] doesn't come till to-night, so I can't know till to-morrow. I only said that if the family thought the advantage of my going balanced the expense I was quite ready.

. . . Are you amused at A. J. B. going to the Congress—but *really* Dizzy, how it does take off from the dignity. I dined at Ly. Bath's last night, meeting all sorts of swells, but none of them Jingos as Ld. Carnarvon complacently remarked. I sat by him and we got on so splendidly. He thrilled over Papa, but we didn't talk any politics, I thought it best not. . . .—Yr. loving M. G.

DARMSTADT, *Whit Sunday, June 9.*— . . . At 3 we stalked off to the Palace and paid our respects. As nice a sight as ever I saw the entry of Pss. Alice [of Hesse]¹ and her 7 children, all ages from 15 to 4, particularly good-looking, bright, eager faces, only one boy in the middle. Uncle B. talked to H.R.H. and the children gathered round me and made the best of friends. Pss. Victoria and Pss. Ella, the 2 eldest, nice forthcoming girls, and the boy charming. . . .

DARMSTADT, *Wed. 12 June.*— . . . Also walked with him [Eustace Balfour] to the Orangerie gardens and fell in with the royalties in a most absurd manner, for I didn't recognise Prince Louis! and when I introduced E. to Pss. Alice he hadn't a notion who she was and talked to her like a maukin. A long talk with the Princess—but alas, she is frantic on the Eastern Question—while Eustace played l. tennis with the Duke. H.R.H. plays wonderfully badly. . . .

DARMSTADT, *Wed. June 19.*—Spent the day at Worms with Dr. Hangen and his bride elect, a plain tho' smiling person. He is agreeable (Dr. of Philosophy) and worships Papa, but talks too much.

¹ Daughter of Queen Victoria.

DARMSTADT, *Mon. 24 June.*— . . . We started about 2 and reached Cologne at 7, very hot, dusty journey, and was bored by a kind but officious German who thought Uncle B. was my 'papa,' and changed his whole route so as to accompany me to London on discovering who I was. Could not enjoy the fine Rhine scenery much under the circe. . . .

LONDON, *Monday, July 8.*— . . . To *Olivia*. Oh, how I enjoyed it. E[llen] Terry is beautiful in it and pathetic beyond words. The story is lofty in tone and well put together fr. the *Vicar of Wakefield*, some of the wording lovely, all the parts well done and some quite admirable, scenery, dresses, etc. perfect, everybody cries, and we watched Miss Kate Vaughan weeping with gt. interest.

LONDON, *Tues. July 16.*— . . . To Sir R. Wallace's glorious house in Manchester Sq.¹ stuffed full of the most splendid pictures, ancient and modern, besides heaps of other precious things. A cool courtyard with band, fountain, and wondrous fruit. Didn't know anybody there, all the world having gone mad over Dizzy's arrival fr. Berlin this afternoon. Sick at the thoughts of this reception.

LONDON, *Friday, 26 July.*— . . . With Maggie and Spencer to the Turner pictures, Ruskin, and the Nat. Gallery, where we fished out the great man himself. He [Ruskin] was so characteristic to Maggie. When she asked if she might be here to-morrow, 'if it won't bore you.' 'My dear lady, I can't tell you yet whether it will bore me or not.' Delightful. With Lucy to Hampstead for Mr. Holiday's p.b.² garden party. We were amused and greatly entertained and much call on our powers of admiration. Mrs. Gilbert Scott a beautiful woman, such a really fine face. Mr. Holman Hunt, and then the delightful sight of the child of the house, 12 years old, in a smock frock, playing Bach steadily on the violin. So still she stands and her face flushed delicately, so intent; it was really lovely to watch the child. Her full face is wonderfully pretty, the mouth and colouring and the way her hair grows. Most people played, I among them. The

¹ Hertford House, now housing the Wallace Collection. ² See p. 94.

house truly artistic and the dresses most quaint and picturesque. I liked it all. . . .

LONDON, *Tues. July 30.*— . . . To the House. Papa's speech 2½, perfectly splendid. The most tremendous torrent and such a wondrous lofty tone. Dizzy has abused him publicly with vulgarest personality, and Papa read aloud the dignified note he had written (wh. was answered later in the 3rd person, in the most ungentlemanlike manner). . . .

LONDON, *Thurs. Aug. 1.*— . . . To the House, heard Mr. Lowe's speech, paralytic in manner, telling in substance, and Mr. Chamberlain's most excellent one. . . .

LONDON, *Fri. Aug. 2.*— . . . To the House after dinner. . . . Heard Sir W. Harcourt, Roebuck (poor because less venomous), Sir Staf. Northcote good considering there is nothing to be said for his case, and Lord Hartington. Left before the beastly division; they had 136 majority. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Sun. Oct. 13.*— . . . Mr. Ruskin delightful at coffee on standing armies, etc. 'But you are arguing for a Utopia,' said the Duke [of Argyll]. 'Yea verily, a new heaven and new earth.' At dinner the talk on Homer, Dante, Shakespeare very delightful. Played happily to him. . . . At dinner the talk on taxation and mercantile morality rather painful, for the experienced Ch. of the Ex. and visionary idealist came into conflict. All ended with a lovely prayer for forgiveness at good-night. Played more and we showed him Valentine's¹ drawings, wh. called forth the very warmest praise, and resolve to visit him to-morrow.

HAWARDEN, *Tues. Oct. 15.*— . . . Felt oppressed and strained by this great honour of being *tête à tête* with Mr. Ruskin. Drove him all round the woods talking much of Frances [Graham], ending at Valentine's, the poor man much overcome at finding himself face to face with his hero. (He is dying of consumption) and the whole interview was deeply moving. Tea at the Rectory and much delightful talk. Walked home in dusk and he sat in library gloating

¹ A young working-man, dying of consumption, who had bought Mr. Ruskin's books to teach himself drawing.

over *Purity in Musical Art* ¹ wh. he perfectly delights in. I showed him some of the Warwick Brooks drawings. He thought them worthy of Correggio and said he was a great big genius. . . . As I wrote all that he sat with me, every now and then laughing delightfully with content over Thibaut and reading a passage aloud. Dinner and evening went well with int. talk of music, happiness and all kinds of things. I played and he vanished early to bed.

CAMBRIDGE, *Sunday, Oct. 27.*— . . Trin. Chapel at 10.30. 1200 eyes eagerly scanning Papa as they filed out. (The singing of the hymn and psalms good.) . . .

OXFORD, *Tues. Nov. 5.*— . . To see the Watts picture of Papa, couldn't bear it—a weak, peevish old man; quite wretched over it. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Wed. Dec. 11.*—We put on skates and tried the little Yosemite pond. I cd. hardly stand and was very wretched. The ice cracked and waved but never actually broke. Thurs. morn. to the lake and I got on no better, but after luncheon practised alone with Miss Burnett and improved. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Fri. and Sat. Dec. 13 and 14.*—Enchanting days of whirling round the lake. Messrs. Gamble ² and Ottley delightful to go with and so kind. Heaps of people came. Heard of Pss. Alice's death, very very wretched. Papa made a huge speech on Tues. on the Vote of Censure motion, quite unanswerable, but Govt. as usual got 101 majority. We won Malden, however. George Eliot's husband ³ died suddenly. What will be the effect on her?

HAWARDEN, *Dec. 31.*— . . This year closes peacefully enough at home and leaves us indeed full of thankfulness, to enter a fresh year and still unbroken family party, richly blessed indeed. No changes or events this year to the family barring the great new happiness at dear Hagley.⁴ No great public losses, Pss. Alice's the saddest. Abroad the Afghan

¹ By Thibaut, translated by Mary's brother, William.

² He and Mrs. Burnett were neighbours at Hawarden.

³ George Lewes is obviously meant.

⁴ Marriage of Charles Lyttelton to Hon. Mary Cavendish.

war seems to have smashed up the Ameer, but who can tell what complications it won't lead us into. The country weighed down by hard winter and great distress, seems to be losing confidence in their flashy Government, and who knows what political changes the coming year may bring about. Great storm of wind on the last day of this old year. Went to evensong, a wild night, great clouds scurrying across the sky, the moon brilliant one moment and the next enveloped in darkness. We sang 'O God our help in ages past,' a hymn so connected in my mind with to-day. Ate 3 jam puffs at luncheon which sat on my chest all day. Much trolls with Ed., very enjoyable. He is such a trump.

1879

The Conservative Government was still in power ; and this year was chiefly remarkable to Mary on account of the development of her friendship with the Tennysons and Lord Acton. The Gladstones went abroad to stay with the Actons at Tegernsee, where Dr. Döllinger was present. The year wound up with the famous Midlothian campaign.

'Very odd how my greatest friends are all about fifty, Lord A[cton], Mr. B[urne]-J[ones], and Sir A. Gordon.¹ But it's a pleasant footing because so delightfully safe,' Mary wrote to Lavinia at this time. In the same letter she adds : 'I think life's a great failure on the whole in spite of there being very jolly things in it occasionally.'

HAWARDEN, *Wed. Jan. 1*, 1879.—Woken out of dead sleep by the peggy [maid] wishing me a 'Happy New Year.' It's wonderful beginning another so quick. We went to Church at 8. Parents, Agnes, and Edward, Helen and I, Stephy, Albert—G. B. O.²—it was very peaceful and nice. . . .

¹ Afterwards Lord Stanmore.

² Brother of Rev. Edward Bickersteth Ottley.

HAWARDEN, *Fri. Jan. 3.*—Little William's [Wickham's] 2nd birthday, bless him. He is a beautiful king of boys and was a sight over his many presents. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Fri. 17 Jan.*— . . . Very good ice when there was no snow, enjoyed it. Mr. Illingworth came, Mr. Stuart on Friday. . . . Picnic at the lake on Friday, enjoyed our pies, bitterly cold. We had trains and ropes and games and lots of falls. I'm not reading a syllable. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Sat. 18 Jan.*—Pouring rain Sat. 18th. Church. Bob and E. B. O.'s birthdays. Been out all the day. The gents walked. A delightful Ruskin reading after tea on 'The Mystery of Life,' enjoyed it in a sleepy arm-chair, and the talk that came out of it. Mr. Stuart is a vast success. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Sunday, 19 Jan.*—Full service morn. Longish walk, W. E. G., Mr. Stuart, Mr. I[llingworth], and I, a great pace and much pleasant talk with long pauses. . . . Finished the Ruskin. Mr. Ottley morn. on rejoicing in other's joys. Albert even. on charity. . . . Monday, Mr. Stuart left. Splendid skating days, such games. Mr. I. the life and soul of it. Really got brave at last. We had frightful falls. Evening with Mr. I. Monday and we brought Mr. Ottley back to dinner. Good general conv. after on the sermon, only a toothache came on and I couldn't enjoy. Maggie went, such a bore, by the first train. Mr. I. went on Tues. afternoon—we wrapped him in the fur rug and sent him off quite happy, such a succedge. Helen likes him. Skated parts of Wed. and Thurs., enjoyed both quite tremendously. Thurs. alone with Herbert; became so strong and steady and swift. Very snug evenings in the Temple of Peace. Finished Hook's great, beautiful life, so human and yet so divine. Reading Balzac's letters.

HAWARDEN, *Sat. 25 Jan.*—Heaps of folk skated, didn't much enjoy it not being up to the mark physically, but the scene was lively enough and the sun shone, lots of children about. Herbert, alas, went off to Oxford at 3. Sunday did morning and afternoon school and church. Miss Bennett's

class. Stephy preached. Tea at Cottage. Helen left Monday, a bore. Have enjoyed the unwonted peace of the last days, specially the delicious evenings. Off to Eaton [Duke of Westminster's] with Albert and Mr. Ottley for skating and luncheon. The ice unluckily soft, so it wasn't exciting, though the space was pleasant and the scene bright, it felt so very public. . . . Enjoyed the drive, it wasn't cold, and ended with M. M.¹ tea in village. Evensong. . . . Lucy and F. came and brought the wildly exciting news of Arthur [Lyttelton's] being chosen by Dr. Lightfoot, Westcott and Abraham for HEAD of Selwyn College!! An overwhelming event indeed, bless him; it is not for 2 years, and he will meanwhile fill Mr. Jayne's gap at Keble. May strength and wisdom be his for this great big work. All my new books arrived. Such breaks. Browning, Mrs. B., and Bagehot. Letter fr. L. yesterday with enchanting rebounds ² of the I. visit.

HAWARDEN, *Wed. 29 Jan.*—A red-letter day. Happiness over Arthur, enjoyment on the lake with Lucy, Mr. Ottley. Snug tea at Miss Scott's, nice talks with Lucy. . . . Mr. Bright's arrival with his fair, quiet daughter—topping up with an evening of wondrous interest, a tremendous Indian talk between the two, only it was awful and depressing beyond words. Read Mrs. Browning's *A Vision of Poets*—very striking. Her sonnets are beautiful. Mr. Ottley dined; there was some funny Theological talk at dinner. Mr. Bright in great force. Papa was grand on India.

HAWARDEN, *Thurs. Jan. 30.*—An idle day. To the lake at 12, stopped till 4, foodless except ginger-breads. Improved a bit and enjoyed it. Gloomy skies. When I came home I shot down the fire escape bag from a top window, *very* awful I found, as 'you go like lightning, just as quick as tumbling.

¹ Mothers' meeting.

² Glynnese—'Signifies the impression or opinion about A, communicated by B to C. Further, to particularize, it always means a *pleasant* impression, or favourable opinion; and, moreover, such as B imparts to C with perfect honesty and fairness, and without any intention that it should be repeated to A or the owner of A.'

HAWARDEN, *Fri.* 31 *Jan.*—Gloom, frost. . . . Miss Bright a nice little thing. To the lake to-day and Sat. Didn't enjoy it much either day somehow. It snowed all the time the latter day. . . . Brights left ; it has been an interesting visit, he so softened by his sorrows, very simple and ingenuous and earnest. We flooded him with presents and he liked them all. . . . He read aloud one evening some pretty things of Whittier's made deeply impressive by his voice and manner. The little daughter was so happy here and thought everything so exciting and amusing, being evidently used to a very humdrum existence.

HAWARDEN, *Monday*, 10 *Feb.*— . . . Now perusing Balzac's letters, much too full of shop. . . . Church at 5.45 and after to the boys' school for the lecture on Hook, quite admirable, the place crammed. Papa nearly broke down in 3 places.

LONDON, *Wed.* 19 *Feb.*— . . . Went to the Leslie Guild, singing the dear Wesley *Wilderness* and *As the Hart Pants*, both familiar indeed. Early dinner and to *Hamlet* at the Lyceum with parents. It felt quite an epoch in my life, first seeing and hearing this great, wonderful play, and on the whole the performance is great too, specially Ophelia. Ellen Terry certainly gives a new idea of a character one had thought decidedly milk-and-water, and fills it with tenderest grace and most touching pathos. There could not be a more striking contrast than the Hamlet and his lady-love. He with that shock of coal black hair, she with the fairest golden, wavy locks. I never saw hair grow or lie so beautifully, in massive, heavy waves all round her shapely head, instead of the horrid fuzz wh. used to reduce her to the common level. The mad scene is wonderful, specially Hamlet in parts very fine, specially when quiet, but he spoils the part by his extraordinary pronunciation and exaggeration generally. It is a great strain on what one is pleased to call one's intellect, and immensely long. Came home pumped out.

LONDON, *Sat.* 22 *Feb.*—Gloomy day. Lavinia at 12 and

to luncheon at Crystal [Palace], meeting hosts of friends and acquaintances en route. Mr. Hamilton¹ travelled with and sat and returned with A. J. B. Leonora No. III opened it and glorious and exciting it was, moving one as music only does after long privation. The Brahms Concerto must hear again before I speak. The quiet Larghetto was the only thing I cared for. The Düsseldorf Schumann wildly inspiring, and after that we went to tea and buns. . . .

LONDON, *Tues. 25 Feb.*— . . . Again to Lyceum. This time Ophelia carried me more off my feet and I could not take my eyes off her. It 's awful the pathos of it—her voice, countenance, attitudes, gestures, etc., perfect. He [Irving], too, is almost inspired in the great scene with her, the struggles between his bitterness and love, the cruel taunting words, and then the outstretched arms trembling with passion, the paroxysms of conflicting feelings that fly across his face. The whole scene keeps one breathless, and know it as you may, you still have a hope that she may conquer him. She cries really, especially in the mad scene—she comes shrinking in with terrified hunted look, long white garments clinging to the slight graceful form, great shadowy tearful eyes, pale wet cheeks, and the sudden childlike illumination of countenance as she catches sight of the flowers in her hands, and the relapse into terror, and the wailing song. It certainly all is most wonderful. I never once took my eyes off her. . . .

LONDON, *Sunday, 9 March.*— . . . To and from St. Paul's, getting melted with the hot day. Enjoyed it, especially the great, beautiful service. Coffee at meeting A. J. B., then to King St. to see Charley,² where Mama met me. Just starting home were told the Granville house was on fire, so off we went to C[arlton] H[ouse] T[errace]. Very exciting as we got nearer, the thickening crowd and general tumult and roar of steam engines, masses of lurid smoke. Stood on Athenæum steps first and then made our way into the park, from

¹ Afterwards Sir Edward Hamilton, Mr. Gladstone's secretary.

² Miss Charlotte (Charley) Farquhar.

wh. we commanded the whole front. Flames came from the top storey only, the 5 windows and the roof (wh. had fallen in). Watched it eagerly till it was subdued, and then to C[arlton] G[ardens] for extra wraps and had some soup before we went out again. Made our way to Lucy's and then to Mr. Byng's, where we found poor Ldy. G[ranville] very white and exhausted, she had worked so hard, but nothing was lost of value except her clothes and lace. All the houses were gaping to receive furniture and books and china, and the scene was a stirring one. The whole terrace taken up by panting engines, sending up fountains of sparks, water gushing from the pipes on to the pavement, firemen with their gleaming helmets; sometimes you saw one walking along the narrow wall at the very top of the house, their outline clear against the smoke and flame.

LONDON, *Monday, March 10, and Tues. and Wed.*— . . . Dined with Hannah Rosebery¹ rather pleasantly, only we two. She is very serenely happy, and going to have a baby. Afterwards to Mr. Cowper's concert, which was certainly a model—cool, select, lovely music and pretty people. Janotha² played gloriously, tho' there had been a row and she was sobbing all the time. Sat by Ld. Lothian. Neruda played well, but dull selections. Liked it.

LONDON, *Thurs. 11* [*in error for 13 March*].—Both parents in bed most of the time with real bad colds. Lived on the stairs and had a deal to do. Dined Fri. with Hannah Rosebery and Gladys Lonsdale,³ it was very odd. Gladys looking beautiful and she talked nicely enough. Played. With Ld. Lothian to the Pop. Sat., the Mendelssohn Quintette was heaven. Sat with Ld. Cowper and they were all very worthy. Janotha played the *Waldstein* not quite up to her mark. Ripons, Arthur Russells, Aberdeens, Trevelyans, Alfred Talbot and Hallam Tennyson dined, and Gordons arrived unexpected to our horror, but never discovered, and it went off well enough in spite of Papa's cold. . . .

¹ Lady Rosebery.

² Pupil of Madame Schumann. Only eighteen at this date.

³ Countess of Lonsdale, married, secondly, the Marquis of Ripon.

LONDON, *Sunday* [Mar. 16].—Dr. Clark came and said Mama was rather bad. Wrote lots, putting off, etc. With Ld. Bath to Hampstead, driving as usual up and down huge mountains to the Holidays.¹ Looked at his pictures, one specially pretty of a woman in a hammock hanging over a fountain. Lovely colours.

LONDON, *Tues.* [Mar. 18].—Very fussy day, so much too much to do. Punch and Judy. Lots of children to tea. Lav. came with small May and it wd. all have been enchanting any other day. Had to go to Bow to give prizes for Mama. It was horribly blowing,² a high platform and hundreds of people and speeches and cheering. A lovely nosegay was given me and that was some compensation. Looked at the flower show, beautiful, and smirked and bowed and made pretty speeches. Such a relief when it was over and drove back with my bottle-holder Maggie in peace. . . . The Concert came off brilliantly and all were delighted. Joachim and Miss Z. played. 275 people came. They couldn't clap but they could listen. Hurried off after various interviews, with Adelaide, Lavinia, Joachim, to St. J[ames's] Hall for final Guild rehearsal. The Requiem sounded splendid with the Orchestra. To bed for a bit and then Devonshire House Party with Agnes, wh. was rather fun. Talked to Ld. Dalkeith quite unconscious of Mid-Lothian³ when Lucy pounced upon us and brought it in! Tea with Arthur Elliot, also talked to Ld. Rosebery about the election.

Thurs.—Parents getting better. . . . To the Concert with Evelyn R. ; we sat with Ld. Cowper. We bellowed for 2 hours and $\frac{1}{2}$, supported by a noisy orchestra ; the chorus went well enough, except in the *Wilderness* when the organ leaves off. This was wobbly and foggy. Amused at my letter to Ld. Granville being reported in St. James's Hall and appearing in the *Times* full length.

LONDON, *Sat. 22 March.*— . . . Dined at 7 with the Tenny-

¹ Henry Holiday, the artist.

² Glynnese—'An action which if not overbold, at least requires some assurance.'

³ He was Mr. Gladstone's Conservative opponent.

sons. Bet. Hallam and Alf. T., they both wanted to talk all the time. Afterwards came several notables and worthies and he [Tennyson] read *Maud* aloud. It was wondrous the fire and fervour and despair he alternately put into it. More like a passionate youth than a worn out old man. We listened transfixed and I thought, apart from the strange, wild story, how astonishing the poetry was, even the 'Go not, happy day' seemed an inspired, rushing, $\frac{1}{2}$ -mad burst of exultation, and the lovely little tender similes and caressing words which he read in a sort of low, loving voice, gathered quite new meaning from his manner. Came home late and tumbled into bed as tired as——

LONDON, *Tues. Ap. 1.*— . . . Afterwards came off the great and eventful Hubert Parry Concert. Enjoyed it quite enormously, and Spencer did sing splendidly 'On a day' and 'Fill me, boy.' Pianoforte trio in ¹ opened the Concert, the 1st movement specially vigorous and broad. I like the trio decrescendo to the end. A double p.f. duet finely played by Hubert and Mr. Dannreuther, with exciting fugue and mad subject. 14 variations on a lovely theme of Bach's (Hubert alone) and P.F. Quartette in ¹ (with a few more songs) completed the prog. The latter a remarkable work indeed, the passionate, slow movement specially; Dannreuther played enthusiastically throughout, supported by Strauss, Lassern and ¹. A rum audience consisting of H[ubert]'s relations and musical connoisseurs. It was great fun and a huge success and wonderfully appreciated, and supper after for the million. . . .

LONDON, *Wed. 2 Ap.*—Spencer came and practised. Luncheon with him at Lucy's, and to St. J. Hall for the post-humous Quartette. Enjoyed it wonderfully, the C sharp minor esp. Janotha played a Sonata. Henschel sang so gloriously. I never in my life heard anything approaching to 'In questa tomba,' with his lion-like voice and majesty of manner. Arthur's beautiful Himmelsfunken too was splendid. . . . Dinner with Tennysons and then in a bus, a real

¹ Blanks in MS.

live bus, to Shoreditch for a Concert in a great hall—very good fun. We all played or sang or did something. Spencer the 'I fear no foe' and 'Mary Go,' and Mrs. Granville recited 'The Grandmother' and Mr. Gordon 'The Revenge' admirably in their different ways. Mr. Mackenzie played his 'cello. . . . I some Brahms, wh. was liked. Was terrified but not forgetful. About 800 people. Thurs. morn. . . . Tennyson and Hallam came, the former very tired and faint. I offered physic. 'The best physic I can have is the sight of yr. wholesome face,' he growled. We drove. H. and I to the Bach B minor Mass. Sat under top gallery. Capital seats, 5s. Enjoyed the music wonderfully in spite of an unearthly feeling inside me, wh. went off in ginger beer.¹ The grandest chorus by far is 'In sancto spirito'—it comes up to any I have ever heard, but as a group expression of words the 'et incarnatus,' 'Crucifixus,' and 'et resurrexit' are astonishingly solemn and splendid. Also the burst forth at the words 'et expect[ar]i' after muffled slow chords. The solos and duets I regard as rests for the chorus, in spite of the occasional beauty of the ob. instrument part.

LONDON, *Fri. 4 to Mon. 7 Ap.*— . . . Sat. [Apl. 5]. Luncheon with Lady Lothian, Mr. Lowe came. He said the 30 Years War killed 84 per cent. of the pop[ulation] and that Germany has never recovered. . . . With the Tennysons—bet. the bard, and Lionel, with his extraordinarily bright, delicious smile. It flashes so suddenly into his odd, lank, languid, absent face. A good many amusing people came in and I was amused. Talked to pretty Mrs. Gurney, who has impaired her beauty by combing her hair in a disorderly manner over her face. Said goodbye with sorrow to them all. Hallam is a nice creature. The old fellow [Tennyson] came to the door and was very affte. 'Goodbye, dear, be happy—till I die, and afterwards.' . . .

LONDON, *Monday, Ap. 7.*— . . . To Millais' beautiful house and to see the picture of Father. It is as good as ever it can be and a startling likeness. M[ama] is so pleased.

¹ Suddenly (Glynnese).

He had a lovely Scotch landscape too. St. Paul's 1 o'clock service. . . . Mr. Holland preached only a quarter of an hour, but it was an inspired rush of beautiful thoughts clothed in loveliest words. He drew a picture of wistful beauty of what this world might have been had not sin marred it. Just the Litany and a hymn after. . . .

Wed. Apl. 9.— . . . Snug evening with Maggie and Spencer. Old Panizzi ¹ is dead, and there is fresh Zulu disaster.

LONDON, *Easter Day, Ap. 13.*—Raw and wintry and snowing. St. Pauline full service. Very light and joyful it did its best to be. . . . By bus to St. Paul's evensong. Went to the Deanery first. Vast congregation, and the splendid lessons were splendidly read by Dr. Liddon. The Easter hymn was overwhelming. Mr. Holland's sermon on Death, startling, dramatic, triumphant. The picture was Mary weeping by the empty tomb, the point was the call 'He saith unto her "Mary!"' It was full of power and stirred one very deeply. He ended with a few words of passionate prayer. A *great* blow the hymn 'Jesus lives' being sung to a horrid new tune. 'Worthy is the Lamb' finished the service. Irving was there quite near me. Back in a hansom, told it all to Agnes. Made Ed. read loud J. R. I[llingworth]'s sermon on trouble.

MENTMORE, *Fri. 18 and Sat. 19 Ap.*—Both lovely and enjoyable days. H[erbert] and I sitting in our rooms with jolly fires, views, and books. Read *At the Altar*, liked it, German. No out Friday. C. Lacaita came and I telegraphed for Alfred [Lyttelton]. He came; such fun on Sat. . . . Political gossip at dinner. A[lfred] and Ld. R[osebery] and I did absurd historical tableaux; mem. the foot-pan and Ld. R. (Marat and Ch. Corday).

MENTMORE, *Sunday, 20 Ap.*—Church, tiny primitive congregation and service. The clergyman is named 'Grub.' We walked long tho' pleasantly and saw the fine Derby winners and other horses and faces, and had tea with 'Do.'

¹ Sir Anthony Panizzi, librarian, British Museum.

Spouted [*i.e.* read aloud] Mr. Holland's sermon. . . . Monday an Aylesbury deputation came. Papa spoke quite long to them. Much dawdling, and after seeing the parents and Ld. R. off at Chiddington we drove off to Aston Clinton. Mr. Flower¹ and I in a delicious Victoria with fleet ponies. Walked about, lionized the school, etc., such a contrast to Mentmore, so snug and homelike. Long talk after tea very pleasant. But I enjoyed Mentmore and rather love Ld. Rosebery. Much music and conversation of a lively description.

LONDON, *Monday, 28 Ap.*— . . . To H. of Commons after tea with Lucy, to hear Father's great attack on the Budget. He began close to 7, the worst hour, and kept a full house till 8.20. A splendid speech I thought, dignified and passionately earnest, a 'damning' speech indeed.

LONDON, *Wed. 30 Ap.*—To the Grosr. Gallery private view. The B[urne]-Jones's are splendid, specially Pyg. and Galatea. 1, 2, and 4 are what I like, but Galatea in 4 is perfect; but in 3, where Venus is inspiring her with life, not up to the mark. P.'s attitude in No. 1, 'The Heart Desires,' lost in worshipping contemplation, is ideal in its thoughtful repose; in No. 2, 'The Heart Refrains,' it is the countenance wh. is most striking. 'The Annunciation,' very beautiful, tho' the Angel looks a little too much hanging, not floating. The Watts of himself is splendid, the W. B. Richmonds remarkable. With Stephy had luncheon at Lucy's and back by bus. . . .

LONDON, *Thurs. 8 May.*—A breakfast of special interest, only could not talk to them all I wanted. Messrs. Godley, Doyle,² Holiday, Bryce,³ Knowles, Herbert, Ld. Blachford, Bp. of Derry, Archdeacon Harrison, and Revd. Smith of Scotland. Enjoyed it immensely. . . . Went to the Drawing Room in Red Plush and Satin. Made 11 curtsseys, nearly all shaking hands. . . . Visited Dumaresq's after in our toggerly and had tea at home with Mr. Leigh. Sarena

¹ Afterwards Lord Battersea.

² Dicky Doyle, the *Punch* artist.

³ Afterwards Lord Bryce.

came too. Dined with the Three Sisters¹ and Lds. Brownlow and Pembroke and Waldegrave. . . .

Sat. 10 May.—Papa had a cold so we drove about with him. [Drove] In Ld. Galloway's high-bred Victoria to Mary Waldegrave's, and home in Ld. Selborne's. . . .

CAMBRIDGE, *Monday 19 to Thurs. 22 May.*—Breakfast abed 2 days. A very poor creature all these days till Ascension Day. . . . *Tues.* came Kathleen and Alfred, and with the latter I went to Cambridge. A very jolly journey we had, with ceaseless talk. Put him out at Trinity, and then to Hillside, where ate a scrap alone. Walked weary and wet thro' pelting rain to the Guildhall. Here met Balfours in general and enjoyed the Concert a good deal. Walpurgis Nacht and 9th Symphony most creditably performed. Dined with G. and F. Balfour very pleasantly, also Alfred, Mr. Prothero, and Mr. Rowe, who played to us the whole evening. This was delight-and-reposeful indeed in Gerald's pretty room. We walked home. *Wed.* went to Seeley's lecture, and Helen spent the afternoon here. . . . Dinner ought to have been alone, but Mr. Colvin turned up by mistake; we all showed such presence of mind and he stayed till 11 in all innocence and complacency. . . . *Thurs. [May 22].*—To Church, full service close by, rather nice and very quiet. To Newnham afternoon and King's (the new West Window very beautiful) and tea with Mr. [Oscar] Browning, and a long, boring standing on our hind legs on King's Bridge to see the procession of boats. A wearisome business. Dinner party at Hillside, rather sticky perhaps, except Mr. Stanton and I who got on famously. Mr. Sidg[wick] held forth from the hearth-rug on Goethe.

LONDON, *Tues. 27 May.*— . . . Finished *Daniel Deronda* for 2nd time, with much admiration. It is an underrated book. *Wed.* luncheon with Meriel, Mr. Palgrave there and we had the giggles. Drove with her. Am reading with boiling indignation the D. of Argyll's book.² Spencer, Betty

¹ Lady Pembroke, Lady Brownlow, and Lady Lothian.

² *The Eastern Question.*

Ponsonby, Constance Lawley,¹ G. Richmond, Sir W. James,² and Palgraves dined.

LONDON, *Thurs. 29 May*.—An interesting breakfast. J. Morley, Sir A. Gordon, Arthur Russell, Knowles, P. Stanhope,³ animated discussions. Russia, England, the English Nation, human nature. Enjoyed it very greatly. Spencer came and practised songs. . . . Drove with Mama; visited E. James, and devoured her greedy tea before she came in. Dined at Mr. Murray the publisher, a dullish party except Browning and Bird, between whom I sat, but no talk with No. 2. Very interesting with R. B. on La Saisiaz. Played Brahms after.

LONDON, *Fr. 30 and Sat. 31 May*.— . . . To the Royal Ac. for $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour; listened to remarks on the Millais picture.⁴ 'He looks a hard man. Yes, but what an intelligent face—fine head.' Another 'He don't care a blow what anybody says.' 'Splendid.' Looked at Long's 'Esther,' wh. is very beautiful. There is a quiet and solemn beauty in her face wh. is haunting. The Miss Thompson's⁵ 'Dr. Brydon' is certainly a picture of extraordinary pathos, and tells its story as no words could. . . . With Ed. to *Lohengrin* at His Majesty's in the gods. Hot, but we enjoyed the big things finely, and both Nilsson and Tremelli were splendid. Very long and some of the trolls awfully long, and we talked a good bit between whiles. Tea at C. G. and only got home at 1.30. Sat. rather a ruffled morn. somehow, cold and rainy as usual. Off to Windsor at 4, great crowd and Whit[sun] bustle, just in time for the anthem at St. George's. Ave Verum heavenly. After tea . . . on the terrace, and such a view as met my astonished eyes I can never hope to see again. It was a blaze of early summer beauty, the trees with all their candles lighted, chestnuts, laburnums, lilacs, glorious sun streaming over Eton, red roofs, green trees, shining river and floods. We sat there in delight.

¹ Mrs. Lawley, afterwards Lady Wenlock.

² Sir W. M. James, Lord Justice, 1870-81. ³ Afterwards Lord Weardale.

⁴ The portrait of Mr. Gladstone now in the National Gallery.

⁵ Lady Butler.

FARINGFORD, *Wed. 4 June.*— . . . 20 min. crossing to Yarmouth; increasingly nervous of what lay before us, reaching a climax somehow on spying Hallam Tennyson on the pier, we had counted on the quiet drive for gathering ourselves together. About 5 miles in their open carriage ('a poet's horses' turning out very spirited) brought us to this jewel of a place, every best feature of sea and country seem combined—downs, luxuriant trees and shrubs, gorse all in fullest bloom, peeps of blue sea, flowers, greenest lanes and walks, and sun seeming warmer and brighter here than anywhere else. All delightful but for our terrific feeling of shyness, wh. really was overmastering. Had what Maggie calls 'cup tea' in a room very bleak inside, with large empty table and sofa ungracefully placed, but with big pointed windows all framed in green branches and lovely view between. Here was Mrs. T[ennyson], and very soon in he came. Maggie went to rest and I walked with father and son all over the garden, in and out, being shown all the pet walks and views, 'maidens' croft' a quiet field, buttercups, daisies and bluebells deliciously knocking ag. one's feet, but felt appallingly shy all the while. Dinner was at 6.30 and went off pretty well, the evening was like 6 rolled into one; as it is the fashion here continually to move into a fresh room and begin again—altogether 4 different moves—the last sit employed in backgammon, Maggie and Mr. Tennyson. He was such a funny wayward child over the game, and when we got up for bed suddenly startled me by asking earnestly, 'What colour *are* yr. eyes, I cannot make out.' Upstairs looking at funny old Chinese pictures he said, 'We shall all turn into pigs if we lose Christianity and God.' He makes us a little hot sometimes, says near the wind things, but all in an odd, childlike way. Mem. the 'louse' poem.

FARINGFORD, *Thurs. June 5.*—A poor night. Trees grow right up to my window and it is framed in ivy. A p.f. and B.-J. photo, but a feather bed. 9.30 breakfast; immediately after we strolled thro' the garden across the meadows on to the downs and on on and up up till were nearly 800 feet

high, looking sheer down gleaming cliffs into the green blue waves below, the wind all scented with gorse, and seagulls floating majestically in the sunny air. Felt a craving for a dip, and in spite of every objection and protestation did jump into this p.b.¹ sea and felt glowing and delicious and salt. He said he never shd. forget one view he had of the I. of Wight from the English downs, where it lay like a great lily on the waters. He made us laugh saying I mustn't bathe if I was perspiring, and felt my cheek, wh. was perfectly cool, to see. Rested a bit after luncheon reading *Daisy Miller*, and then started off driving to Alum Bay thro' wondrous golden gorse, 'the sun breaking thro. the earth,' as he called it. Wandered along the shore at the bottom of the strange, steep, many-coloured cliffs near the Needles, and along the pier and lingered and lingered. We could not go. It was all grey and silver. Sea and sky quiet, with these wonderful silver gleams. As we were watching, a steamer passed across the silver sea, going to the 'Cape.' 'Very pathetic that ship sailing away into the grey.' In the middle of the drive he again began harping on my eyes and said they were very remarkable. I got so stupidly red and Hallam held up the rug to shield me. He said to Maggie, 'Hallam has a great respect for that young woman—she has a remarkable face.' Dinner came on directly we got home and went off peacefully, but at tea he and I had a shindy about England and Politics and Russia, etc. Then I played and then he read to us 'The 1st quarrel' and 'Bones,' both splendid and equal to anything he ever wrote, to my mind. Both awfully sad, the latter is the most wonderful. They are still unpublished. He and Maggie had a terrific scene I am to hear about later. He suddenly began to stroke my nose, having discovered it was a 'petit nez retroussé,' and declared it meant all sorts of naughty things, and then found they were counteracted by my 'strong jaw.' He often says daunting things, but Mrs. Tennyson says it is a Palace of Truth. Sat up late with Maggie talking.

¹ Passionate Brompton, see p. 94.

FARINGFORD, *Fri. June 6.*—Warm, lazy day. No view. He came down after breakfast and stood staring at my face. 'Those wonderful eyes of yours. I do believe they are grey.' I put all this down because I am unused to personal remarks, having an ordinary face, and it is so *very* odd. Strolled about with them, went to Watts's house, full of lovely things. 'The people that walked in darkness' is a beautiful [picture], especially one face wh. speaks of the 'great light.' There is a gigantic picture of magnificent dray horses, and many interesting sketches and 2 lovely landscapes. Visited a dear old shepherd who gave us a big cabbage. Sat contentedly in the peaceful-bird-singing-green garden and read another clever story of H. James's. . . . At 4 in open carriage, the usual quartette, to Cotton's Wood or rather copse, when we got out and wandered, Tennyson and I, he asking me the names of every wild flower or shrub or plant we passed, in wh. exam. I came off but poorly. Maggie and I were measured and I was nearly an inch taller to surprise of all. He read us the *Cobbler*, a clever, humorous poem in Lincolnshire dialect with a pathos of its own too. Visited his sanctum to break off the topic. He wd. talk to me about things that jar, being in a theological vein from old Ward's whom we to-day visited. Had great difficulty as he chaffed me unmercifully and treated me like a baby.

FARINGFORD, *Sat. 7 June.*—He now discovers my eyes to be like Carlyle's! He likes Maggie 'better and better.' We [Maggie and I] cling to each other, and the moment one rises the other does ditto. Rain almost the whole day. . . . Walked with Maggie to Freshwater in horrid mud and rain and got wet through. . . . Afternoon, to my surprise, it was arranged for me to drive with Hallam in a dog cart. Felt like an American girl in a buggy, or Hildegard and Hamilton, or like Catherine in Northanger Abbey. Drove about 6 miles to Broke, a pretty, green, nestling place, and walked and talked. Home by the sands and cliffs and downs in continuous rain. The sea got a lovely colour, and the great cliff ahead was indefinitely great, being clouded with

mist. Tea with Maggie at her lodgings and she dined there too. He read us the lovely 'Princess' songs. Went to his sanctum and had some alarm. *He kissed me.* Played a duet each night. He always calls us 'women.' Told us that when the Queen took him all over the Mausoleum the only thing he was conscious of was the creaking of his boots.

FARINGFORD, *Sunday, 8 June.*—Lovely hot summer's day. We had a beautiful sunny walk to Church about a mile and $\frac{1}{2}$ off, thro' delicious daisies and buttercups and trees, with always the sea looking blue beyond. The Church pretty and with a fine old arch. Full service, home about 2. Sat about and pottered and finally settled in a chalk pit on the side of a cliff, where he read us Browning's 'Tray' and some Crimean War extracts. . . . After dinner an endless and certainly interesting discussion on what wd. be the result of belief in annihilation. He wd. commit suicide. . . . I would 'eat and drink for to-morrow we die.' He told us of a plan he had of writing a satire called 'A suicide supper'—full of bitter humour. I am disappointed in his religion. It is purely founded on the chaos and failure of a godless world, and there is a want of reverence wh. is a shock from one who speaks of the 'world's great altar stairs, that lead thro' darkness up to God.' We retired early and let down our legs till 1. . . .

FARINGFORD, *Mon. 9 June.*—A cloudy day. Threw over Carisbrooke *for fear*. Walked to Mrs. G. Hood's and looked at her lovely drawings, landscapes, and her flower book, indeed a treasure. Maggie went off to her lodgings, wh. was horrid of her. The day however cleared and all seemed peaceful and we drove as on Sat. Thro' loveliest lanes to Yarmouth. Got out and walked along the sands. The tide cut us off and we had another steep climb and continued along the top, sitting long time entranced with the panorama, sea and sky of most delicate blue, ships floating past with white wings shining in the sunny wind. The Needles gleaming in the distance as we turned a corner. Then the sun withdrew from the island, leaving us in shadow and chilly

wind, and shone in brilliant silver far far away over the sea. All too sadly typical, and a most heavy-hearted walk and drive home. Dreadful evening without Maggie. I did my best and talked and talked to cover the [illegible] silence. And played and played with my heart in my mouth. Father and son had a game of backgammon, in the midst of wh. I vanished drearily to bed. . . .

FARINGFORD, *Tues. 10 June.*—The most brilliant day, a satire on the inside of the house. Came down to prayers after an unspeakably wretched night, going to sleep at last at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 4. A *tête-à-tête* breakfast. Missed Maggie. The other night had been just like mine only with a beautiful dream at the end wh. was writ down and given. Sat out in garden with both T's—Hallam read Plato and broke down in the death of Socrates. T. called me a 'hard little thing' for not crying too. Maggie came and we joined Cath. at Yarmouth, the most glorious, full of colour, sparkling day. We crossed the deep blue sea, leaving the island behind us in peaceful sunlight. Tennyson gave me the *Lover's Tale*. It is to be bound . . . coals of fire. He said last night 'Good Master Dull,' etc., and asked a question after I was gone. We went to the New Forest and we had an exquisite luncheon, and everything around was too beautiful for words. Yet never was anything so like a funeral and worse. They saw me off and I reached London all right at 8. *Pencil note*—It was the most wonderful evening, as I flew thro' the rich country with its spring wealth of colour, the sun shedding a marvellous glow over everything. Such is life, oh dear!

LONDON, *Till Thursday, July 3.*—A phenomenon that I have neglected this important work for 3 weeks. Can't remember anything. Lavinia was here 3 days and I saw a good deal of her, tho' Ld. Lothian and Adelaide were with us hours one day. Alfred and Edward, in fact all the brothers, streamed about the place, and were much to the fore. With Alfred to St. Paul's Cathedral. Never revelled more in this heavenly service—the boys sang 'O come

everyone that thirsteth ' as if they everyone did thirst, it was wonderful and moving and the Amens more overpowering than ever. . . . I saw Sarah Bernhardt 3 times. The 2nd time in *Phèdre* I can never forget. She carried me off my feet. She is beautiful to watch and her voice beautiful to hear. I dined at 2 big parties at B. Sqr., both fun, and the boys' own parties. Constance Lawley at one. 7 brothers at the other. Went to a ball at No. 11 [Carlton Terrace] and felt as if I ought to be in the grave. They have ruined it. Went to Wimbledon to tea with the Hollands and picked things in the garden. Mr. H[olland] had breakfast and Maggie and I told him all about Faringford, no, not all. A Violoncello came to play to us by a girl of 18—good. . . . Enjoyed life half. All in an odd way. Crowds of nice people came one morn. to hear our 'Cello girl and she never came. Heard the Spaniard guitar band—students, all dressed the same and sitting the same and looking the same, crossed legs, immovable faces, glittering eyes—*wonderful* playing, no music books but the face of the conductor. Went to the Brasseys' again to see Sarah, but she had 'vomissements de sang' in the carriage. I was horribly disappointed. Went to Windsor (Deanery) for a Sunday. Lilian Paulet there, a clever, slang, good-humoured girl, big, but with something handsome about her. She amused while she did not attract me. To Eton with the nice Biddulph boy and girl to hear Father's Homer lecture. It was capitally attended and the boys looked really interested. . . .

LONDON, Aug. 18.—Another long inexplicable gap, but now a real struggle shall be made. But London must be dropped and that bit lost for ever. . . . Except that I went to Ascot and spent 5 days of deep peace with Maggie while they were all rioting at Hawarden over the Bazaar preparations. Alcy¹ was such a duck. . . . Maggie and I spent our time in trimming hats and hunting after lawn tennis. . . . Went to St. Paul's, heavenly as usual. 'Comfort the soul,' Crotch. The Sunday before went with

¹ Lady Stepney's daughter, now Lady Howard Stepney.



LORD ACTON



BISHOP TALBOT

Spencer and had 'Blessed,' Gounod. Oh what a wonderful, wonderful service it is. Went to Ashridge one day with the mission women and liked it much. . . . Went to studios of young Richmond, B.-Jones, and Watts. The latter has improved the W. E. G. picture much. The former succeeded admirably in his portrait of Charles. Mr. Burne-Jones ill with a fever. I loved his pictures. To *Romeo and Juliet* with Adelaide and Co., enjoyed it. Papa was cheered. Dined with Adelaide at Ld. Ashburton's to meet Crown Prince of Sweden. Henschel sang all the evening gloriously, all the most splendid things, oh how I enjoyed it. By Irish mail to Hawarden, getting there at 12.30, fine day. Bazaar among the beeches—very pretty, but people were all poverty-stricken—business was bad. Frances Graham and Louise Pennant came with me and were great helps. All night long it poured, and most unutterably dismal was the second day all huddled into a tent, selling to each other for no visitors came, many of the things injured with damp. Then followed a noisy week, 3 Gladstone cousins here, the poor little Duke of Newcastle and his brother and tutor, Mr. Burne-Jones, Miss Jane Evans, the Crown Prince of Sweden, the latter only for luncheon and tea, and most brilliant the place looked, such depth of green, and bright, breezy weather. He was delighted. All these were swept away and left us to a week of perfect heavenly repose, mostly spent in lying out on the grass under the trees, while Mr. B.-J. drew and somebody read *Emma* aloud. Two days I sat to him and an ideal drawing he made.¹ Frances, alas, left on Thurs., after a most delicious 10 days of her; we talked enormously. . . . This has been a 6 months of greatest and deepest experiences. 3 in wh. I have alternatively been confidante, heroine and confidante, and heroine together. . . .

BLICKLING, *Monday 8 Sept. and Wed. 10 Sept. to Sat. 13.*—Maggie came. Wandered about and read Cowper, Bagehot, and played and rowed and had drivelling tennis. Dreadful Indian news from Cabul, the Afghans have murdered the

¹ This is the portrait reproduced in this volume.

Embassy people. Oh dear, and all our fault too. . . . Concy¹ repeated quantities of *In Memoriam* aloud. It was wonderfully beautiful to see and hear. Sat up late with her one night and another night with Maggie. On Friday we started driving at 1.30 and we only got home at 10 min. to 8. We were so snug under the hood. I bodkin and reading aloud. Rain most of the time. Called on various neighbours and liked them. Thurs. an expedition to the Lee Warners' parents-in-law to go on the broads. These are good lakes and in their way very picturesque. It was a grey, silvery afternoon with a few faint gleams of sun, the wherrys sailing by on the river were lovely. Enjoyed it a good deal. I like Mr. L. W. We had luncheon, but got home in time for our dear buttered toast. I usually walk with Concy in the twilight before dinner. We had such a snug only too short evening on Fri. we three, our last and loveliest. She read the last part of the *Princess* aloud and repeated more of *In Mem.*, and we talked endlessly, and at 12 went up and had farewell mujack.

LONDON, *Sat. 13 Sept.*—Left by 10.27 fr. N. Walsham with Maggie, and pleasant journey only marred by heart sinkings, fully realised on arrival in Harley St. Everything was beastly, had to tramp about in the rain, and there was every sort of bother about our luggage. Papa looked rigid and Mama hot and excited, flying bet. this and Edith's. . . . Herbert's coming improved matters a bit, and I had a fair night considering misgivings and forebodings.

LONDON, *Sunday and Monday, 14 and 15.*—St. Pauline and St. Andrew's (full) and All Saints afternoon. Mr. Burne-Jones came to see me and brought me Venice books, and was a break. I got a shade more cheerful. . . . Off to Queen-boro' as before about 8. Admirable passage, capital cabins, but I closed not an eye. The others all slept and I enjoyed the full morning and sunrise on the sea about 5. A tiring journey fr. Flushing to Cologne and the sun waxed hot. However, we got here prosperously and a most unpropitious

¹ Lady Lothian, *née* Lady Constance Talbot

melodramatic opening at Hôtel d'Jeal. Went to the Dom and drove. Very headaching and tired and depressed, such a noise in the streets. H[erbert] and I want to go quite straight back. . . . We dined with Aunt Helen¹ at 5 and sat with her endlessly. She was beyond words contrary at first, and I shall never forget our reception nor will Herbert. To bed at 10.

TEGERNSEE, *Tues. 16 and Wed. 17.*—Woken out of deep refreshing sleep at 4.45 by the waiter and got up at once, feeling life quite a different thing to yesterday. Bustled and packed and swallowed hot coffee and good-bye to Aunt Helen. Left Cologne at 6, travelling with no break longer than 10 min. till 9.15 P.M., when we reached Munich. Passed poor Darmstadt and felt quite sentimental and so sad over its tragedies, and except the Rhine scenery most that we passed thro' was flat and dull till near Ingolstadt. From 12 to 5 the heat was intense and we suffered a good deal. Ld. Acton met us so kindly and took us to the Bellevue, where they got rooms for us opposite, and after good eggs tumbled into bed. But not to sleep. A flea began his meal the moment the candle was out, and what with him and the row outside and the light inside, I scarcely lost consciousness. Packed in peace, breakfast at 9, then with Ld. Acton's brother-in-law to see the rich chapel and the jewels and treasures in the King of Bavaria's palace. Some lovely Benvenuto Cellini work and a surfeit of valuable stones and marbles, but got very tired of it and felt—was it worth the grind. No, a thousand times no. This was partly because the eggs sat undigested in my throat. We saw some lovely ivories, and after luncheon travelled with Ld. Acton to Tegernsee. He was in my carriage and made himself most agreeable. A ten miles drive from the station thro' scenery increasing in beauty of a 'gentlemanlike' kind brought us to this ideal spot. A chalet on the borders of a blue lake, steep wooded hills rising straight from the water, 6 or 7000 feet high. Be-creepered balconies, on to which we step out from

¹ Mr. Gladstone's sister, Miss Helen Jane Gladstone.

all the windows, making green-leaved frames to the enchanting views. Gloated over my snug room and comfortable bed and bath. About 6 foreign ladies and Dr. Döllinger¹ here, an extraordinary old man indeed. Aged 80, black hair, lively expression, upright figure, powerful face. (Went to Lenbach's² by the way at Munich and saw some admirable portraits. Bismarck and Helmholtz specially.) Didn't dress and felt quite free and happy. After each meal you go out of doors and have coffee or conversation in the garden.

TEGERNSEE, *Thurs.* 18 and *Fri.* 19 *Sept.*—A sail on the lake. Sat in the garden. How nice a honeymoon wd. be here. A beauteous drive to Kreuth, a fine mixture of civilized cultivated land and bold sharp mountains; a place for drinking waters. Mr. Oxenham³ went with us, and Dr. D[öllinger] and the former dined, an odd fish, but he tastes of Oxford and I like him in a way. . . . The ladies are kind. Ld. Acton very quiet. The children forthcoming and pleasant, but rather American. Reading James's *American*, clever, fresh, amusing.

Fri. a long talk with Ld. Acton in the garden, an hour and $\frac{1}{2}$, mostly about various people and rather amusing. He has a shrewd eye for character, and yet charitable. Rowed with Herbert to other end of lake where met the others and we drank milk. Papa and Dr. D[öllinger] and Ld. Acton and I walked home at leisurely pace. Ld. A. and I in front, lightning came on and storm threatened and we hurried. He talked to me of Papa and the results of his retirement in '76. He has proved a true prophet. It was deeply interesting. I always sit by him at meals and we have high tea at 8, wh. is delicious, and a long eve. I played for an hour, and from 11 to $\frac{1}{2}$ p. 12, when all had gone to bed, talked to Ld. Acton, at least he talked to me, with occasional questions or comments. It went like $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour and I was very grateful to him. He told me what he thought of Papa, morali,

¹ German theologian and church historian.

² Franz von Lenbach, the great German painter.

³ Henry Nutford Oxenham, Roman Catholic writer, who seceded from the ministry of the English Church.

spiritually, intellectually, of what the judgment of posterity wd. be, of his relations with his colleagues and with his party, of his effect upon them, also on the scepticism of the age, of his recollections of Ld. Macaulay and other great men. He said Burke was the only man to whom one cd. compare Papa. Crept up to bed.

TEGERNSEE, *Sat. 20 Sept.*—Reading the *American* all day. The interest keeps up but not the merit, and it breaks off rather pointlessly. Rowed across the lake. H[erbert] and I sat up talking with Ld. A. till 1.15. Majorities and minorities, wh. oftenest right. Birth and cause of intolerance. Influence of great men on age or age on them. Delightful.

TEGERNSEE, *Sunday 21 and Mon. 22 Sept.*—Service in the drawing room. Mr. Oxenham haunts the place rather. It rained all day. A short sharp walk alone. Read Mallock's happiness article, very smart, and Spedding's 'Turner Sonnets.' We only talked till 12.30, about difference of opinion and its effect on friends. Monday, sat out reading *Les Misérables*. Ld. A. came and talked for an hour on many things, statesmen and orators chiefly. Talked heaps to him on and off all day. It poured dogs and cats afternoon. Herbert and I in a boat in spite. It was dark and weird and wild. Gloomy mountains clothed in mist, black clouds, grey lake. Enjoyed it and rowed hard. Am excited in the Victor Hugo. P.C. to Lav. Bismarck said to Ld. A.'s brother-in-law, 'Ld. Salisbury is a pettifogging country attorney. The old Jew¹ is quite a different fellow.'

TEGERNSEE, *Tues. 23 and Wed. 24 Sep. and Thurs. 25.*—A glorious day indeed. Was out from breakfast to luncheon, much of the time being photoed in groups. Afternoon Herbert and I rowed the gents (Ld. A. the Prof., and Papa) across the lake, delicious. Then we walked right up a mountain gorge high into the hills, talked lots to Ld. A. and joined the carriage ladies and walked down t'other side. Talked to Dr. D. about Keble and E. S. T[albot] and women's

¹ Lord Beaconsfield.

education. Chilly drive home. Sat in my dear armchair reading *Les Misérables* and talking, a very pleasant eve., tho' doleful, being the last. H[erbert] and I sat up till 1. Ld. A. lectured us on intolerance. Next morn. turned out lovely again, up early, *déjeuner à la fourchette*, and drove with Ld. A. and 'Tini' to Achensee by Kreuth, a good 4 hours, very lovely road, growing in beauty. C[ons]s. L. Wittgerstein received us with open arms and we rowed on the marvellous deep blue waters of this glorious lake. It stretches 7 or 8 miles and is bounded by great mountains, sometimes dipping sheer down into the water, sometimes sending out wooded spurs. I shall never forget the colours, never having seen it equalled anywhere. We said good-bye. I draw a veil. Drove to Jehnbach, H. and I in the [illegible] very snug. Enjoyed luncheon; after leaving Achensee went down a steependous hill (Papa thinks 2000 feet), the others walked, between wooded mountains, looking back on yet higher peaks, and down thro' Jehnbach. Had to wait an hour, and reached Innsbruck in an hour and to bed early. Sleep, however, was a joke, the hotel being in the teeth of the station and a very Pandemonium for shrieking whistles. Off at 8 to the Hofkirche, a poor building, only remarkable for its very striking Maximilian monument, a gigantic group with marvellous carving in marble on the sarcophagus. Looked at Hofer's tomb, where people are always praying (to him, not for him). . . .

Fri. Sep. 26.—Morning, clouds and rain. Sat at home till 3, all reading novels. *The Vulture Maiden*¹ . . . proved a huge success. Herbert and Papa devoured it and were enthusiastic over it, read *At Odds*, not nearly as good as [illegible] others. A walk up the gorge to the left by the Dui Zinner. Crept along by the side of a darling stream and scenes of intense gloom revealed at each turn. On ahead was a great snow mountain, but most ever hidden in mist.

CORTINA, Monday, Sep. 29.—Started at 9 from Cortina in a slight spring-cart up to the Tri Croce, walking most of the

¹ By W. von Hillern.

way, a fine day, but seeing the mountains clear is not as striking as the cloud days. Drove all the way down t'other side, very rough and exceedingly beautiful, winding down through woods. A glorious valley, peak after peak disclosing themselves at every turn, and then we had our luncheon, close to the frontier under a tree, with ants and some rain. Then walked 7 miles with Papa and Herbert a good steady pace along capital road, the Aurongs valley. A huge wall of rock to our left very striking; reaching Aurongs fagged and tired found to our horror no horses to be had. H. and I determined to walk towards P[ieve] di Cadon, 15 miles, parents proceeding in the tiny carriage, and so we started, but their will was too strong for us and in spite of the danger and warnings we gave them, the older birds insisted on our getting on. For about $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile we proceeded safely and then, crash seemed to go everything, and over each other we tumbled and rolled in the dust. It all felt so safe I cd. have no inclination but laughter, not unmingled with triumph, and the parents' voices of intense tragedy inquiring how much they were hurt only added somehow to the comedy. Mama came down pretty sharply on her nose, but luckily no stones, and the road was good and safe and we were close to a house. Then a dreary waiting time, they were so funereal too. I read the *Vulture Maiden* aloud while a carriage was being miraculously ordered. Again rather rickety but in it we went, Herbert in the broken one, the axle being spliced, and arrived thro' glorious scenery indifferently seen by the cloud-covered moon, at Pieve di Cadon, a dark-looking inn, but good beds.

VENICE, Tues. 30 Sept.—No sleep, fleas, etc., up at 7 and walked up a mile along our last night's drive, partly in shadow and partly in sunlight, with early morning mists. It was the most glorious thing I ever saw. The great breadth of the valley, its stretching up into great peaks and ending in a grand wide mountain. The deep, wild, precipitous ravine at the bottom with darling green river. I was glad to have been. The sun only just up and at 8 we started off and

indeed a lovely drive to Vittoria, as good as anything yet seen, enjoying it and our dinner in a garden. But did not enjoy the dawdling railway in stuffed carriages, with flies, and we seemed never to get near. The moon was so good tho', quite clear and nearly full as we crossed the lagoons. Herbert and I grew awfully excited as the lights first twinkled and then the towers shadowed themselves forth, and then the wonderful feeling of getting into a gondola with our baggage and splashing oars and gliding so noiselessly along the streets. It all felt like magic and surpassed all my highest and wildest expectations. Reached our hotel about 9 (Grand) just opposite Santa Maria della Salute, very tired.

VENICE, *Wed. Oct. 1.*—Little sleep. My mattress like a tough roly-poly with a bullet for a bolster, and there was a beetle and fleas, and mosquitoes buzzed, and stinks, and I thought Venice a nasty place. Felt different in the sunlight and had a delicious hour in Lady Marian [Alford]'s gondola, ending with St. Mark's. Thought it all very wonderful and beautiful and bewildering. All afternoon in the gondola, round the Grand Canal, etc. with a wondrous glow at sunset. Dined at table d'hôte, not good, and very fusty, and maukins talked to me. After to St. Mark's Piazza; this somehow was frightfully exciting. 1st the moonlight peace in the gondola, then the music as we landed, and the crowds and the lights and the marvellous beauty of the Piazza and the buzz of voices and the band, wh. was bursting out the impassioned rushing music over all as we arrived at Florian's. Met Mr. Browning and had ices and looked at Ld. Wentworth and his Yankee friends and stared and stared and wondered and felt crazy.

VENICE, *Thurs. Oct. 2.*—Lovely sleep. Felt a different creature. Herbert and I to St. Mark's after breakfast to meet the little Rookes perched up among the shady corners of the temple. Envied and admired their happy, peaceful, childlike life. Such a funny, little, nice couple. They pointed out to us the wondrous old bits of mosaics on their subdued gold ground, and the gold domes like copper bowls topsy-

turvy and the odd quaint figures and stately old saints and lovely symbols. Then to the Accademia, where got surfeited with glorious pictures. The great Titian Assumption takes all one's breath away. I will only mention besides the lovely G. Bellini with the 3 musical Angels, the Titian Presentation of the Virgin with its unique glow of colour, and the Carpaccio St. Ursulas, made so famous and precious by Ruskin. Crowds of Tintoretto, Graziones, Morones, Vivarines, Bonifacios. Very tired. Stopped there hours and hours. Then to St. Maria dell' Ort with Ly. M[arian Alford] and the Poynters, where are the great Tintoretto Last Judgment and Golden Calf, gigantic wonders, but very dark and difficult to make out. Also a very lovely Tintor. Presentation of the Virgin and a very fine . . .

VENICE, *Sun. Oct. 5.*—Mama in bed with some tickle in throat. Gorgeous day. To Engl. Church morn., full service, very decent and good hymns but weak sermon. Ld. Acton brought Bonghi¹ and Minghetti to talk politics in Italian. They stopped 2 mortal hours catechising him. Mr. Bonghi is going to write his life, and so is making the most of his opportunity. Questions on finance asked most freely. . . . At 6.30 went to see the Crown Pss. of Germany, she having sent for us. It was rather stiff and shy for she cried so, and we were too many for that. After about 3 quarters of an hour (she kissed me) went up to the A[cton] children, darling baby such a duck. . . . Spent a very delightful evening, had a long talk with Ld. A., and then Papa came and talked to him about his cabinet, most interesting. Bonghi and Minghetti there. They asked him this morn. every kind of question on the present Govt. Dizzy's action on Derby, his own reasons for giving up leadership, etc. Home at 11.

VENICE, *Monday, Oct. 6.*—Lovely weather it is. With Ld. A. and children all day. . . . They were supremely happy gathering shells and we sat on the grass looking over the sea towards Turkey, a great, blue, sunny stretch with

¹ Ruggero Bonghi, Italian scholar, writer and politician.

ships and coloured sails, so lovely, and reminding me of Freshwater June 9. After to the Piazza, joined Ld. A. We watched Pss. Royal talking to Renan, Minghetti, and Bonghi, and passed and repassed them. . . .

VENICE (*written at Munich*), *Tues. Oct. 7.*—(I am now at Munich, *Fri. Oct. 10*) and must write up the lovely, last Venice days, already becoming dream-like in their beauty and dissimilarity to ordinary life, specially to the black dumps I am in now. We went to Torcello, the mother of Venice. . . . But 2 things took off greatly, Ld. A. threw us over and we were in such a steamer swell and roll as to destroy all feeling of gondola. The place about 1 hour and $\frac{1}{2}$ off, full of interest, lovely little old bits, cloisters, pillars, and some of the ancientest mosaics in the Church. A grand luncheon given by Countess Marcello was a take off, and after she took us to Burano, the lace manufactory where were 300 girls of various degrees of prettiness, some lovely, and not an ugly or graceless line or angle amongst them, all soft curves and roundness and abundance of rich colouring and specially beautiful hair. . . . A pretty sight, and the lace is of the very best. C^{ss}. Marcello is the head of it and we were mobbed by crowds of extraordinarily picturesque people, babies, children, all dressed with such un-English taste and abundance of colour. Great scrambles for coins, and some of the boys followed us in boats or plunging into the water, their brown faces glowing in the sunset light. Fearful stinks there and it can't be healthy. The view of Venice as we returned very beautiful and well worth the expedition. Dined with Father, with Ly. Marian [Alford], and lots of folk in grand rooms upstairs. . . . After dinner went out foreign fashion and Ld. A. came and talked to me the whole evening, wh. specially gratified me in being chosen. Enjoyed it immensely. He thinks me a mystery!

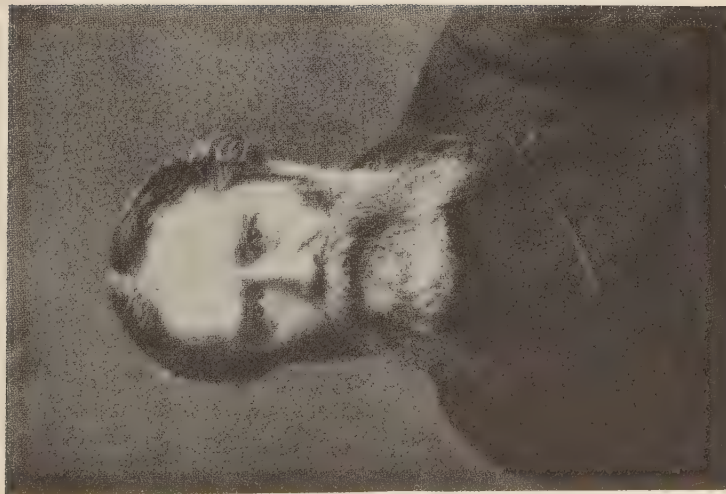
VENICE, *Wed. Oct. 8.*—With Herbert to St. Mark's, wh. grows and grows. Spent much time with the dear little birds over the Baptistery, the great gold-enamelled jewelled screen and some of the frescoes, specially beautiful the

Creation dome and the Angel dome. Up the Campanile, grand view of Venice from top, except St. M[ark's] wh. looks like a series of kitchen utensils. . . . He [Lord Acton] gave Herbert and me the History of Liberty, a sketch of it, most interesting. It is extraordinary the way he tingles with it to his fingers ends and yet can sit patient and quiet over wife and children and wait and wait another year before he writes it. What an extraordinary man. He told me I had a mask of a face without ever showing any emotion upon it. Went home at 11; alas, alas, our last night. Venice grows in beauty and charm and mystery.

VENICE, *Thurs. Oct. 9.*—Packed and pottered and ordered luncheon, and at 11.45 came my faithful friend to take me to Zanipolo, a delicious last row with him down the Grand Canal and an interesting $\frac{1}{2}$ hour in the church (wh. is the West. Abbey of Venice), seeing the monuments, wh. interested him greatly for History's sake. Some are fine, and there is the sad ruined chapel where was the great Peter Martyr, with very beautiful bas relief in stone a good deal knocked about and injured by the fire. We went to Danieli's and picked up Ly. Acton and for luncheon, tried on the 'Whig definition' topic but failure. They went with us to Sant' Elena, a lovely little island with monastery and such cloisters and a garden and vines and view. They gave us flowers, and the children were supremely happy with Herbert. Went to Danieli after to say Good-bye to Ldy Acton and the chils. wh. was horrid. Afterwards he walked me to the photo shop, where joined Herbert, and trolled over photos. Then to our hotel to finish packing and dine with Ly. Marian and the A. Comptons. Directly after Herbert and I dashed out and in our headlong flight over San Moise bridge met Ld. Acton, who accompanied us to the bridge and we said Good-bye and we went up to Lady Marian and said Good-bye there and to the hotel people and to all those waiting to see us off, and at 10.15 in pitch darkness we glided with Antonio for the last time and in desperate dumps down the Grand Canal. Very solemn and mysterious it was

with only a few stars in the sky and the water and stillness all round. Was $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour too soon at station and I went out again to take a farewell look at this wondrous watery paradise, when who shd. get out of a gondola but Ld. Acton, the very greatest break in the world. One more interesting talk and then joined the others who were fussing over money and luggage and got into our carriage (reserved) and said quite good-bye and was off. I draw a veil over the misery of the night, dragged out at Verona, and again and again in the darkness all our things scattered and unpacked. Boots off and yet the night was not very long and the dawn beautiful as we got into mountains once more. The line very splendid . . . and then we had an *AI* breakfast *à la fourchette*, and at Innsbruck bought the necklace and ate Venice figs all the way, and reached Munich, getting lower and lower and lower and found poor dear little Count d'Arco awaiting us, having had telegram from Ld. A., and we said good-bye to Herbert and we came to the Bellevue and we tumbled into bed.

MUNICH, *Monday and Tues.* 13 and 14.—A wretched night with a cold and face-ache and other aches and nightmares. At 10 came Ct. d'Arco to take us over the Glyptothek and Pinakothek, couldn't enjoy anything but can just recall some great beauties, specially the 2 Peruginos, then I walked and lost myself and spent a weary hour in trying to find myself. . . . We started successfully enough, stretching our persons and goods all over the seats, boots off, cloaks undone. When at Stuttgart, 1 o'clock, in huddled 4 men with port-manteaus, such a row and bother and nuisance, a wretched night we had and I felt so ill and horrid and headachy and shaken to bits. Cd. see naught of the Cathedral at Strassburg and all day we travelled on till 5 tired to death, tumbled out of the train, we had 2 fellow travellers who kissed and drank and ate all the time. Paris felt very cold, very full of bustle and noise, and wonderful to think of all it had passed thro. since our last visit in '67. Table d'hôte was reviving, such a lovely dinner, the cooking something to dream of,



J. R. LOWELL



GEORGE ELIOT

BY SIR F. W. BURTON, NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

and our rooms smiling on us, pianoforte, fire, roses and a room to myself, for wh. blessings went to bed thankful.

PARIS, *Fri. Oct. 17.*—A 2 hours' drive in great cold and drizzle, went to Notre Dame and the Madeleine and all over the place. Table d'hôte and off to the Théâtre Français for *Hernani* and Sarah Bernhardt. I still think her greatest in her excessive quiet and repose, her tenderness is wonderful, the stormy bits are splendid, tho' not as splendid here as in *Phèdre*. Mounet-Sully who acts with her very much overdoes voice and gestures, wh. is a great pity. The final Death scene very fine. The Comte de Paris paid us a visit. Letter fr. Ld. Acton. He has given me such a splendid Dante.

PARIS, *Sat. Oct. 18.*—Fine day and really less cold. Drove for an hour and ended at the Louvre, gave ourselves up to the statues and gazed for ages at the Venus and had another long look at my Botticelli. Shopped. We are buying a good deal, and a few people to tea. . . . Mme Novikoff.¹ Who shd. run up ag. us but the Tegernsee French governess. Dined at M. Girardin's and there met all the crack journalists, politicians and literature of the day. I was between Gen. Kireiff, a Russian, and Mr. Lebeg, a very clever man, head of something rather answering to Reuters in Eng. He told me many interesting things about newspapers and French books. Balzac is his hero. Mme. Adam, a huge woman with perfectly naked arms and nice face, much made of. She has just started a new review. M. Boutmy, Prof. of Philosophy, with whom had a delightful talk after dinner on Geo. Eliot and Mrs Browning (both of whom he admires madly), Victor Hugo, George Sand, etc. M. Scherer, a great French critic, with whom also enjoyed a conv. afterwards. He says V. Hugo is always 'sitting for his picture.' He loves M. Arnold and is a dear old gent of the old school. M. Bardoux startled all at dinner by proposing Papa's health, but he answered with his beautiful aptness and grace in spite of its being in French. Enjoyed it a good deal.

¹ Known as 'the M.P. for Russia.'

PARIS, *Sun. Oct. 19.*—Church morn. and afternoon in the Rue d'Aggesseau. Dr. Forbes, decent service (full). Mme. Novikoff came and Miss Stanley. . . . Dined with Mr. Waddington at the Foreign Office, a small party; sat bet. Mr. W. and the Minister of Justice, Mr. Léon Say (Finance), and others I forget there. Mr. W[addington] very English in appearance and manner, reticent but not the kind of reticence that implies volumes, in fact rather dull, but I liked Mrs. W., who is a lively, sensible American and had a fat, good humoured, cleverish sister, Miss King, to whom with Mrs. W. I talked all the evening. Papa had no political talk with Mr. W. He seemed to shirk it.

PARIS, *Mon. Oct. 20 and Tues. 21.*—What a blessing to return to a quill pen. . . . I packed all the morn. or listened to various pressmen pumping Papa, the *Gaulois* and the *Télégraphe*, a series of persevering questions and cautious answers. Walked about for hours and lost ourselves and got dead tired. . . . To the Théâtre Français again with Ld. H. and Miss Tollemache—(the latter is pretty lame and lively and has £240,000). Saw *Les Fourberies de Scapin*, Coquelin, quite inimitable, and *Le Gendre de M. Poirier*, a first-rate little play with finest humour displayed to perfection by M. Got. Croisette was the heroine and certainly gained upon one, but she can't hold a candle to Sarah Bernhardt. Home very late, sat up finishing packing. Called at 6 on Tues. and off, very sorry to leave such good quarters, beautiful carriage to drive with, every convenience including beds that leapt out when you touched the springs. Rough crossing, great green waves and sparkling day, high wind, sat on deck and got drenched with a wave and my hat spoilt. Met Mr. Paget of Leeds on deck and talked to him; read Scherer's *Geo. Eliot*, excellent; found the hired carriage at Dover and drove most successfully, reaching Betteshanger for tea, most acceptable and such kind, warm hosts,¹ and fires and comforts and welcome. . . . To bed glad to be in England again, and looking back with sunny recollections of the

¹ Lord and Lady Northbourne.

tour; such a combination of all that is best in nature, art, intellect and morals can rarely have been experienced, and a never-to-be-forgotten impression they have made on me.

ASCOT, *Sunday, Nov. 2 to Thurs. Nov. 13*.—Read a novel of Gaboriau's with a really delightful name, *La Vie Infernale*, but too police-courtish for me. We drove and we walked and talked. Sat. I went to Oxford, meeting Mama at Reading; a missionary meeting in evening, very interesting. Early celebration Sunday and usual services. Heard Mr. Holland at St. Mary's, very great but hard work, and Mr. Paget, evening, at St. Barnabas, not very good, but such a pretty service and fine hymns. . . . Dinner Mrs. Cradock, with most amusing charades acted by Herbert, Edward, Hugo Charteris and Mr. Curzon, laughed quite hysterically, and George Leveson and Fitzroy Stewart also there and it amused me. Went twice to Magdalen, beautiful both times, and Parratt played splendidly the G minor and C minor Bach. To a lecture of Sir F. Ouseley's¹ illustrated by Parratt on harpsichord, so curious and funny and like a stomachache. Went over the 2 new women's halls, such a success, they are working harmoniously and affectionately. Left Oxford Tues. evening, stopping train at Saltney, capital journey. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Tues. Nov. 18*.—. . . About the dissolution let me now write down that W. E. G. thinks most probably it will take place before the Budget, because of the terrible financial hole the Govt. will be in. I think, if it doesn't happen in the course of a few days so as to smash the coming Midlothian speeches, that they will hold on till /81, and trust to luck and the juggliness of their leader to take away the taste of the Budget. . . .

LIVERPOOL, *Sat. Nov. 22*.—. . . Left Hawarden after long talk with S[pencer] at 4 on Sat., reaching Courthey for first-rate tea and muffins about 6. Heavy cold and didn't sleep well or go out all thro' my most grim-looking birthday. Warm dear letters gave me great happiness, and many things

¹ Sir Frederick Ouseley, musician and composer.

to-day made me feel grateful and thankful, tho' indeed it's a worrying world. Wrote many b.-day letters. They are all so good and nice here, but it is stagnation, and calls out for some fascinating spirited being to put life and soul into them. Mr. O. Jones dined, played and I made him a Liberal. The old nurse and nursery the centre of this monastery.

DALMENY, *Monday, Nov. 24.*—Hard frost, icy roads. Left Edgehill at 9.20, welcomes at every station, great crowd of working men at Preston. Saloon carriage, luxurious luncheon. Managed a Dante Canto. At Carlisle began the real hubbub, crammed station, hurried thro' enthusiastic hundreds, by Walter James and Geo. Howard, to a large room where several addresses were hurriedly presented, besides a plaid and clothes, and a short capital speech in return, all in 20 min. At Hawick and Galashiels this happened again and again, at the latter there were about 10,000. Mama and I had our hands shaken off, and a lovely nosegay was given me. Not only the stations we stopped at but those we whizzed thro' had their greeting bands of working men. Glorious day and the sun set his most golden light as we entered Scotland. At Edinburgh, wh. we reached an hour late and quite dark, the scene was perfectly overwhelming, not only the station densely packed with roaring crowds, but right on thro' the streets till the town faded away, and most exciting it was galloping in our open carriage (Ld. Rosebery met us) 4 horses and many outriders, the noise more than deafening, hundreds flying along by the side of the carriage and the whole way to Dalmeny more or less lined with people and torches and fireworks and bonfires. The horses behaved splendidly and the park was lovely with its increasing numbers of torches and rockets. Arrived here about 6.30, glad of tea. . . .

DALMENY, *Tues. 25 Nov.*—Alfred [Lyttelton] at breakfast, enchanting to have him here. A stump with him thro' a snowy wind and sleet by the sea to the old castle and woods, very pretty it must be in summer, islands dotting the coast and the combination of trees and sea delightful.



ALFRED LYTTELTON
1913



ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR
1891

Drove in to Edinburgh at 3 with the 4 horses, crowds of people. By back way to Music Hall, where we had a grand speech of an hour and $\frac{3}{4}$, more general than particular to-day. Packed audience and admirable behaviour. Ld. Rosebery not allowed to be present. After we went to the Council Chamber for an address fr. the Provost and corporation and another speech. Bitterly cold driving but all a great success. 5 policemen outriders. Good talk at dinner. . . .

DALMENY, *Wed. 26 Nov.*—A quiet morn., dawdled and wasted it. This afternoon by special train to Dalkeith, the heart of the enemy's country. Here the utmost fervour was displayed, and several times we went through horrors from the reckless crowding of the people, pressing on to the carriage, hanging on to the wheels, such pinched, haggard, eager faces. The hall, wh. was densely filled, held about 4000 people, mostly standing, and the silence and order were remarkable throughout. The speech (an hour and 35 min.) was mostly on local questions with an impassioned outburst on our foreign policy at the end. Its reception was perfect. Afterwards, accompanied by a torch procession, band and banners, we moved with difficulty thro' the masses to the Provost, where tea and nosegay were provided. A second meeting, mostly women, where they gave Mama a tablecloth and photo book, was the occasion of a wonderfully moving and inspiring speech, 1st on domestic relations and secondly on our foreign policy—had our hands shaken off by hundreds, but got off at length and reached home at 8.30. All the cottages and houses being illuminated as we drove from the station, and crowds on the platform.

(These entries are almost identical throughout the campaign.)

TAYMOUTH, *Monday, Dec. 1.*—Left Dalmeny sorrowfully at 12 for Queensferry, crossing in steamer and coming by special thro' Dunfermline (where table linen was given) to Perth, crowds all the way of enthusiasm, and at Perth we had a glorious reception and triumphant progress all thro' the town. He spoke unpolitically in the hall, accepting

Freedom of City, and a regular election speech to the huge crowd outside the station. The weather perfectly gorgeous, considerable snow beyond Perth. At Aberfeldy, wh. reached about 5, Ld. Breadalbane met us and here were the loveliest illuminations of all. He made a little speech from a beautiful little platform all decorated with coloured lamps and flowers, and through the town going in open carriage and foot pace were masses of joyous Scotchmen, and really not a single window unilluminated. Bonfires, fireworks, greeted us on all sides, and after a short drive reached this glorious place with yet more cheering and torches and electric light. Ldy B[readalbane] a masculine striking-looking creature was at the door, and 2 steps at a time strode up the staircase. A big organ played most of the eve. in the banner Hall, a splendid room, by a nice little organist, some good things and some rotten. Ldy Ramsay, very pretty and wee, and P. B. sang extremely well, and Ld. B[readalbane] well too.

TAYMOUTH, *Thurs. Dec. 4.*—Lovely day, colder than ever. Drove to Aberfeldy in various carriages. ‘Hugo [Wemyss]’ and I *tête à tête*, a dear nice boy as ever I saw, played heaps to him and we hob and nobbed all the way to Perth at 4. The whole Taymouth party nearly accompanied us, the B’s and Ramsays to Glasgow, thrilling masses all the way along and an amusing journey with luncheon and visitors. At Glasgow we reached the climax of all things, very much the same as the Edinburgh arrival, only more length of crowded streets and a procession of 2000 torches borne by students—the sight picturesque in the extreme, the red caps and gowns of the Liberal students, blue ditto of Conservative, and the gigantic number of torches lighting up the thousands of eager faces. The press was so great that every 5 min. the carriage came to a standstill, and the exertions of the police and of our defending students were frightful to keep the populace off the carriage. Long after our arrival the house was besieged by vast crowds cheering at intervals. A large dinner party—was lucky enough to go in with Sir Wm.

Thomson,¹ most agreeable. An evening party with music and electricity ; went off with Ld. Rosebery to the play—we were both vociferously cheered and felt most uncomfortable. A more dismal performance never witnessed and was thankful to get out, and still more to tumble into bed.

GLASGOW, *Fri. Dec. 5.*—This is the fullest, most exciting and altogether greatest day of all. At 11.30 with the usual guard of mounted police left Sir J. Watson's house with its triumphal arch over the door for the Kibble palace, where the Rectorial address was to come off. About 6000, including the students, were present and it was frightfully hot. Some Doctors were made, Ld. Rosebery, Mr. Morley, Ld. Airlie, etc., and there was some fear of a row, as many cd. not see over the high middle part and kicked up a disturbance. The moment he began in his Rectorial black and gold robes, the deadest silence fell on the whole assembly, and for an hour and $\frac{1}{2}$ they seemed spellbound. It was in his most splendid manner, and I shall never forget the solemn, earnest tone of voice with wh. he ended his appeal to these youths. So noble, so strong, and so high was this appeal that no one cd. listen without being moved, and the shout that burst fr. every corner of the building when he ended can never be forgotten. Sir W. Thompson told me there cd. not be a greater contrast than this lofty strain dragging everybody one step higher in their lives and the last Rec[torial] address wh. was Dizzy's and the text of wh. was 'Watch the times and frame yr. acts and yr. lives according to wh. way the tide is running.' It was not anything like full then. To-day every inch was crammed and many were the wet eyes that I saw glistening among the eager young faces, the sun too came bursting forth in royal manner while it was going on, and we found another lovely day when we came out. I got heaps of cheering to-day, more than any other day. Went to Prof. Ramsay's, from wh. Hannah [Lady Rosebery] carried me off to luncheon with her and Ld. Breadalbane. At Mr. Tennant's we lay down in her

¹ Afterwards Lord Kelvin.

room, and Lord Rosebery came too late after the pompous luncheon where there had been more speeches. At 5 to St. Andrew's Hall for the Liberal Meeting. 70,000 they said applied for admission and only 6500 had got in. The first half of it I did not care for, having got tired of the [illegible] question and Cyprus. But the last half on India and Afghanistan was as rousing as anything we have heard. Shouts for Lord Rosebery caused him to make a perfect little speech, wh. under its playful humour hid the most telling sarcasm. The enthusiasm of this meeting was tremendous and it was admirably arranged, and only 1 man fainted. Dressed in haste and sat by Prof. Jebb, very pleasant, and after dinner went to the City Hall for the civic addresses—here too the men were standing as close as possible and more enthusiastic than ever. We passed round and sat with nosegays on a platform to be gazed at, and he made a perfect little gentle speech, and at last we got home and to bed.

HAWARDEN, Dec. 25.—Then followed Christmas. We had loud reading during the decorations, and on Xmas Day the clergy had most meals here and it was a very joyful day, bright services. . . . The Indian news has been wretchedly bad. Govt. people have been stumping and abusing Papa like a pickpocket. The weather now all softened air and slush. Mr. Ottley preached a very remarkable sermon this morn., with a fine outburst against sin. Nice service on St. John Baptist's morn. Took Katie [Wickham]¹ to Church Sunday afternoon. Mr. O. preached on the Innocents. William and Christian [Wickham]¹ are the fascinating couple now. The former perfectly delightful, the latter bewitching though very passionate, he is brim full of life and go and fun and sparkle and wonderful *espiègle*. Katie cried over 'Eric's grave' wh. I told them yesterday.

And, as the summary of the Midlothian campaign and a fitting end to the chapter, I insert these two letters:—

¹ Nephews and niece.

Taymouth Castle, Aberfeldy, Perthshire, Dec. 1, 1879.

DST. L.,—. . . It has all been astonishing as you will have gathered from the papers, but even they can give you no real idea of the spontaneous outburst of feeling ; we are told the Queen has never had anything approaching to it—the surging crowds at the stations (even when the train doesn't stop) the illuminations and decorations and gifts. The London papers may sneer, they have nothing else to fall back upon, but it is more touching than anything these quantities of presents, and quite unprecedented.

I was very sorry Alfred did not arrive with us, for the journey was as striking as anything and the triumphant entry into Edinburgh on a dark, bitter winter's night, with thousands and thousands of people behind barricades, street after street with its crowds of shouting multitudes, our 4 horses galloping on with 5 or 6 policemen outriders, hundreds having escaped from the barricades and running breathlessly alongside of the carriage. We have got used to it now, for it has been the same story over and over again everywhere. Perth was tremendous. Don't you know the look of London with every window stuffed with people waving anything they can lay hold of. And here it is so much more stirring than England, because the faces are so intelligent. There it is a common mob of idlers very likely, here they are strong, thinking, busy men in hundreds and thousands. You can hardly imagine the wild beauty and excitement of one of these galloping drives, the lurid light of the torches and bonfires, the brilliant glare of the electric lights and fireworks, the eager faces and waving hands and shouting voices. He has certainly stood it all wonderfully. Friday is the only other really arduous day. He has given many hours to this address, at least every moment he could spare ; he has had to refuse countless addresses and offers of all sorts. All Scotland is panting for a look at him, and anything like the warmth and kindness I couldn't have conceived. Mama and I have been thumped, patted, stroked, had our hands and arms nearly shaken off by hundreds. Skating has been such

a break here too, though nobody does it as they think and dream of nothing but curling. There is a Mr. Campbell here who sings comic songs, the same I met one night with Herbert at a Shaw Stewart dinner. I remember how I hated his shrieks all thro' a talk with Mr. Holland, but here they are invaluable and make me laugh a good deal. Then there is a nice taking boy of 19 called Hugo Wemyss, and Ld. Breadalbane's tall brother Ld. Ivan, and Colin Campbell, and many others, all in kilts, and 5 bagpipes march solemnly round and round the dinner table 3 times at dessert, and it is a regular regal Highland Castle, with grand, sweeping sort of scenery, fine hills, broad river (the Tay) and all glorified in this sparkling lovely frost. . . .—Yr. lov. M. G.

Dec. 79.

DST. LAVINIA,—Thank you very much for your lecture, as I do so like being told things instead of their smouldering inside a person ; it is the only thing that really gives one confidence. I don't think I am so much a hasty person as an intense Gladstonite in politics, by faith much more than by understanding ; you can't compare the effect my father and I shd. have upon you, because he is the fountain head and origin, and I am a blind follower. Then you see he is much too great to much mind the horrid things that are said about him personally, and don't you know how much more you mind for another person than for yr. self—and when all these men who ' profess and call themselves Christians ' are those who say the worst things, it is impossible not to feel intense bitterness towards them. Don't you know it's so much worse than when people like Sir W. Harcourt or Lowe say them of the other side, because they don't profess to be what they are not. . . .—Yr. ever lov. M. G.

CHAPTER IV

MARY FINDS HERSELF

FROM 1879 to 1885 Mary was in her top form as a diarist, with wider interests, quicker observation, and more interesting people to observe and describe. She seemed able to shake off a certain immaturity of outlook, and acquired more interest in the things observed than in her own reflexions.

When her father came into office in 1880, she was given the post of honorary private secretary, her special sphere being nominally the ecclesiastical patronage. She declared that she liked this work as 'giving a backbone to the day.' Actually, of course, her influence was felt in many other matters. In fact, in politics she becomes less a mere on-looker and more definitely a colleague.

1880

Most of the entries are concerned with the General Election, the first in which Mary took any active part. She helped her brother Herbert in an unsuccessful contest in Middlesex. This year marked also what may be called the beginning of Mary's official life.

She was much excited by *Sister Dora*,¹ and notes gleefully that she was 'sound on E. Q.'

It is observed that Ireland is steadily pushed to the front of public attention, and that the characteristic policy in Parliament of the Irish Nationalists begins to take shape.

¹ *Sister Dora*, by Margaret Lonsdale, was a biography of Dorothy Wyndlow Pattison, sister of Mark Pattison.

HAWARDEN, *Sunday, Jan. 11.*— . . . Mr. Holland preached on Sunday morn. on the vileness of sin, wh. was rather funny to the complacent Pharisees . . . [in the] congregation. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Monday, Jan. 12.*—Played at lawn tennis, Ed[ward] and H[erbert] ag. Mr. H[olland] and I, wonderful fun considering circs.

HAWARDEN, *Fri. Feb. 6.*—Cloudy. Finished Symonds' *Shelley*, a wondrous beautiful character that under some circs. might have developed into the finest ever lived. He always quite fascinates and conquers me, but his whole life is a tragedy and mystery.

OXFORD, *Tuesday, 9 March.*—Left at 8.15 for Saltney, prosperous journey to Oxford (at Shrewsbury saw Dissolution) with my great B[urne]-J[ones] drawing. Herbert met me and a most full 7 hours we had, talks with Lavinia, seeing children, a run round Oxford, etc. etc.

London, March 11. 80.

DST. L.,—Everything at present is in a state of indescribable beastliness, even worse than my darkest expectations. I reached Harley St. with a stupid headache at 11.30, found Father's address being shouted to Ld. Wolverton, Ld. R. Grosvenor, etc. in a voice of funereal gloom, Mama looking excited, worried, depressed. Next morn. I am awoken by Schlüter telling me I am to go to the Drawing Room on Friday. I get up in a rage and find Mama meek and almost in tears, but inexorable. I fly to shops for ready-made gown at Jay's and train at Heilbronner's (black stamped velvet) . . . Mama calls for me about 7 and we rush home to dress, both with splitting headaches, find the maids all swearing about the Drawing Room. Hurry off to Belgravia again, 26 to dinner including Mrs. Cradock, I seated bet. Lds. Lansdowne and Lymington, got 'drunk' with champagne to drown care, and rather enjoy the evening talking to Tom Hughes and M. Leveson (no foreigners: something to be thankful for). Got home at 12. . . . Mama lets out to Papa she intends going to Scotland with him—scene, Papa

imagining himself *en garçon* in lodgings, expostulates, says it's absurd. Mama quenched, but I keep her up to going, because really, poor thing, how wretched and forlorn she wd. be away, and I really think as Hannah and Ld. R. expect me and all to go it is at all events the natural thing for her to go. . . .—Yr. lov.
M. G.

[*Undated.*]

Dsr. L.,—Oh, what a Mad World. The fight I have had about Mid-L[othian] with the Roseberys has quite exhausted me. It makes me rather cross, it's so silly the exaggeration of it, they talk as if the whole election depended on my coming or not. They have got a ridiculous notion that I am the wirepuller about everything in my family, such nonsense. At length I have succeeded in a compromise, and am to follow them on Easter Monday for the final week's work. To give up Holy Week entirely, not to mention our pretty Palm Sunday, Maggie (who has kept on her house till Ap. 1 on purpose to see me), glorious Bach Concert Tuesday next and the Passion Music at St. Paul's the following Tues., all for the sake of fidgeting at Dalmeny between Hannah and Mama for 4 days, was really beyond a joke. . . .—Yr. loving
M. G.

Postscript.—. . . I like everybody to dress a little under the mark.

LONDON, *Thurs. 11th and Fri. 12th March.*—Head better, still feel mad. Wrote to Lavinia and Helen and Ld. Acton. Only visited Hannah today to help about Mama's going to Mid-Lothian. Dined with Ripons, a most interesting company but none were introduced, so it wasn't what it ought to have been—[J. R.] Lowell, Chamberlain, Miss [Elizabeth] Thompson (the artist), L[ewis] Morris, Ly. Airlie, Ly. Harcourt, Montebellos and one Fry with whom I hooked in, and made friends by silence. Lowell on t'other side but

never a word spake he. A party after. Miss Thompson is charming and so is her husband I think, Butler ¹ by name—talked to the Epic of Hades who I don't love.² Friday stayed, sitting tight for Frances [Horner] who never came. To the Drawing Room—clothes looked nice and H.M. shook hands warmly. . . . Everybody is mad about elections. H. Tennyson turned up evening.

LONDON, *Sat. March 13*.—Such a whirl of a day—my head won't stand it long. First came flowers to arrange, then Frances, then Alfred, then Mr. Ottley, and a rushing walk done with Alfred to the Abbey for F. Myers' ³ wedding. I mingled in the mob but was amused, tho' cd. scarcely discern the beauty of the bride: and the bridesmaids were hideous and hideously dressed. Saw Nora S[idgwick] to speak to. A snack fr. Meriel's housemaid after which we flew to Newman St. for full rehearsal of the Brahms Requiem. Oh how *awfully* exciting it was, a shrieking noise in that small hall, but wonderful. Telegraphed to Maggie. Tremendous agitations as to whether I am to go to Midlothian on Tuesday. I shd. hate going beyond any words. Cath. Phillimore went to the Drawing Room with a motto about the Queen sewn upon her skirt and pointed it out to H.M. Eustace and Frances Balfour came and a nice long talk we had. Did the dinner table. . . . All mad. Ld. Granville, Ripons, Selbornes, Mr. Morley, Mr. Cartwright and a Bonaparte Prince dined. Bet. Lds. G. and S. Evening came F[rederick] C[avendishes], Tennysons, Frances, and downstairs in a bonnet, Maggie [Stepney].

LONDON, *Tues. 16 March*.—Herbert and I to King's X to witness the Great Departure.⁴ Small group in Harley St. enthusiastic, at the station about 2000. Roseberys came and I nearly jumped in with them. He spoke a word or so. Alfred to dinner and we to St. James's Hall for the Brahms Requiem, etc., done by Bach Choir. Enjoyed it though it

¹ Gen. Sir William Butler.

² Lewis Morris

³ F. W. H. Myers, poet and essayist.

⁴ Of Mr. Gladstone for his Midlothian campaign.

never again comes up to the 2 first choruses except in the everlasting pedal one.

LONDON, *Wed. 17 March*.—We nearly went mad when Mr. [Algernon] West came in and said it was proposed for Herbert to fight Middlesex. In a boiling state of excitement. Edwarden came and sympathised and bubbled, also Meriel. H. went down to Parliament St.¹ and came back with the question settled. Herbert all day stared with big eyes into vacancy. Wrote to Father—did his letters.

LONDON, *Thurs. 18 Mar.*—These days were full of excitement and agitation, interviews and discussions with advisers, West,² Godley,² MacColl, Ottley, Alfred, Freddy and Lucy—in the middle had luncheon with Tennysons to meet Henschel. He sang his own music to 'Break, break' while Tennyson sat listening and frowning and when the end came 'never a word spake he.' Flew off to St. Mary's to hear the Hamilton organ, found Mr. Fuller Maitland playing it. It's very wonderful. Herbert made his first speech at the City Liberal Club and we dined with Charles. Freddy and Mr. Ottley afterwards rebounded to me about it to any extent. His start has been a real success and made a capital impression.

LONDON, *Palm Sunday, March 21*.—In the midst of such turmoil inside and out, this day came back for the 1st time since '75,³ and was a beautiful, peaceful anniversary. We went to St. Paul's Cathedral and the Amens were like balm. Mr. Balfour came to luncheon and we walked with him to St. Mary's and listened to the Hamilton organ and back again and had tea and music with him, and then Alfred went off and Herbert came and we had such a quiet, nice evening, only Lucy broke down at prayers over the elections. . . . I didn't get to bed in good time, but it was a blessed day. Only what would May think of it all?

LONDON, *Monday, 22 March*.—Scuttled off to West. Abbey with Lucy and Lavinia, and then to Mrs. Matthews'

¹ London Liberal Federation.

² Private secretaries.

³ Mary Lyttelton's death.

where we bought Lucy a smart bonnet, and at Marshalls' a smart cloak. Evening St. Peter's, tea Maggie, off to Kilburn with Herbert. Great hall, great noise, a fight panic. Herbert excellent, in a brougham on the wings of the wind we flew through quiet country lanes and budding hedges to Harlesden. Here found a rapturous meeting, thrilling for us. Herbert's speech astonished me and I cd. well imagine its making a great effect in the House of Commons. I could find no fault with it, perfect taste, great spirit and an indescribable charm of manner and countenance and gesture wh. must win all hearts. Mr. Greenfield sent us home with his lightning speed horse.

Wed. 24 March.— . . . On to Finchley, where it was horrid, great row and series of fights, pepper and snuff freely scattered, we all coughed and sneezed. H[erbert] spoke vigorously to the reporters. Tea after with nice people. H. T.¹ lost his watch. Glorious moonlight drive home in the Green² tub.

LONDON, *Maundy Thurs. March 25.*—H. C. at 8 at St. Paul's. Read prayers. E. C. W[ickham] joined Agnes and Co. here. High tea and off to Tottenham, fearful meeting, roaring 'Rule, Britannia' every time H[erbert] opened his mouth. We had to go, and found signs of same disturbance at Enfield, but H. managed them admirably and quite subdued and interested them on foreign policy. After the meeting he was asked about ritualism, and wonderfully well he answered and secured the sympathy of his audience. Coming out we found the horses had been taken fr. the carriage, and with runners harnessed and torches flaring and cheers ringing we flew down to the station, where H. was seized by a frantic mob and carried aloft on their shoulders. After an ardent farewell got home about 12.

LONDON, *Monday, March 29.*—Wrote a dozen letters. Always hear from Dalmeny, capital accounts. He³ pours forth floods of oratorical wonders day by day. Luncheon

¹ Hallam Tennyson.

³ Mr. Gladstone.

² Mr. Greenfield's carriage.

with Grahams. To North End.¹ A most extraordinary company. Found Ruskin and Mr. Hamilton, they were quite mad, and B. J. flitting like a ghost in and out, and Mrs. Birks in her scarlet shawl and gold locket, and May Morris with her beautiful straight features and parted unfuzzed hair, and little Margaret² with her blue frock and blue eyes, and Lady Ashburton panting enthusiastically, and H. Tennyson never uttering. All very amusing. Mr. Ruskin's chaffing of 'Ned' [Burne-Jones] very gracefully funny. Dined with Maggie, and after to the Tennysons for a party. The Poet thought me and Sophy Palmer³ the same person. Mr. Fuller-Maitland came and played Chopin beautifully. M. G. [*i.e.* herself] played a bit too. Was bored by Browning, Mr. Hamilton was there. Herbert had 3 meetings.

LONDON, *Thurs. Ap. 1*.—Holborn Town Hall at 11, a rapturous meeting, enjoyed it. Luncheon at King's X with Glovers and then on by train to Southgate for an open-air meeting in a tent, tremendous hail storms and cold wind. Very amusing as our opponents made such fools of themselves. On in carriage and 4 to Mill Hill where a magnificent *déjeuner* with speeches. H[erbert] had to make 2, both very nice, and I see he has a very remarkable gift. Then to Hendon where Edward L[yttelton] joined us, a good meeting and from there to Hampstead—tremendous rabble outside and disturbances inside were expected, but it turned out best of all next to Hounslow, and the groans for Ld. Beaconsfield were the finest things I ever heard. Ed. spoke too and was recognised as a cricketer.

LONDON, *Monday, 5 Ap.*—Oh dear me, this was a dreadful day in spite of the glorious crowning Mid-Lothian victory wh. reached us in the evening. Letters and newspapers flowed in all the morning, full of brightest expectations of success. The *Standard* said the only question was whether H[erbert] wd. be head of the poll or second. And so kill-

¹ The Burne-Jones's house.

² Margaret Burne-Jones, afterwards Mrs. Mackail.

³ Lady Sophia Palmer.

joy as I tried to be with Mr. MacColl and Ottley at breakfast, it was in vain. Spirits and glee bubbled up over all our faces. Mr. O. prepared telegrams, wrote paragraphs for papers. I made lists and at 12 off we drove to Red Lion Square. There was a small crowd and I heard one say, 'Gladstone first, Hamilton 2nd, Cooper last.' And it only sounded what one expected. I couldn't say what a sickening moment it was when H. came in with grave, white face. 'I'm nowhere, 2 or 3000 behind.' I slunk home feeling inclined to bite off everybody's nose, and everybody was on my nerves. We had a dismal luncheon, but H. ate 2 chops and Mr. O. ate the other. I went off to Mr. [Robert] Lowe's and here I got floods of consolation. Mrs. Lowe treated me like a widow. Mr. L. was quite delightful. Also visited Grahams and Sarena. The Mid L. telegram came while I was there—oh it was joy.

LONDON, *Tues. and Wed. 6 and 7 Ap.*—We brightened up with letters and friends and papers and events, victories all round us. . . . Mr. Holland came and it was fun. He was rash and very enthusiastic. Ended at the Grahams', dined there . . . and we had rather bad rough quartette singing all the eve. Relieved by Ken's¹ singing of the 'Litany' and old Tom's wondrous attitudes and gestures. It was pleasant enough and I brought my two home. We have now gained 67 Liberal seats net. Went at 4 to Wimbledon and had tea with Hollands, Mr. Gore and Bp. Copleston, and much enjoyed it. Helen arrived with Hannah for dinner, and we had a talking time, Charles joining us, and Herbert and Edward leaving us for Hawarden.

CAMBRIDGE, *Monday, Ap. 12.*—Read a Canto of Purgatory. Tea at Newnham with Helen, dinner with Evelyn [Rayleigh]. Mr. [Oscar] Browning to luncheon on Tuesday. He came and told us of Willy's victory in E. Worcestershire. He heads the poll and drags in Mr. Hastings with him. . . . Finished *Rhoda Fleming* and very much liked it. Also *Evan Harrington*, wh. didn't suit me so well. Did

¹ Sir Kenneth Muir-Mackenzie.

Dante and wrote to a few. Mr. Balfour came Wed. and Mr. Darwin. Not out at all till dinner, when we drove to the station where the Rayleighs live. A funny and characteristic family dinner, 3 B[alfour] brothers besides the 2 couples, the whole evening passed in a vehement argument on Shirts and Boots!

CAMBRIDGE, *Fri. 16 to Tues. 20 Apr.*—Lovely summer days. Dined with Helen and Co. at Newnham. *Fri.* Mr. Sidgwick recited Swinburne and Lowell. Left on *Sat.* morning with rather a feeling of not unmitigated success. Mostly from having felt poorly and also a feeling that Nora and Henry [Sidgwick] were so driven. Still we had great fun making estimates and discussing this wonderful state of affairs. A crisis going on here too, as certain ladies, including Girton but excluding Newnham, have asked the Univ. to confer degrees upon women. . . . To Euston to meet G. P.¹ A crowd gathered from the skies. They looked quite well. *Ld.* Wolverton met me there and dined with us, also Mr. Godley. Charles and Spencer came evening and there was heaps of talk and everybody is fearfully excited. Harry arrived from India, a lucky moment indeed.

LONDON, *Tues. Ap. 20.*—Fine. The bell went all day long. Granville, Hartington, Knowles, Hayward, Wolverton, West. . . . Wrote lots but cd. settle down to nothing. . . . Every room in the house occupied by interviews.

LONDON, *Thurs. Ap. 22 and Fri. 23.*—Most exciting days they were. *Ld.* Hartington was sent for [by the Queen], and saw Father afterwards. We dined with the Reays, but everything was rather forced and strained, nobody knowing what was going to happen. Forster, Childers, Freddy, Selbornes, Grant Duff, Dalrymple, etc. Heaps in the evening. We have a majority of nearly 60 *independent of Home Rulers*. Friday at luncheon came a telegram, 'Be at home at 3.30, Windsor,' and no name. My head had been very bad yesterday. I went to bed, again had to go and lie down today and went to sleep, only woken by hearing Papa

¹ Great people (Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone).

was off to Windsor. We took him to the station and then went to see Granvilles. Early dinner and Harry and I to the *Merchant of Venice*, under present circs. it dragged rather. Still the scenery was lovely and made me so wistful over last Oct. and my lovely Venice. Ellen Terry was a perfect Portia and her clothes were gorgeous. Back by 11.30. Found Roseberys, Granville, Hartington, Wolverton, Freddys, Adam, Spencer, Godley, Hayward, all fluttering round the P.M. who had come back from Windsor about 9.30. He is to be Ch. of the Ex. too, great tremendous work, but I feel he will do it as none else could. A wonderful day.

LONDON, *Sat. 24 April*.—The house all day like a rabbit warren, people in the hall, people in the drawing room, dining room, messengers, ministers-to-be, touts, friends; Mr. Ottley, for instance, shown in to Ld. Breadalbane; Mr. Godley and Spencer, Ld. Granville shown in to Harry eating his dinner off a tray, before the Opera; the Prince of Wales shown in to the drawing room where I was writing, all dark and untidy. Drove off *ventre à terre* with latter to Argyll Lodge, and ran in to Mr. B. J.'s to see his lovely girl's pic[ture]. We dined with Ripons, meeting old friends. Mr. Childers to be War, Ld. Hartington India, Ld. Northbrook Admiralty, Sir W. Harcourt Home.

73 Harley St., 24 Ap. 80.

DEAREST L.,—Yes, it is an extraordinarily different result to what I expected, and all seems to have settled down so naturally. There seemed no other course possible when once Lord H[artington] had refused to form a Govt. I believe it was one last dying effort of Dizzy's to undermine the Liberal party. He knew that sending for Lord Granville wd. be like sending for Papa, but he thought there was a chance of Lord Hartington being flattered into undertaking a ministry without Papa's help. Mr. Godley says he has no doubt Ld. H. was given hopes of Tory support in case of the Radicals deserting him, and that Dizzy in that way hoped to split up the L. party. Ld. Bath who knows him so well says that in

this way he wd. have made play with the Radicals and Home Rulers and kept up his influence with the Queen. As it turns out, owing to Ld. Hartington's firmness and courage, this move had not only failed but cemented the 3 leaders together and the leaders to the party as nothing else could. It was very exciting yesterday, a telegram came at luncheon from Windsor, 'Be at home at 3.30,' and accordingly at that time in came Ld. H. and Ld. G. and presently Papa's door opened and he just looked in and said 'I am sent for.' Mama asked what she could do. '*Pray*,' he said, and then we wafted him off to Paddington and telegraphed to Agnes, Herbert, Helen, and Stephy. . . .

Just now in pranced Ld. Halifax, 'Thank God, thank God this Govt. is out.' It was so delightful at Cambridge having Mr. Sidgwick so tremendously keen. . . .—Yr. lov.

M. G.

Postscript.— . . Isn't it dreadful to think of beginning all over again, cards and parties and things, it makes me sick to think of, but I suppose one ought not to let those sort of things weigh at all. And of course I do feel that Heaven has called him back to this post, and I like to think of the whole world recognizing what he is. The garden at Downing St. will be a great break and the coolness and room. Mama has been very good all along. Lds. Granville, Hartington, Northbrook, Mr. Adam are all here at this minute and the bell and knocker go ceaselessly.

LONDON, *Monday, Ap. 26 to Wed. Ap. 28*.—Great unparalleled bustles. House chock full always. Went through horrors as to Sp[encer] and secretaryship and had a Nail driven into my Coffin. He is to be Ld. Granville's, however, and Navy to be Mr. Childers'. Luncheon with Lucy, Monday, sat there writing all the afternoon. Dined most snugly with Frances. Tues. went all over Downing St. and saw Dizzy's bed and imagined him lying therein, and his portmanteau all be-coroneted was just going out. Such is life. They have spoilt the garden and $\frac{1}{2}$ spoilt the house. Dined

at Sir Irksome Vesey's and it was irksome, and I sat by a young irksome but talked principally to Mr. Goschen about Ld. Acton and Sister Dora, fearfully tired.

Wed. more bustle than ever. Poor Bp. of Colombo came to see Papa, it was terrifying. They went down to Windsor today, the Cabinet is highly respectable, rather aristocratic, with a democratic dash in the shape of Mr. Chamberlain, but on the whole a good working Company. Ld. Spencer is in, Sir W. Harcourt and Mr. Dodson and Ld. Northbrook for 1st time. Dilke, Fawcett and Freddy have high places outside. There has been terrible difficulty from *embarras de richesse*.

LONDON, *Thurs. Ap. 29 to Sat. May 1.*—Mama and Herbert went off to Leeds. Alfred and I to Mr. Lowe's and Mr. B[urne]-J[ones]'s but they were both out, so poor we looked at the pictures. Early dinner and to *Forget Me Not*, a powerfully acted play. Miss Genevieve Ward clever and the plot is decidedly good. Went to Downing St. and arranged rooms and furniture. Telegraphed to Mama, luncheon w. Lucy and discussion there with Papa. Royal Academy and Gros. Gallery, latter much the best tho' I scarce looked at anything at either, save the people. Little Alcy [Stepney]¹ looks a real duck. Watts' pic. of himself a little disappointed me, and I don't much care for the Poynter ladies. The 'Golden Stairs'² is most lovely, and young Richmond's portraits of Holman Hunt and Darwin extremely striking. Lds. Rosebery, Morley, Lansdowne all came morn. Harry and I dined early and to Exeter Hall, sat with Mr. Balfour and heard 'Israel in E[gypt]' there for the last time. It was glorious and we were lucky about seats and I enjoyed it enormously. Telegram fr. Mentmore induced me to go off there. Met Ld. Rosebery at Euston and Emma Cavendish. Didn't speak to him at all tonight, no opportunity.

MENTMORE, *Sunday, May 2.*—Lovely day tho' cold wind. Church (full) at 10.30. Sat up in my room till luncheon.

¹ By Millais.

² By Burne-Jones.



LADY FREDERICK CAVENDISH

1864

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY GEORGE RICHMOND, R.A., AT HOLKER HALL. PAINTED ABOUT THE
TIME OF HER MARRIAGE

Afternoon walked with Constance Flower to Ascot where Leo. Rothschild lives in a palace-like cottage, the most luxurious and lovely thing I ever saw. Here we ate strawberries and cream, and I drove back with Ld. Rosebery in his phaeton and had a long dawdle in the garden and house with him with a great talk about his present position and refusal of office.

LONDON, *Fri. 5 May.*— . . . George Eliot is married,¹ which is the most crushing blow to me. . . .

OXFORD, *Fri. 14 to Wed. 19 May.*—As long as I was in London it was Pandemonium. Getting to Oxford was Heavenly Peace, in spite of rather boring theatricals at Univ. (wh. Coll. has been *sent down* for nailing up a Don). . . . Also went to see a 10-mile bicycle race, and dined with the Adelaides² and visited Lady Margaret and Somerville and went to a Cons. party at the Deanery, of deathly dullness. I was the 'enemy' par excellence and came without invitation. . . . Mad little notes fr. H. S. H. Poor Ld. Eskdale to tea. He bore up, so did Lothians. Travelled up to London with Ld. L[othian] and we talked hard. . . . He ended by asking after Papa ; quite friends by Paddington. Found Downing St. in an awful mess, workmen all over the place, and cooks, boxes and boxes of flowers ; stood till I was dead and there was no dinner to be had. About 40 dined with the P.M. Gunter did it, and the 1st person who arrived for the party was my good good friend Ld. Acton. Flitted about all the evening and rather enjoyed the party, so very pretty, bright, spicy and refined, no bores or civilities or duties. Heard the Queen's speech read, very different fr. the last. Amused at Mr. Godley and Herbert in their uniforms for the 1st time. Herbert has succeeded Father as Member for Leeds.

LONDON, *Sat. May 22.*—The fat is in the fire about the non-recall of Sir B. Frere,³ and the Bradlaugh mess.⁴ . . .

¹ To J. W. Cross.

² Lord and Lady Brownlow.

³ From South Africa.

⁴ Charles Bradlaugh, M.P. for Northampton, an atheist, had claimed the right to affirm instead of taking the oath on his entry to Parliament.

LONDON, *Monday, May 24.*—Queen's birthday. Review. . . . Did many dull useful jobs today. Got a Victoria luncheon with the Reays. He gave me many hints. Dropped loads of cards all about the place. Went to Richter, it was extremely beautiful, especially the *Eroica* [Symphony]. Saw Gertrude and [Lady] Alice G[aisford]. Enjoyed it very much.

Tues. 25th—Mama off to Woodford, Walked with Alice. It was very hot and I got a headache. Also visited G[ertrude] Pembroke. To Mme. Moschelles's music, always very amusing and odd. German jabber all round one. Henschel, Redeker, Miss Baillie (Shakespeare), and the Polish pianiste, all performing with enthusiasm. Freddy and Willy dined and Mama and I went to Frieke's tableaux, a treat because so quiet and dark, organ playing a lovely Wannling, pictures opening one by one. Mrs. Langtry as Effie Deans was not so pretty as in real life.

[Undated.]

DST. L.,—. . . I had the most lovely letter from Ld. Rosebery this morn. Says he doesn't find heroism at all comfortable to a person who isn't a hero. He says he *never* could have undertaken steering Papa in Mid-Lothian unless he had first taken an irrevocable resolution ag. taking anything.—Yr. lov.
M. G.

10 *Downing Street, Whitehall, May 20, 1880.*

DST. L.,—. . . Oh the confusion of the house—about a dozen huge boxes of flowers in wildest confusion, arranged in hideous untidyness, some in jugs, some in basins, some in pots. It was like a dressmaker finding a lot of gowns to unpick and make up again. Now I feel all bewildered. The dinner a huge success, the party most spicy and high bred, rooms lovely, brilliantly lighted and one mass of flowers. Duke of Cambridge came and not one quiz¹ except Mrs. Lowe who doesn't matter as everybody knows her. Ld.

¹ Quiz=figure of fun.

Acton came at 10 and stayed to the end, but I scarcely saw him. Derbys came but no Pennants, many pretty people. My red plush a success. Breakfast this morn. a Dead Failure. Nobody uttered. There was a Greek Archimandrite who was the greatest Kill Joy that ever existed. After breakfast talked to Ld. Acton till 1.45, alas he goes away today again for ever—to Tegernsee too—how I wish it was me. He frightens me rather, he talks as if there was such a lot I could do here, but he is a good friend and gave me many kind hints and is going to write most freely. We talked politics the whole time—he looks much older—was very ill at Mentone. . . .

Tell Mr. Johnson a Newnham student got a 1st in the Moral Science trips. That makes 4 Firsts. Lucy looked so nice in an odd new gown actually made by a dress-maker. . . . Yr. lov.
M. G.

D. St., May 26, 80.

DST. L.,— . . . It is rather appalling finding myself this time so much in the position of 'a political intriguer.' I mean people like Mr. MacColl, Ld. Rosebery, Ld. Reay and Ld. Acton write me heaps of letters, suggestions, questions, things to mention if possible to 'the Dictator' as Ld. R. calls him, papers, general opinions, etc., etc. Just now I was saying to Papa I wd. retire to another table at the breakfast and he answered I was not to as Ld. Rosebery wd. be disappointed. Mama said, 'Oh no, he only uses her as a "pis aller" when he can't get our ear.' Papa was amused. The Bradlaugh thing has been such a worry. Papa distressed over Sir Stafford's conduct, as in a private talk Sir S. advised a Committee and then in the House when Papa proposed a Com^e Sir S. spoke and voted ag. it. There has been *such* a fuss too over Sir Bartle [Frere]; read Papa's speech yesterday, it shows his exact state of mind. If you remember he has never thought Sir Bartle nearly as bad as Ld. Lytton for instance. A. J. B. was very bitter, Spencer advises our 'cutting the connection.' We haven't invited

him to anything. I saw an enormous deal of Ld. A. during his 2 days, and most interesting, useful, and wise he was, and he is going to write to me a great deal ; it is such a bore though flattering that he thinks one can do such a great deal socially. . . . Yr. lov. M.

[Undated.]

Dst. L.,— . . . Well, I plunged straight into the vortex. You may imagine the wonderful luxury of arriving like a Gwendolen for the plums, Helen and Mama having done all the drudgery. The rooms looked too lovely, masses of flowers and lights, and all went off very brilliantly. Ld. Acton came and we had a huge talk yesterday afternoon, and he is to dine here on Sunday night alone and I am to dine with him on Wed. and take anybody I like to go to 'The Cup' afterwards (Tennyson's new tragedy, wonderfully exciting, Helen says ; she went in my place the 1st night). Then we went to the 'Old Shop'¹ in the afternoon. Sir Stafford had been whipped up into foam for him, but it was rather frothy and considering what a good case he might have made, it was, I think, a failure, for it was so indefinite. Papa's answer, the part about Ireland, I thought indeed 'noble and pathetic,' and what was finer than anything was *his refusal to score*. It seemed to put the whole thing on a much higher level. It was solemn and earnest beyond anything you can imagine, for it was the tone of voice and manner wh. were specially impressive and of which you cannot judge from reading the words. . . .—Yr. ever loving M. G.

LONDON, May 20.—Masses of flowers came in ; on hind legs all day arranging them. Luncheon and dinner with Lucy and Albert. Two huge dinner parties. Came in to see the gents having their coffee, the 2 dinners amalgamated, and the evening was a success. The Prince of Wales dined, and 7 *disappointeds*, Lowe, Cardwell, Airlie, Stansfeld, Aberdare,

¹ House of Commons.

Baxter and Otway. I arranged the other table, covering it with chestnut and may, quite lovely and all done in an hour. The great Mentmore gardener took 8 hours over the other and it was not $\frac{1}{2}$ as pretty.

LONDON, *Wed. 2 June*.—Warmer but rainy. Ran over to Lucy's, took her to Richter [concert], heard a bit of the Pastoral, very lovely. . . . To Her Majesty's, a magnificent sight, this great theatre crammed fr. head to foot. Glad to see our good Middlesex friends; they gave us nosegays. Ld. Rosebery took me on to the platform. Herbert spoke less well than I had ever heard him and he was perhaps just too aggressive, but he was hampered by various circs. and especially by time. Towards the end of his speech we caught the sound of cheers without, and in another moment the whole of the vast audience had leapt to their feet cheering, shouting, waving. The P.M.'s speech was perfect. He touched on the Mid-L[othian] election but otherwise it was all gratitude to Middlesex. Mr. Forster and Ld. Rosebery by turn in the chair and I know well which I preferred. Ld. R. made a capital little speech at the end. Dined at a jolly family dinner with Lucy, Alfred, Spencer, Meriel. Music and jabber.

LONDON, *Thurs. 3 June*.—. . . When I reached home found a note fr. Ld. Rosebery saying he was ordered abroad for 3 months. This is horrible. Wrote to him.

LONDON, *Sat. 5th June*.—On the opium thing ¹ last night he was wonderfully skilful, smoothing and comforting everybody all round. . . . Dined at French Embassy, bet. Mr. Adam and Mr. Montebello, pleasant enough, but a bore having to jabber French the whole eve and be introduced to loads of attachés. . . .

ASCOT, *Tues. June 8*.—Off to Ascot, a breezy beautiful day for light, but with violent showers. A boring wait at Waterloo and more boring journey with Bedford party. Walked up to the course. A beautiful sight certainly with the brilliant foreground and wide majestic view stretching

¹ Debate on opium trade.

away in the distance. The races only last 1 minute and about 6 hours between. I had the cares¹ of Harry who was bored. Had 3 talks with Ld. Rosebery and I wore his colours, but alas brought him no luck. He had 7 horses and was nowhere except once 2nd. Ercildoun upon whom all my hopes were set, who was 4th at the Derby, was smashed to bits. Lady Salisbury and the Bradfords in our pew, and it was terribly smart all mixed up with the Royalties. Enjoyed our luncheon. Got home with racking head, dined at Lucy's in misery, dressed, struggled to the party, and felt very sick and went to bed as bad as possible.

LONDON, *Wed. June 9.*—An anniv. Received a MS. poem of Tennyson's in mem. A beautiful thing. . . . I begin to think my life is worse whirl than anybody's, and my head swims with the no. of things to answer and dovetail. 16 notes per diem and everything pulling at one at once and all the time Mama thinking I have nought to do. . . . Had to visit a studio and go to the French play. Prince of Wales' box. *Phèdre*. Sarah's acting is sometimes perfect, but as Lady Airlie says she allows us to hate her, whereas we ought only to hate the sin and not the sinner. A dinner here last night, much good work done. Father makes a Budget tomorrow.

LONDON, *Thurs. June 10.*— . . . For the Budget, I gave my seat away. It was a brilliant success, 'the greatest intellectual treat the House has had for years' (*Sat. Rev.*). Taxes taken off malt and light wines, put on beer, and 1d. on income tax. Richter [concert] with Lucy in dowdy but cool seats. Oh how I enjoyed No. 8 Beethoven, it is delicious. The Brahms No. 2 Symph. in D a great work too, but didn't take it in at 1st hearing.

LONDON, *Thurs. 17 June.*—Heaps to breakfast, a succedage [success]. Mr. Oliphant, E. S. T[albot]s, Mr. Holland, Ld. Mount-Temple, Mr. Newton, Edward Wickham, Meriel's

¹ Glynnese— To have the cares of, being equivalent to feeling anxious or uneasy about a person in whom one is much interested. As an example the *Glynnese Glossary* gives that of a hen which having hatched ducklings has the cares of them when she sees them in the water!



CANON SCOTT HOLLAND



JAMES STUART
FROM THE UNFINISHED OIL PAINTING BY SIR HUBERT VON HERKOMER, R.A.

XL birthday, all went to keep it holy, and there was a surpassing noise. After to [Lord] Northampton's, rather rotten mujack but pretty people, and for a moment to Gertrude's ball. Tea at Mr. Holland's to meet the Freres. This was rather awful. Had a consultation with Mr. Godley beforehand. We pumped Father on many things.

LONDON, *Monday, June 21.*— . . . Flew to the House, but Bradlaugh had not begun. . . .

LONDON, *Tues. 22 June.*— . . . Father spoke splendidly on the B[radlaugh] question. Dinner and party, heaps came, many first-rate civilities. Fat women in dozens.

LONDON, *Thurs. June 24.*—A great breakfast, great success. Only Mr. Bryce at our table, dear little Margaret Burne-Jones at t'other. Mr. B.-J., little Rooke, Mr. Webb, Rice, Hunt, Macmillan, etc., at the other table. All open-mouthed listening to Father on Bradlaugh. (A scene took place yesterday in the House. He presented himself at the table and made an extraordinarily fine speech, and then refusing to withdraw was arrested. There was a great row, and Herbert voted in a minority of 38 in his favour and shook hands.)

LONDON, *Monday, 28 June.*— . . . Hurried off to Woodford for the Conv[alescent] Home Party. . . . As we drove thro' Trafalgar Sq. there was a great Bradlaugh indignation mob. These meetings are taking place all over the country (and converting him into a hero and martyr). Father is to move a resolution on Thurs. that he shall be allowed to affirm.

WELLINGTON COLLEGE, *Fri. July 2.*—Heard of Bradlaugh being allowed to affirm by 56 majority. Father made a long speech.

WELLINGTON COLLEGE, *Sunday, July 4.*—Epistle on Death. Fine tho' rainy. One Mackenzie preached. Edward K. and G. Curzon ¹ and Mr. Bouverie had luncheon.

WELLINGTON COLLEGE, *Monday, July 5.*— . . . Skimmed thro' Mdme. de Rémusat Memorials. She was like a clear

¹ Afterwards Lord Curzon of Kedleston.

rill running thro' every kind of impurity and preserving her cleanliness to the end. . . .

ASCOT, *Monday, July 12.*—I stopped till Monday at this poetical little haven (Woodend). Sat. we started for Swinley Forest to meet Agnes and Co. and eat buns and pick ferns under the glorious old trees. No Agnes there, and rain came in deluges and thunder and lightning as we were sheltering under oaks. Storm followed storm and we drove as hard as Belshazzar wd. take us blinded by the lightning and drenched with rain (refuged in the station). Sunday matins at Sunninghill and evensong at a dear little boys' school wooden chapel. Tea with Lady Gordon. Rather exhausting sort of weather. Climbed railings after buttercups and daisies, and on Monday back to Pandemonium.

LONDON, *Tues. July 20.*—Alfred came and walked me to Lady Airlie's for the Browning reading—the Russian idyll, 'Up in a Villa' and 'Andrea del Sarta.' His voice is even worse than I thought, but certainly he acts it well. A small select company; was next to Lowe and Lowell. Ld. Lansdowne by the bye has resigned because of the Irish Bill. Walking home with Alfred, suddenly burst out in great spots. Spencer, Alice and Kate dined, and all thro' I cd. scarcely sit still with tickling. It turned out to be a furious attack of nettlerash wh. kept me abed and very poorly, mad and miserable for 6 days and nights—no sleep, no eating, sick, frantic. I don't suppose I ever shall forget how bad it was. Dr. Clark came every day and I was dosed and hot-water bathed and lotioned, but nothing gave relief. . . .

LONDON, *Sun. Aug. 1.*— . . . Did not see Papa arrive all cold and unlike himself. Nor did I go down to dinner, and was startled when he came up feeling sick and chilly and looking very ill. Mama arrived about 9 and finding him asleep and better after it, did nothing. He slept 10 hours at night, had breakfast in bed and got up and went to his room. There we found after he shivered for an hour. Went to get Dr. Clark about 1, he came just in time to prevent him going into the Cabinet and was dreadfully alarmed to

find very high temperature and congestion and every sign of a storm as he expressed it. When he came again at 12 P.M. temperature was 103 and he settled to sleep here, having put great poultices on. The night was good, and all Sunday everything seemed to promise well. With Edward L[yttelton] to St. Paul's full service, walked home exhausted. At home till 6, when again to St. P[aul's] for the Arthur L[yttelton] sermon on dogma. A great many of us went, I didn't think it his best, but Dean Church raved. Beautiful services both. Getting home we found everything worse and Dr. C[lark] with a lengthy face. Temperature again 103 and pulse very high. He slept here again, and bad accounts appeared all over the papers next morning.

LONDON, *Mon. Aug. 2.*—Bank Holiday. This was an astonishing day. About two thousand people called, and all thro' the day crowds hung about Downing St. eager for news. All was kept quiet, no carriages allowed, and the day was fairly comfortable, and at night to our intense relief the temp. was gone down one degree. If it had not been so, typhoid fever was morally certain.

LONDON, *Tues. Aug. 3.*—Again rather disappointed, temp. being 101, same as yester morn. Crowds of callers again. Middle of day it went down to 99, oh dear the blessed relief, for Dr. C[lark] gave us a harangue evidently preparing us for a long fever. Helen went to H. of Lords before and I after dinner, hearing Lds. Argyll, Beaconsfield and Granville speak and seeing the unlucky Irish Bill rejected by a majority of 230. Never was more struck than by the contrast between Lds. B. and G., the former was singularly dull and pompous. Ld. Wolverton took care of me. Millions of enquirers. Home at 2.30.

LONDON, *Wed. Aug. 4.*—From that morning all went smoothly and he seemed to be recovering like a child. He was shaved and looks so nice, tho' wonderfully pulled down. He saw Ld. Hartington and 2 or 3 others. Altogether about 10,000 cards, letters and telegrams have come to the house in 4 days. The enemy have called and sent in large numbers

including our predecessors, all kinds of remedies proposed in telegrams and even sent, and beautiful fruit. The Queen kind, and altogether the intense interest and devotion shown have surpassed anything one could imagine.

LONDON, *Monday, Aug. 9.*— . . . H. Tennyson came over to luncheon. We sat out among the ants and he read a new poem of his Father's and I read a new poem of Browning. . . .

LONDON, *Thurs. Aug. 13 to Sunday 16.*— . . . Father did not attend Cabinet (3rd he has missed) and did not dine. Was between Lowell and Ld. Granville, but the conv. at dinner was not quite what it shd. be considering the elements, and Lowell seemingly has a faculty for rubbing Mr. Bright the wrong way. The Duke of Argyll gave us an interesting account of Cyrus Field and the Atlantic Cable, and of the street railways in America. Pain, gout and teeth took up the conv. for some time. At 10 down came Father, and from that moment a most agreeable evening it was.

Aug. 80.

DST. LAVINIA,— . . . Yesterday we came here,¹ a brilliant little gathering—D. of Argyll, Bright, Ld. Granville and Mr. Lowell, and certainly the conversation last night was of the pleasantest. Papa did not come down till after dinner (he had not been to the Cabinet for he feels his head weak still) and there seemed quite a new tenderness for him in the way they gathered round his armchair, and a new reverence and interest in the way they listened and spoke to him. The Duke and Bright both with such an unwonted gentleness in their manner. Napoleon and the Duke of Wellington were the main topics, also the untrustworthiness of history in general. That was principally started by Lowell, who rather uncomfortably knocks away the ground from under our feet. But he is very agreeable and I am delighted to have an opportunity for seeing and knowing him more really. Lucy and Freddy [Cavendish] hope to come here Wed., and I have written to invite Maggie [Stepney] and Mr. Burne-

¹ Downing Street.

Jones, as all these good people now assembled disperse to-morrow. We have had such a nice service (full) in Mr. Street's beautiful little memorial Church to his wife, hearty, quiet, reverent congregation and such nice singing and hymns. Papa not a bit the worse for it, and says kneeling never tires him. . . .

We have asked the Dean whether Mr. Holland's sermon [before the Queen] was a success. He said he and Lily [his wife] were both delighted in it, but—'it was not liked elsewhere,' which of course means the Queen. . . .—Yr. lov.
M. G.

[Undated.]

DST. L.,—Your letter is so interesting, but you know it makes me feel a greater fool than ever. Most of my pleasure in intercourse with a man like Ld. A[cton] is spoilt by feeling how much more May or you wd. make of it. It's like the talents, you wd. make other five, and I only bury them in a napkin, at least I do hand them round more or less, but I myself don't make anything of them. You make such a lot of good comments which I have neither made nor thought of—it is very humiliating. . . .

HOLMBURG, *Monday, Aug. 17.*— . . . We went to see the Bowmans who have an ideal spot close by. Their black boy, Coffee, Abyssinian King's son, came. He is at school at Cranleigh. . . . Read *Troublesome Daughters*,¹ wh. ought to be called 'Troublesome Mothers,' clever and interesting but not to be compared to dear old *Mr. Smith*¹ and *Second Thoughts*, an innocent and yet racy novel of Miss Broughton's. . . . Dr. Clark came down and reports most favourably of Papa.

LONDON, *Fri. Aug. 20.*—Off to North End [Road], sat all day long and it was a dead failure. Helen read aloud and we had a delicious gossamer luncheon and Mr. Burne-Jones told us about Jane Norton who was a Sister Dora and beloved by Mr. Lowell. He talked to us about the *Pilgrim's*

¹ By Mrs. L. B. Walford.

Progress and we discussed James's stories. He was very weak and feverish and could not paint, neither cd. I sit. . . .

LONDON, *Monday, Aug. 24 to Monday 31.*— . . . 'Tis all settled for Helen to go to Cambridge as Nora's sub.¹ next Oct. quite smoothly and easily. . . . Badgering and obstruction still flourishes in H. of C. Turkish Govt. continues to lie and to postpone. Thurs. all started off from Charing X amidst crowds, cheers, red cloth, reporters and barricades, in a special train (awful fuss beforehand as Father never knew they were to start in morn. . . . plans with Ld. Granville, etc.) to Gravesend. Here we found a great kick-up—most interesting and animated and picturesque, the scene on the water with its crowds of boats, glowing weather, enthusiastic greetings, and the large ship like a house. Went all over it and had 5 o'clock tea and longed to be going. . . . We watched the *Grandtully Castle*² glide off, and then Willy and I returned disconsolate to London. . . . On Fri. after calling at Harley St. came off to Hawarden. Rapid journey, found 7 children prosperous, great Ducks shrieking with excitement and joy when I appeared in the passage. Was assailed by a whole army of Blue Devils the first evening. It was endless and forlorn. Certainly a wondrous contrast to my life the last 6 months. How different it has all been to what I expected when I so mournfully left the Rectory on March 9, how much more interesting, absorbing and exciting. How often it has happened to me lately to find reality so far outdo expectations in enjoyment of life, and what a lesson it shd. teach. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Monday, Sept. 6.*— . . . The Indian news is fine. Gen. Roberts' march to Candahar, 16 miles a day, a grand duel for history is ending in a great victory over Ayoub Khan. The Turks too are giving in by degrees. Father made his 1st appearance Sat. at Cabinet and House of Commons, rapturously received. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Sunday, Sept. 12 to Wed. 15.*—Tooth got bad

¹ As Vice-Principal of Newnham College. Mrs. Sidgwick was Principal.

² In which Mr. Gladstone went for a cruise after his illness.

again. Only once to Church Sunday. Monday went and had it out. The l[aughing] gas delicious, and I had such a fine reaction and feeling of life being delightful. Parents came Monday evening from Mentmore, crowd at Chester. Tuesday a stormy day of cloud—did nothing but gloat over not having toothache.

HAWARDEN, *Sept. 27*.—Now it is the 27th and I have neglected my journal, for life was very uneventful, very delicious and peaceful. . . . Affairs in Eastern Europe are very ticklish. Cipher telegrams flew hither and thither and on 28 news came that the P[rince] of Montenegro funks fighting. (Turkey having declined to fulfil what is required of her, and the Albanians refusing to give up Dulcigno to Montenegro.) It looks like our fighting. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Oct. 6*.—Now it's Oct. 6. Oh dear, and Papa went off to London, and it's a crisis and the Turks worse than ever, promising and evading and postponing. Another splendid letter fr. Tennyson on St. Hilaire. Read Vols. 2, 3 and 4 of [Justin] MacCarthy, the 2 latter are pronounced inferior to 2 former, the more exciting to me. Now in Vol. 1 just reached these wise words à propos of in 1837, 'The one great lesson it teaches is that political agitation lives and is formidable only by virtue of what is reasonable in its demands.' We might well put that into our pipes and smoke it not without profit à propos of Ireland. . . . News from the East has made me feel a different creature. After Turkey's refusal about 3 weeks ago and the Powers had again remonstrated and insisted on the surrender of Dulcigno in Albania to Montenegro, she sent a Note to the Powers breathing defiance and only saying she wd. fulfil the Berlin Treaty if the Naval demonstration was given up. This insult to Europe had the apparent result of uniting more firmly than ever the 6 Powers, at least so wd. be judged from the general tone of the foreign Press. However, when it came to the English Cabinet to propose measures it was found that the Concert was not real. Austria and Germany, followed by France, backed out of action though approving.

Poor Papa was dismally disappointed, but on Sunday evening arrived news from the Ambassador at Const[antinople] that the Turkish F[oreign] Minister had been round to tell them of Turkey's submission. The result was a burst of jubilee on Monday morn. in Father's letter, on big sheet of paper and quoting ecstatically, 'Praise to the Holiest in the Height.' So that Monday was a brilliant day. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Tues. Oct. 12.*—Again a depressed letter fr. Father as the Turkish submission had not been confirmed by the Council, and it looked as if on hearing of the disunion of the Powers, Turkey was resuming defiance. At 4 came a telegram fr. Mr. Godley, 'All satisfactory,' wh. sent us all mad with delight, and behold he is to come tonight. Thundered 'God save the Queen' and jigs and danced with joy. Alfred arrived at 6, a good moment, and the 'conjuring hero' at 8.30. He was so happy, he was almost breaking down. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Wed. Oct. 13 to Sat. 16.*— . . . The Palgraves came to luncheon, and a capital talk on Scott, Dante, Milton and Newman. . . . Read H. Spencer's *Sociology*, thought it very depressing. What an odd blending of the Pessimist and the Optimist, the former as to the past and present, the latter as to the future. Some of it I like, it is all interesting and very clear, but often I fancy exaggerated.

HAWARDEN, *Sunday, Oct. 17 to Fri. 22.*—Ld. Spencer came Sat. till Monday and was very pleasant and nice, but all the official talk was signed and sealed in the Temple of Peace. One day when Alfred and Harry were out shooting came 2 cipher telegrams wh. made me fear for Dulcigno, but soon the meaning crept out. It was a fussy thing from H.M. about Ireland. . . . Not out Friday. Read a new little sketch of Sister Dora. She was sound on E. Q.

HAWARDEN, *Sat. Oct. 23.*— . . . Read Lecky on the Whigs. The Reays, Ld. March, Mr. Hayward arrived. Great discussion with the 2 latter on Ireland, pros and cons of suspending Habeas Corpus and renewing Peace Preservation

Act. W. E. G. ag. both, and only pitying the ignorance of the poor disturbers of peace; hopes to punish the ring-leaders by prosecuting the promoters of the Land League. The *Pall Mall* and *Daily News* are ag. him, as too great an infringement of liberty.

HAWARDEN, *Sunday, Oct. 31 to Nov. 7*.—Looking back over this past week I think it almost the most successful as a party I ever remember anywhere. There was such a variety of attractions about its components, so much interest not only in themselves but in their positions, and all this heightened by the importance of the moment historically, that I don't suppose it cd. easily be equalled. Sunday morn. all to Church. Mr. MacColl preached but broke down in voice and sermon, having lost both. All walked after luncheon, and after tea Ld. Rosebery came up to my room, and pacing up and down for 2 hours, we had about the most interesting and absorbing talk I have ever had with him. He left next morn. and was replaced by the Odo Russells. She had a cold and went to bed, and at first I thought Ld. Odo was going to be on my nerves. His rather tiresome likeness to Ld. Acton, the impossibility of discovering whether he is humbugging or not. However, I must confess he very soon reasserted all his old attraction for me, and we had a deal of very pleasant conversation. Walked and talked a good bit with his wife and very much liked her. She is very bright and good humoured and with a real kind heart and contented soul. . . . Everybody talked like blazes, and Ld. Odo's description of 'Ottochen' (Bismarck) was the best thing I ever heard. . . .

WOOD END, *Fri. Nov. 19*.— . . . Great alarm over Lion,¹ whose whole stomach turned scarlet, with black in the middle. Rowley declared mortification had set in and that it was a gunshot wound. Cath. [Leicester-Warren] and Maggie [Stepney] telegraphed for the Vet. surgeon from London, and then gave themselves up to despair. Refused all food and wept bitter tears. Lion meanwhile seemed perfectly

¹ Lady Stepney's dog.

well. Was dangerous from hunger and spirits and I felt sure he was all right. Moore arrived and said he was quite well! We then had a kind of a feast. Matters again became serious towards 10 P.M. when the hero of this Wondrous Melodrama broke his bonds and leapt off into the woods to hunt. Maggie and Cath. spent most of the night out of doors in a dazzling moonlight, with ulsters over their nightgowns, and about 3 were rewarded by the return of the Prodigal. . . .

OXFORD, *Tues. Nov. 23.*— . . . My XXXIII b.day, rose at daybreak, received real skin gloves and various embraces from Mama. . . . Found numberless breaks at Keble. A Golden Reading Lamp and Keble Med[itation] book from E. and L. Luminous match box from Alice G[aisford], worked antic¹ from May (who is poorly and unlike her little dear self). Church's *Gifts of Civilisation* fr. MacMillan, pug dog Mme. Hamilton. Tennyson's new poems fr. H. Tennyson. Gold pencil case from Ld. Rosebery, real lace mittens fr. Maggie, money fr. Helen, Lucy and Cath. [Leicester] Warren towards jolly letter case, opal fr. Sybella [Lady Lyttelton]. . . .

OXFORD, *Monday, 29 Nov.*— . . . After dinner to E[nglish] C[hurch] U[nion] meeting, wh. however was so stuffed that we failed to get in till by Kathleen's [Lyttelton] energy we climbed a spiked locked iron gate with a ladder and squeezed in by a back door, managing just to hear Dr. King's defence of Ritualism as distinguished fr. Romanism. The ladder gone when we came out! Mem. my climbing over into a cart and being tipped out by Arthur.

HAWARDEN, *Wed. Dec. 1 to Tues. 7.*— . . . The great event now is the telephone bet. Castle and Rectory and we talk as if in one house, great fun.

HAWARDEN, *Dec. 20.*— . . . Papa off to London for Cabinets and Queen. General fuss in Press and air bristling with rumours. Am at this minute writhing under Lecky's

¹ Any small thing or object that cannot be described in precise terms (Glynnese).

Irish chapters in his *18th Century*, the most terrible story surely of injustice and misgovernment that ever happened in a civilised corner of the world. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Tues. Dec. 21 to Tues. 28.*—One day we stopped at home entirely and read a fine Analysis of Tennyson's *Vision of Sin* by Rev. Griffiths. I spouted to an unsympathetic audience, making dolls' shifts and curl papers and all generally flippant, wh. was a pity as some was very impressive and it was full of beautiful thoughts and poetry of language. All this time was too much fuss for enjoyment, too many people of my own on my shoulders, too many things to think of, decorating, children all mixed up and Church and Advent and Christmas. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Dec. 30th and 31st.*—Did not think much about the last hours of 1880, and was only oppressed with feeling of London. It has been an eventful, wonderful year, and with all the rocks ahead and gathering clouds the prevailing feeling is thankfulness. . . .

1881

Bradlaugh, Majuba, the Irish Land Bill, and the death of Lord Beaconsfield were the chief public events of 1881.

HAWARDEN, *Jan. 1, 1881.*— . . . I have never mentioned the overwhelming loss to the world in the death of George Eliot. There have been some fine words about it in the papers, but none approaching to those in Ld. A.'s last letter to me. 'In problems of life and thought wh. baffled Shakespeare disgracefully, her touch was unfailing. No writer ever lived who had anything like her power of manifold but disinterested and impartially observant sympathy. If Sophocles or Cervantes had lived in the light of our culture, if Dante had prospered like Manzoni, Geo. Eliot might have had a rival.' . . .

HAWARDEN, *Tues. Jan. 4.*— . . . Rather last evening-ums.

I have felt almost as if the world had stood quite still for a day or two.

LONDON, *Wed. 5 Jan.*— . . . Dinner at C[arlton] H[ouse] T[errace] and then back for the reading of the Queen's speech. The evening party was a brilliant one with few blots. Talked most to Ld. Acton ; Lady Spencer and Lady Granville brightened us up, and the official uniforms always improve a crowd wonderfully. All seemed in good humour and in good heart.

LONDON, *Thurs. Jan. 6.*— . . . Went to the House and heard Sir Stafford's [Northcote] onslaught on the Govt. He had been whipped up into a good deal of froth, but it *was* froth and contained little that was pointed or substantial or even definite. Papa's answer I thought particularly refined and dignified, the last about Ireland both noble and pathetic. Perhaps the finest thing about it was his refusal to score off the Op^a when it was easy for him to do so.

LONDON, *Fri. Jan. 7.*— . . . Parnell made an 'astute' speech to an empty House, Irish obstruction having delayed him till dinner. All seems rather calming down. The cry for earlier coercion has specially melted before Govt. reasons, and Papa seems very serene and confident.

LONDON, *Sunday, Jan. 9.*— . . . Ld. Acton to dinner ; fearfully dull, but afterwards a great Irish talk on 3 F's¹ wh. was good.

LONDON, *Monday, Jan. 10.*— . . . Went to the House and heard Mr.² Plunkett's most forcible and eloquent speech, carefully abstaining throughout from censuring the Govt. and all the more powerful for that. Ld. Randolph spoke early in flippant and unmeasured terms. . . .

LONDON, *Tues. Jan. 11.*— . . . Walked to Gros^r Gal[lery] with Stepby. The Burne-Jones's are numerous and very striking—the *Christ in Judgment*, a round blue picture with most beautiful Angels' faces, but not a success quite in the principal figure. There is a quaint, very lovely sea

¹ Fair rents, fixity of tenure and free sale.

² Now Sir Horace Plunkett.

nymph riding on great green-blue waves, and a wood nymph in wh. Margaret [Burne-Jones] is looking pale and sad between green branches. Many designs for windows—didn't look at much else. To the House at 4.30 with Father. (Two Vols. of Ruskin's letters turned up this morn. from 'an insincere admirer.') The Solicitor-General for Ireland spoke at great length and with no little *naïveté* of expression and manner, making the Irish members very angry. So far one is glad of any arguments in support of coercion, as certainly most have set one against it. There is great dismay and disappointment as to the Land Bill, shadowy tho' its outlines at present are ; but to me it is a fine sight to watch him calm and unmoved, stemming the torrent instead of rushing with it, holding back Radicals and Tories, many of the latter wishing for the 3 F's from mere panic.

LONDON, *Wed. Jan. 12.*—With Helen to Old Masters afternoon ; a delicious collection, so small and so good, most of the best are Ld. Cowper's and therefore familiar. We dined at the St. James's Hotel with Ld. Acton, Herbert and Alfred and I, which was rare fun, the dinner a rattling one, and we left in the middle for the Lyceum. Tennyson's new tragedy *The Cup*, very short, very exciting and horrible, very splendid in stage effects and here and there fine in writing. Ellen Terry's acting of it is beautiful, though scarcely powerful enough. It is more perfection of grace than tragic power. The *Corsican Brothers* afterwards, has a splendid ghost. I enjoyed the whole thing very greatly, praps the company as much as anything. . . .

LONDON, *Tues. Jan. 25 and Wed. 26.*—Went to Wimbledon both days for skating. 1st day with dazzling sun on spotless snow was lovely and inspiring ; 2nd day drove with Frances [Horner] thro' fog, but it was fun and we had greedy luncheon on ice. Dined in Gros^r Pl. Tues. with Herbert, having first been to the House to hear Father's motion about the Coercion Bill taking precedence (Mr. Forster's speech yesterday introducing his C. B.,¹ or Protection B. as it is called,

¹ Coercion Bill.

including Peace Preservation Act and Suspension of Habeas Corpus *with restrictions*, was a success). . . . Wed. morn. in came Herbert in dress clothes, having sat up all night at the House, the Irish obstructing and carrying it on all day. Mr. Biggar suspended and altogether a disgraceful spectacle in H. of C. They went on till 3, others joining them, but then caved in. Father spoke perfectly in answer to O'Donnell. Went again to *The Cup* and *Corsican Brothers*. Thought the former boundlessly beautiful. It grows wonderfully.

LONDON, *Thurs. 27 Jan. 1881.*— . . . Sybella dined and went to the House with us. Mr. Arthur O'Connor was trolling on to a thin House, but about 10.45 up jumped Mr. Bright to our joy and made a homely but impassioned speech. Apparently stung by the Irish taunts wh. perpetually interrupted him, his voice quivered with feeling as he compared the behaviour of the Land League to that of the Anti-Corn Law League ; he said a few strong words of commendation about Mr. Forster, and declared nothing wd. have made him vote for Coercion without a strong remedial measure. . . . Sybella¹ took Sarah² to the H. of Lords, and after explaining to her the position of parties, Sarah buried her face in her lap, ' Oh Mammy, if you were on the floor of the House, it distresses me to think which side you 'd be on.' 10 yrs. old.

LONDON, *Fri. 28 Jan.* . . . At 10.20 spun off to the House in time for the fag end of an interminable speech of Mr. McCowans's, and a magnificent reply from the P.M. By reply I mean reply to them all, including Labouchere,³ who had made a clever, rascally, mischievous speech last night, minimising the outrages to any extent and exciting and delighting the Irreconcilables. The effect of tonight's answer was indescribable, both parties alike seemed swept off their feet, the House was quite full and the excitement tremendous. He [Mr. Gladstone] went very carefully into detail, specially

¹ Lady Lyttelton.

² Now Hon. Mrs. John Bailey.

³ M.P. for Northampton, editor of *Truth*.

on the relation between crimes and Land League meetings. He dwelt impressively on the improvements in the country during the last 40 years, the diminution of other crime, the increase of wages and greater prosperity. His words were fair and moderate and generous, but his voice had a ring of intense fervour which was soul-piercing. The debate was adjourned.

LONDON, *Sat. 29 Jan.*— . . . I sat next Sir Bartle Frere. We talked chiefly about sermons. His manner and voice are velvety, too like Mr. de Lisle's, but his face is strong and fine. Ly. Ashburton was there, thrilling a good deal, and the Dean of Westminster and Mr. Villiers. Alfred came after and we carried him on to Spencer Ho., where we received the congrats of the world.

LONDON, *Wed. 2 Feb.*—Got to the House just in time to hear the Speaker¹ let off his thunderbolt. It was awfully exciting and evidently the Irish were entirely taken by surprise—rage, mortification, discomfiture overwhelmed them. It was all concocted by the Speaker himself. They seemed mad and distorted with fury, but after all behaved in a dignified manner. After the division on the 1st reading, the Speaker having cut short debate, the 19 malcontents stood up and in chorus shouted 'Privileges'; receiving none, they bowed profoundly and with utmost sarcasm to the Speaker, and heads in air marched single file out of the House. After late breakfast, during wh. Father was bursting with delight over the Speaker's pluck and cleverness, we returned at 12, finding it crowded and tumultuous, and the whole afternoon was spent in a debate on the adjournment of the House (angrily moved by Mr. Sullivan). . . .

LONDON, *Thurs. 3 Feb.*—Harry's last day, very wretched.² . . . Ld. Rosebery to luncheon. Father indignant with Sir Stafford, who is slippery and shabby about his resolutions for a form of closure. At luncheon he said he wd. 'rather be in Lord Beaconsfield's hands.' 'Sir Stafford is made of

¹ The Speaker (Brand) had closed the debate.

² He was returning to India.

some liquid wh. is so much weaker than water that to add water to it wd. strengthen it.' He is very much exhausted by the long and continuous strain, but quite well. 'Well, Harry dear, your waves and waters will hardly be so troubled as ours, I think.' . . .

LONDON, *Fri. 4 Feb.*— . . . To the House at 5, but the waters were all smooth, and everything went off prosaically. Heard Bradlaugh speak for the 1st time. He drops all his h's and has an ugly angry voice, but some of what he said was good and said with eloquence. He is against coercion and pining for the Land Bill. . . .

LONDON, *Tues. Feb. 8.*— . . . To Bromley with Alice Balfour for Mothers' tea, a success, and dissolving views of mines afterwards.

LONDON, *Fri. 11 to Mon. 14 Feb.*— . . . Luncheon in Gros^r Place and to Mr. Colvin's lecture on the Amazons. He has earnestness but no brightness. [R.] Browning was there. . . . We dined with Corks. Next Sir C. Dilke, was interested in him. He loves gardening, knows all about flowers and trees and *fans*. . . . Went to the House for an hour, it drags on over the C[rimes] B[ill]. Parnell not yet back. Father said tonight when you were once in for a measure wh. was ag. the laws of liberty, it became very difficult when it came to be a question of more or less. This was à propos of Mr. Stansfeld's amendment.

LONDON, *Wed. 16 Feb.*— . . . Dined with Fitzwilliams next Ld. Dunraven, an odd, clever, bitter creature. He talked after dinner too. The G. P. treated like royalty. . . .

LONDON, *Fri. 18 Feb.*— Rocks ahead. . . . A policeman sleeps in the garden.

LONDON, *Mon. 21 Feb.*— . . . To the House for midnight stopping of debate. The scene was great fun, crowded and such expectation. O'Donnell made himself the martyr and was pulled up as the clock struck, and the Bill reported as amended. . . .

LONDON, *Wed. 23 Feb.*— . . . To *Masks and Faces*, wh. enjoyed most tremendously. After with Nevvy to Rosebery

Party. He [Lord Rosebery] has given me Byron in 18 Vols. A great fright, message that Father had had a fall. Rushed home in growler,¹ dreadfully alarmed, specially as they told us only that he was in Hyam's room. Found he had slipped and cut his head badly tho' very safely. His shirt was all over blood, and the scene in Hyam's bedchamber with Mrs. Hampton² like Ly. Macbeth with a candle and nightcap, doctor plastering up head, was very dramatic. A great mercy it was no worse. Sent for Dr. Clark, who came about 2.

LONDON, *Mon. Feb. 28.*— . . . Awful news from the Transvaal. Sir G. Colley netted and 600 men. . . . To the House, where they did not give up the P[ea]ce P[re]servation B[ill], to my keen disappointment. Ld. Hartington made statements, the House was excited and a taste of 'muttered thunder' about. Found Father in capital trim; had tea with him. Spencer dined with me, and to the Pop, where was most magnificent squash, to receive Mme. Schumann. She played the Études finely, but holding herself in too much at first. The Brahms Violin Sonata exquisite in one place. . . .

LONDON, *Wed. Ash, Mar. 2.*— . . . Mr. Tennyson came and talked with Papa, watched over by [Sir James] Paget and Clark.³ It was most interesting. Homer and Ireland in especial, and he had been all day buried in Budget. Coercion Bill is Law. The Lords swallowed it with faint show of reluctance from Ld. Beaconsfield. . . . Papa in great force at dinner talking astronomy.

LONDON, *Thurs. Mar. 3.*— . . . To House of C. in time to see Papa received warmly, then to H. of L. for Ld. Lytton's motion about Candahar. He spoke long and well but not brilliantly or forcibly, followed flatly but sensibly by Ld. Enfield. Here we scuttled off to H. of C. just in time to see Healy⁴ suspended for violent language. Dined with Sir W. Knollys in company with the Pss. of Wales and D. of Cambridge; a rather interesting son took me in and we had a rare good Ottleyish talk. The Pss. asked me if I had read

¹ A four-wheel cab.

² The housekeeper.

³ His doctors.

⁴ Late Governor-General of the Irish Free State.

Endymion and declared she stuck in Vol. I.¹ Much laughter when Sir W. [Knollys] said goodnight, and Mama thinking he was returning to the debate entreated to go with him. His destination turned out to be *bed*. Came in for Ld. Derby and Ld. Salisbury and Ld. Northbrook. The former is singularly ineffective. He read his speech, but the matter was of highest excellence. Ld. S[alisbury] was violent and not happy in any way. Ld. Northbrook too much excited for weight.

LONDON, *Fri. Mar. 4.*— . . . To H. of L. for part of Ld. Cranbrook's lengthy but well composed speech, and for beginning of D. of Argyll's fiery reply. He rightly said it was a question of annexing the whole of Afghanistan or not. . . . To St. Anne's for Passion Music, Spencer singing beautifully the bass solo 'Consider.' Liked it. Got back in midst of Ld. Dunraven, wh. was spicy and clever tho' ag. Govt., and Ld. Stanley of A[lderley] wh. was totally inaudible. Then followed Ld. Beaconsfield violently cutting off our young speakers, Lds. Lansdowne and Rosebery. He spoke coolly except where referring to Ld. Derby, and moderately, and was complimented by Ld. Granville whose reply was certainly very happy. Cut the division (89 majority ag. Govt.).

LONDON, *Sunday, March 13.*— . . . Awful news of the Czar,² assassination and death.

LONDON, *Wed. 16 Mar.*— . . . To Maggie's and with her to Tennyson's for dinner. . . . Huge party afterwards. We all sat round Mrs. Tennyson. Mr. Cowper³ was there, talked to him after dinner, and Mr. Morris and B. Holland, and Alfred and Mr. B. of Whitechapel. Mr. Tennyson said, 'Oh, you wild-eyed thing, I ought always to know you with yr. great wild eyes.'

LONDON, *Wed. 23 Mar.*— . . . We dined w. Ld. Tenterden, meeting a portentous party of Cabinet Mins., Ambassadors etc. Between Sir G. Wolseley and George Villiers, uncommon good luck, both so extremely pleasant. The latter

¹ Disraeli's novel.

² Alexander II.

³ Hon. Henry Cowper.

straight fr. Berlin and Petersburg, thinks everything depends on whether the Czar can keep Melikoff.

LONDON, *Thurs. 24 Mar.*—In a state of bathing feel ¹ all day because of Herbert's speech. . . . To the House, heard Mr. Stanhope's speech wh. was fair and good, from his point of view, followed by Sir C. Dilke who was quite admirable and struck me very greatly. Home to dinner, returning w. Papa at 9.15, finding Mr. young Northcote speaking. Our side had been well filled all the debate, but the Conservatives were conspicuous by their absence. Herbert jumped up about $\frac{1}{4}$ to 10, amidst loud cheers, and made an excellent deliberate telling speech. Everybody most kind and cordial, specially Tory ladies in Mrs. Brand's ² box. Lib. M.P.'s watching and listening with faces lit up by affect^{te} smiles. He spoke 35 min. and was nicely complimented by Mr. Gibson.³

LONDON, *Fri. 25 Mar.*— . . . To H. of Commons at 11, arriving for poor Mr. Bourke's exceeding dull speech to wh. nobody whatever listened. Ld. Hartington followed with extraordinary effect. I never saw him so animated or so vigorous before. He spoke for an hour and $\frac{1}{2}$ and the interest never flagged. Came away when Sir Stafford rose about 2 ; the division gave us 120 majority; wh. was really splendid.

LONDON, *Sat. 26 Mar.*— . . . Dinner with Tennysons, very interesting, between Dr. Martineau and Mr. B. Hamilton ; with the latter talk on Byron. En route there Papa (after 9 hours' incessant work today) said that of the 4 great difficulties, Africa, India, Greece and Ireland, at length he could say that they were melting away. Jowett, Concy ⁴ and Wolseleys dined, and after T[ennyson] read *Morte d'Arthur*.

LONDON, *Monday, 28 Mar.*—To 3 studios, Moschelles, a maukin,⁵ and Millais. At the latter was a lovely Cinderella

¹ *I.e.* 'resembling that of a child about to fall into the arms of a bathing woman' (Glynnese).

² Wife of the Speaker.

⁴ Lady Lothian.

³ A Conservative.

⁵ 'An unknown individual' (Glynnese).

and a hideous Ld. Beaconsfield. When I say hideous I only mean it was so dreadfully like him. It is said that Mr. Plunkett thinks that if shown in Royal Academy it will scatter the Cons. Party to the 4 winds. . . .

LONDON, *Tues. 29 Mar.*— . . . The Drawing Room very black and H.M. looking sour. Watched for a long while, wh. was amusing. . . .

LONDON, *Wed. Mar. 30.*— . . . Hurried home to find Papa funking the play which we had booked for him for weeks, having a suspicion of cold. I behaved shockingly and was unmentionably cross. . . .

LONDON, *Thurs. 31 Mar.*—Poor Ld. Beaconsfield is very ill and there is great excitement. . . . Transvaal row in H. of Lords.

LONDON, *Fri. 1 Ap.*—Dizzy better. With Lucy to Argyll Lodge. The Duke kicking a little about the Transvaal. We found him making his Cannes sketches. . . .

LONDON, *Sat. 2 Ap.*— . . . We took Papa to *Masks and Faces*; great success, tho' Bancroft can't hold a candle to Blunt in Triplet. Went to Royal Box, our places being *last* row in stalls. Scene. Much cheering and great ovation coming out.

LONDON, *Sun. 3 Ap.*—To St. Margaret's and Westr. Abbey, the Dean [Stanley] preaching on Cromwell, Dizzy, the Czar, Elizabeth, etc. . . .

LONDON, *Mon. 4 Ap.*—To the H. of C. for the Budget, a flat one, apparently, but wonderful to watch & listen to. Id. off income tax. It took 2 hours and $\frac{1}{4}$ and House was crammed.

LONDON, *Tues. 5 Ap.*— . . . To the House, where came in for smart little scene got up by T. P. O'Connor, who spoke vigorously but hotly. Mr. Forster and Papa crushed him and Justin MacCarthy with too mighty weapons, I thought, brought up by Parnell and Healy to the rescue—when—a count out. The evictions have increased enormously since the Coercion bills. . . .

LONDON, *Thurs. 7 Ap.*— . . . Off to luncheon at F.

Moschelles' pretty studio, meeting Modjeska, Joachim, Corney Grain and Mr. Quilter. Funny sort of foreign meal, odd mixture of German and artistic, all brightened by flowers and the graceful nice hostess. Cigarettes were handed to us all. Modjeska smoked and we sat talking away with smoke puffing about. Enjoyed Joachim. . . . Got to the H. of C. at 5.15 for Irish Land Bill. The Speech did not begin till $\frac{1}{4}$ to 6 and lasted till just after 8. It was wonderful and the finest I ever heard except the Reform '66 one. Felt extraordinarily stirred by it. The impression on all seemed to be favourable, and on the Irish particularly so. The dull part was about free sale and the Court. The 3 F's are hedged in with conditions. The House crammed, enthusiasm deep. Hannah [Rosebery] and Lav. [Talbot] came home to high tea with us. Felt so relieved.

LONDON, *Fri.* 8 *Ap.*— . . . The Duke of Argyll has resigned, very sad but not unexpected. Dizzy rather better. Called there, visited Maggie and went to the Tennysons' to meet dear Joe. He and Tennyson were amusing to watch. . . .

LONDON, *Sat.* 9 *Ap.*— . . . An enchanting breakfast with Father, who was in brilliant mood and told how he had had to stem the tide in the Cabinet. Also good Carlyle talk, on his poetry. Drove with my F[rances] to North End to see poor dear B[urne]-J[ones], who was so weak and ill it was very distressing. . . .

LONDON, *Sunday*, 10 *Ap.*—Dear, beautiful Palm Sunday, now 6 years,¹ and pretty peaceful day it has been. . . . Mr. Balfour came to luncheon and a most nice afternoon. We went to see Meriel and Maggie and Tennyson, and at the latter Joachim played for nearly 2 hours divinely, ac. by Mr. Fuller Maitland, it was a very marvellous treat. The great C minor Beethoven, the Mendelssohn Concerto Andante, a splendid Largo of Bach's and several wild screaming and furious Hungarian dances. Then to St. Mary's, B[ryanston] Sq., and afterwards dinner at Sybella's.² She

¹ Since Mary Lyttelton's death.

² Lady Lyttelton.

makes a capital and so kind centre for the family, and the evening was very comfortable. Driving home in a hansom was terrified, as he [the driver] was evidently drunk and we had 2 violent collisions and several narrowest shaves. I had to threaten to get out in the Haymarket. He said 'they came too near.'

LONDON, *Mon. Apr. 11.*—Went a sort of midnight expedition with Alfred to North End [Road], arriving there at 7, and a most pleasant hour of quiet bright talk in the dark room by the flickering fire round B[urne]-J[ones]'s sofa, wife and children sitting about listening, a picture of perfect domestic peace and brightness wh. was most moving to me. Delightful drive in the Victoria in the dark thro' the soft warm air, east wind being fled.

LONDON, *Thurs. Apr. 21.*—Read Vol. II. of Wilberforce with great interest about Papa, so many exciting bits about him, and tho' the Bp. may not rise in one's opinion intellectually he does spiritually without doubt, more and more. Bob and I were vaccinated on Thurs. and came away late to go to *Romeo and Juliet*, dining in Bry. Sq. Modjeska is not good in it, not young and fresh enough, too much the passionate woman. She throws herself down in heaps well, her accent a terrible drawback.

Fri. Ap. 22 to Fri. 29.— . . . To think of my never mentioning Ld. Beaconsfield's death on Ap. 19 and all the consequent rush of highest flown praise. First-rate nonsense rampaged for a week. Papa telegraphed to offer a public funeral, but this was refused. Dr. Liddon's allusion was full of dignity and justice and there was something very awful in his concluding words : only in so far as they are like God, will they be acceptable to God, or some such words. He quoted a German pessimist poet who said that 'sadness and aspiration' were the chief ingredients of genuine universal poetry. The sermon was on the perplexities of life. Mr. Knox Little dined on Monday, and Wed. after Mackenzie meal we went to *Judas [Maccabaeus]* at the Albert Hall. It was Splendid. 'Call forth' by old Sims magnificent,

Nilsson, Trebelli and Santley all perfect. . . . With Edward and Bob to Berlioz' *Faust*, a stunning noise and the first half carries one off one's feet. I can't judge yet. . . .

LONDON, *Mon. May 2*.— . . . Father said Ld. Beaconsfield had lowered the whole standard of morality in politics, specially among Conservatives, in a lesser degree among Liberals. I asked why then he proposed a national memorial of him? 'Parliament and the nation had backed him up, they were responsible for him, a statue shd. be given to a man according to the place he occupied in the public estimation. History must eventually judge as to the result. If all the wits in the world were gathered into one man, and that man occupied the whole of his lifetime in the judgment of a moral action, he wd. be incompetent to do it.' Had a fine letter from Ld. Acton on this point.

LONDON, *Wed. May 4*.— . . . Mr. Childers came in to luncheon, continuing the Cabinet while eating. Dined with Airlies. Most pleasant. Sir W. Harcourt took me in but never a word spake we. Mr. [Matthew] Arnold on t'other side talking immensely. He is going to send me new ed. of his poems. We had some good talk. Herbert Spencer talked to me after, also Ld. Arthur Russell. . . .

LONDON, *Thurs. May 19*.— . . . H. of C. at 11, heard Sir Stafford's [Northcote] wretched and Ld. Hartington's fine winding-ups, and then came division and majority of 176. Perfectly magnificent.

LONDON, *Sat. May 21*.—Good talk at breakfast on Bradlaugh. He said that among the poor and ignorant classes it must be a premium on atheism, for they wd. only take in the broad fact and see religion used as a vehicle for injustice. . . .

LONDON, *Monday 23rd May to Sat. June 4*.— . . . A long spell to write about. . . . Two very good Tuesdays, with such pretty spicy people especially at the first one. Spencer every day as usual. Helen came up the 28 and we had an awful struggle tackling the flowers and decorating [Queen's] birthday dinner tables. Asked the wives in evening and it

made a pretty party. The Prince of Wales dined and King of Sweden came at 10. Helen and I went to Foreign Office. . . . Talked to Irving. Richter [concert] on May 30 was a disgrace, the programme so poor and the heat overwhelming. Went to the *Colonel*¹ with Lav., Bob and Navy. He is quite first-rate, but the essence of the play is a burlesque of a burlesque and rather misses its point.

. . . *June 1.*—Off to Cambridge for Selwyn stone laying, a brilliant day and it was all rather successful, specially the Newnham part. Bp. Lightfoot spoke very deeply and finely; had to go in middle of anthem, amusing journey with Alfred, A. Grey² and Jinks who made me go $\frac{1}{2}$ way with them. Dined at Millais' with horrid headache. Took in Sir F. Leighton; Sir J. Goldschmidt on other side, agreeable; they had a ball in the beautiful studio and odd creatures came. Dead to bed.

DURDANS, *Mon. June 6.*— . . . Reached the Durdans for dinner, finding the Whitelaw Reids,³ American editor of *New York Tribune*, nice people, newly married, but very twangy.

DURDANS, *Thurs. June 9 and Fri. 10.*—More l. tennis, but humiliating for was always beaten. . . . Lulu Harcourt and Mr. Sykes came to luncheon and dinner, and Mr. Black the novelist with whom discussed modern painting. He was funnily horrified at the merciless way Tory Mr. Sykes got chaffed and sat upon. . . .

DURDANS, *Sat. June 11.*—The best talk with A. R.⁴ on W. E. G. We played a great many sets of l[awn] t[ennis] and I pic'd a lot of gowans, and went a drive with Papa and my host to a charming house about 5 miles off. Very greatly enjoyed this. Mama to London for prize-giving. Mr. Sala,⁵ *D. Tel.* reporter, dined—rum man. Went off at 11. I feel we have reached the limits of our friendship. Have had the 'inferior' subject out. A beautiful crucifix as a farewell offering.

¹ By F. C. Burnand.

² Albert, afterwards 4th Earl Grey.

³ Afterwards American Ambassador in London.

⁴ Lord Rosebery.

⁵ George Augustus Sala.

LONDON, *Wed. June 15.*— . . . To *Othello*. It was some of it too awful, for Ellen Terry is the most lovely heartbreaking Desdemona. Booth has not quite the physique for *Othello*. Irving as Iago shows how he can act in his relations with Emilia. . . . Booth made a hesitating, grateful speech at the end (his brother assassinated Pres. Lincoln). . . .

LONDON, *Sun. June 19.*— . . . Walked with Papa to the Military Chapel where met the Prince of Wales who asked us to luncheon. The service very hearty and striking. The Princess and whole Ascot party were there. Walked to the barracks with Ld. Spencer and Mr. Knollys, very quick marching in front of band thro' crowds, Papa getting roundly cheered, the Prince behind us marching with the soldiers. Then such dawdling and at last luncheon, sitting between Ld. Fife¹ and F. Forbes, very pleasant. Talked afterwards to the Princess. All the ladies in dark ugly cottons, Gladys specially hideous. Lionised the stables and then walked back very exhausted, lay down and dozed, and then to St. George's. Enjoyed Hopkins and 'Blessed be,' Wesley. Then Pss. Xtian to tea and pd. long visit to Mrs. Ponsonby. Evening talked to nice Victor Biddulph.

LONDON, *Wed. 22 June.*—Again to Rehearsal. Alfred too, voices this time. The Pss. of Wales came at 12 to share my ticket. We sat downstairs and nobody found her out. She enjoyed it extremely. . . .

LONDON, *Thurs. 23 June.*—Breakfast Mrs. Craven, G. A. Sala, Townshend, Ld. Wolverton, Mr. Godley, etc. . . . Off to Richter for the Mass in D. It was tremendously glorious, enjoyed it gigantically. It was over very quickly, too quickly, the Incarnatus is too short. The Quartette wound in and out of the choruses is wonderful. Henschel sang magnificently.

SALISBURY, *Thurs. June 30.*—Actually breakfast at 8.30 and we started in a great brake for the Moot, a lovely day and harum-scarum drive, party consisting of self, 3 Hamiltons, Mr. Holland, Mr. Moberly, Mr. O[ttle] being coachman. It

¹ Afterwards 1st Duke of Fife.

is a lovely place where the old Parliaments used to sit, a series of steep grass banks and levels, and if you stood on the top among the trees you look down, down, down till yr. eyes rest on a large pool *stuffed* with water lilies. Everybody was quite mad, we stole lilies, and coming home over the downs, galloping recklessly where no road existed, was the most wild and perilous business, Mr. O. driving quite madly. Mr. Holland was mad too. They just got me back to Salisbury in time for my train, all seeing me off. (Saw Mr. Fawcett's old father of 89.) Found Alice Balfour at Waterloo, her carriage having just bolted and broken several cabs. In it to Bromley, taking drooping water lilies, and I read aloud *Croaking Kate* to 70 or 80 Mothers and babies.

LONDON, *Sat. July 2.*— . . . Went to Rubinstein's invitation Concert at Willis's Rooms on Bechstein Pianofortes, wh. was most amusing, tho' he and his pupil, Mlle. Menter, just thumped and thundered till we were deafened. After, he played a Beethoven Sonata and the Schumann 'Carnaval' very finely. The room full of professionals. At the end Helen and I were led by Moschelles and Alma Tadema to be introduced to the old giant ; it was just as if he had come out of the river wh. didn't make him attractive. . . . To *Patience*, an enchanting operetta of Sullivan's, and the greatest triumph for aestheticism wh. it is meant to bring to shame. Enjoyed it much in spite of much heat and was immensely struck by the refining and grace-giving power of P.

LONDON, *Mon. July 11.*— . . . With Mama to Sir F. Leighton's studio, a wonderful place for marbles and fountains and stuffs and pictures. Hallé and Strauss performed. Rather an amusing medley of people, in the middle of wh. P. and Pss. of Wales and Pss. Royal and her husband,¹ Browning, Mrs. Kendal, Mrs. Blunt and artists of all sorts and kinds. . . .

LONDON, *Tues. July 12.*— . . . Luncheon with Nelly, meeting Cardinal Manning, Lady Ponsonby, Ld. Lymington, Browning, Ly. M. Beaumont. It was rather brilliant.

LONDON, *Thurs. 14 July.*— . . . At 4.30 to Marlborough

¹ Crown Prince, afterwards Emperor Frederick of Germany.

House where there seemed to be about 20,000 people, and it was frightfully oppressive and dull, the poor Queen looking ready to burst all the time. . . .

LONDON, *Fri. 15 July*.—They got thro' 15 clauses today [Irish Land Bill]. . . . Tea on H. of C. terrace, got Papa to come too. It was rather fun. . . . Dined with Jameses,¹ and went again to H. of C. terrace wh. in the transfiguring moon is really only like Venice. Baron de Worms treated me to ginger beer.

LONDON, *Sat. 16 July*.—. . . The Crown Prince and Princess [of Germany] came at 4 till 5.30 and it really went off very prettily. The Odos [Russells], Mr. Morley, Prof. Owen, Sydneys, Ly. C. Stanley, Ly. Spencer, M. Morier and one or two more. The Prince most delightful to talk to. At 6.40 off to Windsor, parents to Castle and I to Deanery. We sat out on balcony and sauntered all about cloisters and precincts and chapel, Lily singing to us in the darkness.

LONDON, *Sunday, 24 July*.—. . . Papa is in a childish state of glee over the end of Land Bill Committee. 2000 amendments tackled in 34 nights, and all the world open-mouthed and open-eyed with his power of work and will.

LONDON, *Monday, 25 July*.—. . . Lord Rosebery came and after him Sarena and after him Alfred. Dean Stanley died last week and was buried today. There is a strong, widespread grief spreading far beyond England. After dinner to the Transvaal debate, Sir M. Hicks Beach having opened the attack. Heard Mr. Chamberlain (good), Mr. Gorst² who disconcerted his party by condemning wholesale the Zulu war, Papa who was not at his best, tho' his arguments were famous, and Sir Stafford Northcote weak as water, and O'Donnell swearing all round. The whole thing was flat and sometimes violent, and the division even (109 majority) was received without interest. . . .

LONDON, *Thurs. July 28*.—. . . We inspected Bruce Joy's very striking coloured statue of W. E. G., wh. in spite of the

¹ Sir Walter James, afterwards Lord Northbourne.

² Sir Eldon Gorst.

inevitable drawback of coat and collar is almost faultless. . . . Tea at 'The Studio' with nice little Moschelles, inspected his musical treasures, Mendelssohn's manuscripts are lovely, Beethoven's indescribable hieroglyphics. . . .

LONDON, *Wed. Aug. 3.*—Walked with Papa, Ld. Richard¹ and Herbert by the Aquarium and Abbey and H. of Lds. into West^r Hall, avoiding the huge Bradlaugh mob. Inside the House all was quiet, as the Northampton hero was not allowed beyond the lobby, and was forced right out into Palace Yard by 14 men the moment he advanced to the door. He struggled tremendously and was $\frac{1}{2}$ fainting with exhaustion, wh. caused poor old Bright to make a very injudicious speech of sympathy. . . . Carried Papa off to B.-J.'s studio, not a perfect succedee. Dined with Sydneys to meet H.R.H. of Mecklenburg. Sat between Lord Hardwicke and Sudley, and pleasant dinner; tho' had settled to detest and despise the former, found myself very much attracted. . . .

LONDON, *Fri. Aug. 12.*— . . . To H. of L. Met Ld. Hardwicke, who might have knocked me down with a feather. At 2 this afternoon Ld. Salisbury addressed a Cons. meeting and announced war to the knife over the Amend^{ts}. This is the Knell of the H. of L. He spoke on the Eng. managed estates with an iron ring in his voice, denoting the bit between his teeth. No-surrender was the cry of the evening. Dined in dismay with Knollys. . . .

LONDON, *Sat. Aug. 13.*— . . . Mr. Godley is delighted because he hates the H. of Lords. A cabinet at 12 and during luncheon ministers kept coming in and out. The Lords (Selborne, Granville and Spencer) cautious and more compromisingly inclined. Commons (Harcourt and Chamberlain and W. E. G.) unflinching in the no-surrender cry. They sat till 4 when we went down to Mentmore, met by A. R.² at station. . . . To din. with Sir W. Harcourt, Evarts (American) on other side, nothing of much interest. Talked with Everard Primrose³ till 12 on social matters. Struck afresh by his ugliness and originality, but liked him

¹ Grosvenor.² Lord Rosebery.³ Lord Rosebery's brother.

better than of old. Henry James, novelist, is here ; talked to him ; thought his discernment wonderful over Lady Gordon. He called her ' defiant and discontented.'

LONDON, *Sunday, Aug. 14.*— . . . Evening with only Papa and A. R. [Lord Rosebery]. Sat between latter and E[verard] P[rinrose] at dinner, pleasant enough, and talked to him all eve. There was a good bit on democracy by Mr. Evarts and an int[eresting] bit on the Irish in America and how they governed it by voting as one man.

LONDON, *Monday, Aug. 15.*— . . . To H. of Commons. A general blank caused by the P.M.'s gentle attitude. He was enormously cheered on entering the House and a regular bravado speech was expected. Instead they took the Amendments patiently one by one, going over the ground they have travelled so often before, with unfailing tact and temper, giving way in immaterial points and holding on with such gentle firmness when any principle was concerned, that one felt all obstacles gradually melting away. . . .

LONDON, *Tues. Aug. 16.*— . . . At 5 went to H. of Lords, knowing they had finally resolved to swallow the Bill. Ld. Alington in a fine rage with Ld. Salisbury, came and swore at him in my hearing, finally ' Gladstone has saved us, we have no one else to thank.' The Ld. Chancellor was sick on the Wool Sack. Ld. Salisbury made a lame but honourable speech, allowing that the Govt. had given in to nothing important, and foolishly declaring his intention of voting with Ld. Lansdowne and D. of Argyll shd. their amend^t be carried to a division. Ld. L. withdrew his and the Duke was being married, so all ended with great peace. And so ends this Great Chapter in English History.

LONDON, *Wed. 17 Aug.*— . . . Took the First and Last Lords of the Treasury¹ to West^r Bridge for the Greenwich dinner. Ld. Rosebery in the chair and H[erbert] had to speak. He is an Unpaid Junior Lord. . . .

WALMER CASTLE, *Wed. 24 Aug.*— . . . We finally went off to Deal with Lord Carlingford at 4.30, picking her [Mrs.

¹ Mr. Gladstone and Herbert.

Gladstone] up at Sandwich and reached this marine castle just in time for dinner. Found wonderful hospitality and thoughtfulness, our rooms right on the sea. To bed early with an overwhelming sense of great luck and thankfulness for the unspeakable mercies we have been blessed with, in reaching the close of this tremendous session.

WALMER CASTLE, *Sat. Aug. 27.*—Immense talks at meals—all silent but the pumper and the pumped—Ly. Sydney and Papa. The former 1st rate at it. She is very very nice, quite different from what I expected, so genial, sympathetic, appreciative, amused and fresh, quite wonderfully fresh in interest, and is a devourer of books. . . .

WALMER CASTLE, *Sat. Sept. 3.*— . . . List of mistakes made by cultivated persons. 1. Mrs. Leigh mistook the clarionet for the flageolet. Mr. Sanderson mentioned Portia as in *Julius Caesar*. The Beethoven 7th Symph. Allegretto first called Wagner and then Mendelssohn, and last not least Ly. Georgiana took the Harmonious Blacksmith for Schumann's! I mistook 'damn with faint praise' for Shakespeare instead of Pope. . . . *

WALMER CASTLE, *Monday, Sept. 5 and Tues. 6.*—Maggie sent her p. carriage for me both days and I bathed delightfully and had luncheon at Deal Castle and with her. We read aloud *Foc'sle Yarns*,¹ certainly full of piquant and powerful passages. Dinner always next Mr. Sanderson² whom I got to like very much. He knows about everything and is well up in mujack. We got on merrily, though his manner and looks are much ag. him. Cowleys and Sydneys dined. My playing supposed to be a great succedge. Altogether it was a very different thing to the snubbed M. G. of 1870.

HAWARDEN, *Mon. 12 Sept. to 26th.*— . . . President Garfield³ died after a valiant 80 days' struggle for life. . . . Went with Willy and Alfred to Shotwick to see a tennis

¹ By W. Clark Russell.

² Afterwards Permanent Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs and Lord Sanderson.

³ President Garfield had been shot by a madman in July 1881.

match between Alf. Renshaw and Richardson, this year and last year's champion lawn-tennis players, on the capital Trelawney ground. Great fun watching. Renshaw's great stroke, called a Smasher, is a furious beating down of the ball from on high into the enemy's country. Richardson is a beautiful player but usually beaten in the long run by the other. Renshaw far the most attractive and graceful of the two. At the Ferry the chain broke as usual and we had to leave the carriage behind and walk home. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Tues. 27 Sept.*—Mr. Holland for 1 night and the Sidgwicks for 3. These were all brilliant successes, the talk incessant and most interesting. Capital lawn tennis, tree cutting, walking in woods, etc. . . . Copied out a large important letter to Ld. Hartington. We have to do a good deal of copying and decyphering these days, such anxious Transvaal news, the Volksraad fighting over the Convention, wretched Irish things going on, besides many Continental clouds.

HAWARDEN, *Oct. 11.*—On Oct. 6 Parents and Helen went to Leeds and most forlorn and green-eyed I felt as they drove off. . . . Stephy and Herbert returned Sat. from Leeds, both enormously moved and impressed by the untold enthusiasm of the demonstrations. It has all gone off splendidly. About 6 speeches in the two days, Queen's weather, decorations, illuminations, torch-light processions and the most unanimous and overwhelming enthusiasm throughout. Herbert made an admirable little speech to the 30,000 at the Cloth Hall Yard. H. and Papa's were the only voices that cd. be heard. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Fri. Oct. 14.*— . . . Willy came and told me Parnell was arrested. This we had been sitting tight for. It was settled long before Leeds but had to await Cabinet consent. . . . No Irish disurbance but immense indignation and Eng. satisfaction. Sexton, Dillon and others followed suit and joined Mr. Parnell. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Thurs. 20 Oct.*— . . . We are hedged in by police and one knocks up ag. them every minute. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Fri. 21 Oct. to Tues. 25.*— . . . Read Morley's *Cobden*, of absorbing interest. Such a life so written must give a great shove up to political morals. On Sunday a Transvaal telegram came of 180 words, half of it in cypher. . . .

KNOWSLEY, *Wed. 26 and Thurs. 27 Oct.*— . . . Came to Knowsley in saloon from Broughton, great crowd and cheering at Edgehill, many police all along. As we drove we discussed the probabilities of Ld. Derby's being Lib. P.M. Papa expects it more than I do. Talking of Cobden and Bright, one of the grandest things that ever happened was the way they threw their huge popularity to the winds by holding out alone ag. the Crimean War.

KNOWSLEY, *Fri. 28 and Sat. 29 Oct.*— . . . An address presented and a longish reply covering a good deal of ground, mostly Irish. Ld. Derby said a few words in a short loose jacket. All the Cecils are strong Tories—there is a fat farmer twin here. I played always in the evenings to a totally indifferent audience. Ld. Sefton usually roaring in my ear. The last evening had a huge cypher telegram wh. took me fr. dinner till bed. 180 words very complicated. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Tues. Nov. 1.*— . . . Freddy [Cavendish] off to Ireland.

HAWARDEN, *Thurs. 3 Nov.*— . . . Sir W. and Lady Harcourt and Goldwin Smith arrived and Loulou.¹ The dinner not very successful, Bow Wow² somehow rather spoiling Goldwin Smith.

HAWARDEN, *Fri. 4 Nov. to Sun. 13.*— . . . Bp. Lightfoot came last night, but alas went away Sat. morn. Delightful ugly squinting toad; he says Kate³ is called 'Lake Superior.'

HAWARDEN, *Tues. Nov. 15.*— . . . *Tête-à-tête* breakfast with Papa. A long most int. talk on the great vexed question of his retirement, begun by his saying he and Ld. Granville had discussed it and Ld. G. good-humouredly declared it out of the question. I told him what Ld.

¹ Afterwards Lord Harcourt.

² Sir William Harcourt.

³ Her cousin, married to Dean Lake of Durham.

Acton had written, how it wd. be a serious flaw in his political career to damage and perhaps ruin the Lib. party by retiring from the Leadership while enjoying health and strength. He said the same arguments had been used in Ld. Palmerston's reign, that it was supposed the power and cohesion of the party depended on one man's life, that history had proved in that case that this was not so. That in his own case he had retired in '74 for good, that his reassumption of office was accidental, conditional, and temporary, that it was undertaken for certain purposes, foreshadowed in his Mid-Lothian speeches, that these purposes were all or nearly all accomplished, that if he did not retire after Ireland was settled and H. of Commons business readjusted, there was no moment in the future when such a thing wd. be possible, that Ld. Hartington was a man of unusual strength and ability, but that he required more training as Leader of H. of C. before he became Prime Minister. (I objected that he might at any moment go to the H. of Lords, that then he wd. not be a *rara avis* as in H. of C. and that his power wd. be immensely weakened, and who cd. then lead H. of C. ?) The future Leader of H. of C. was a great perplexity and difficulty. Sir C. Dilke wd. probably be the one best fitted for it, he had shown such capacity for learning and unlearning, but that he wd. require Cabinet training first, that as time going on brings nearer Ld. Hartington's move into H. of L. this was an argument in favour of his own retirement. That he did not foresee great difficulties ahead for the Lib. party, that the Conservative ditto had thrown away what wd. have been their strength—a return to the principles and policy of Sir Robert Peel—that they were demoralised and degraded, that they had inherited all the vices of Ld. Beaconsfield without his tact and judgment (that Ld. B.'s climax was in his attack on Sir R. Peel, what a magnificent virulence he had shown, what a power of cutting and piercing a man through a searching knowledge of his character), that this Jingoism was perpetuated in them and must be their ruin.

That of Forster, Harcourt and Childers it was hard indeed to say wh. had best qualities for leader ; that Forster wd. probably be the best, but that he had shown an occasional incapacity. That Goschen had sadly done for himself by following up his errors as to franchise with an elaborate eulogism of weak-kneed Liberalism. (I quoted Ld. A. that he might resign place but cd. not resign power.) He demurred to this, saying for 2 years, '74-76, he had had no influence on the Lib. party, that he shd. attend the H. of C. very little, perhaps begin by going abroad for most of the session. This is all I can remember and I have written it down the moment after breakfast. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Wed. Nov. 16.*— . . . Pss. Louise and Ld. Lorne and D. of West^r and Sibell [Grosvenor] came to luncheon. It was all too much of a hurry and scurry, and rain fell in torrents as we were going up Old Castle ; still it went off brightly, and the Pss. was amiable and highly delighted and amused with the telephone, thro' wh. she talked to Gerty. They left at 3.30. Was glad to see L[orne] and he was most hearty and warm.

HAWARDEN, *Thurs. Nov. 17 to Thurs. 24.*— . . . Tree cutting most days. Big one down Fri. : pulled by the policeman, Willy and Self. Ld. Rosebery came on Fri. till Tuesday and made a most snug addition to our tiny house party. . . . Wed. was my b.day, xxxiv, several letters and presents of gt. value to me. *Worms*¹ fr. Lav., by Darwin, such a break, a lovely book from Ld. Rosebery. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Fri. 25 Nov.*— . . . Read *Romola*² again. Thought it very heavy as a novel, and somehow not really impressive in an Italian or even historical sense. I mean the scenes and descriptions do not quite fit in to the surroundings. *Romola* is intensely English, in fact she is Dorothea.³ But she is very grand and the scene when she first bows her will to Savonarola is surely unbeaten by any-

¹ *Formation of Vegetable Mould through the Action of Worms*, by Charles Darwin.

² By George Eliot.

³ Heroine in *Middlemarch*, by same.



THE MARQUIS OF LORNE



PRINCESS LOUISE

thing G. E. has ever done. Tito is of course the triumph as to character. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Sunday, Dec. 5 to Dec. 18.*—I am a great fool for letting all this while slip by, but we led so deeply quiet a trio life and each day seemed the same as the last. . . . Read Bp. Thirlwall's letters with great interest, though the editing is shocking and they are stuffed out with padding. The letters to a girl during a period of 8 years are light, pleasant and sometimes remarkable, but the other letters throw the most light on the whole. I felt I shd. rather like to have married him. Also read a sketch of [Cardinal] Newman, certainly well done by one Jennings. . . . Talking of Ireland (W. E. G.) 'it should be remembered how it had suffered fr. 6 centuries of misrule. The last 30 years much had been done that was good, but also much that was bad, e.g. read the history of its Land Laws.' On Bp. Thirlwall I quoted Mr. Godley 'that he was to the Church what Ld. Derby was to politics.' I thought Mr. Godley's idea was confirmed when W. E. G. and Ld. A. said without comparing notes, the one that Bp. T. was 'a seeing all round man,' the other that Ld. D[erby] was ditto. But the P.M. did not agree with Ld. A., said that Ld. D[erby] always saw the cons and not the pros. An int. Newman correspondence has been going on. (W. E. G. on Ireland) 'in this time of her peril and her hope.' The Cardinal signed 'affec^{tly}.' . . .

HAWARDEN, *Mon. 26 Dec. to Sat. 31.*— . . . Tuesday a long walk with Spencer, 8 weeks since the last one, and dead beat I was, specially with the Rowley play after. However it was fun and Papa enjoyed it like a baby, as also a conjurer he saw at Buckley. . . . The P.M.'s blessed birthday (72) on Thurs. distinguished by endless letters, telegrams and glorious flowers from Cannes and Eaton. They went a big walk. . . . Irish matters a shade brighter. . . . The last day of 1881 was an interesting day. Ld. A. arrived before 1 o'clock, having only left Cannes Thurs. aft. and had an evening in the Athenæum on Friday. Felt very shy of him. He went a long walk with Papa. Read to the children and

at 7 came the 2 blessed boys¹ fr. Holker. Dinner a marked failure though we took pains that Ld. A. shd. be next the P.M. Every topic was deathly. E. Doyle sat like a death's head between Ed. and Alf. and the 3 never uttered. The highest point to which the conv. ever rose was 'Smuts—Their Cause and Effect.' There was a great deal about *hod men*. Afterwards Dr. Clark and Ld. A. were glued to each other and never drew rein. I retired to T[emple] of P[ease]² and read A. J. B.'s 'thin' article on Cobden. At 11 all said Goodnight and Ed., Alf [Lyttelton] and I sat up to hear the bells and see the old year out and start the New one together. Farewell, 1881, a great year in the annals of history, but of no special importance to us privately.

1882

The Irish Question moved to its first climax, the murder in Phoenix Park, Dublin, of Lord Frederick Cavendish, who had just been appointed Secretary of State for Ireland. War took place in Egypt and we hear of the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. Mary also gives a description of one of the early test matches.

HAWARDEN, *Sun. Jan. 1.*— . . . Ed. and Alf. had grand talk with Ld. A[cton]. He came and sat in schoolroom during evensong, but had to put Chils [children] to bed, so not much time for talk. Dinner better than last night. Had a quiet talk with Alf. on the judgment of the world, Bradlaugh being the particular case. Dr. C[lark] and Ld. A. again glued.

HAWARDEN, *Fri. Jan. 6.*— . . . Ld. Derby wishes Bradlaugh to be let take his oath. . . . Am writing with Dr. Clark's stylographic pen wh. he has presented me.

HAWARDEN, *Wed. Jan. 25.*— . . . Mr. Holland dined.

¹ Edward and Alfred Lyttelton.

² The name by which Mr. Gladstone's study at Hawarden Castle was known.

We giggled hopelessly almost the whole evening, Edward [Talbot] having got up absently after *mutton* and said Grace. Mr. H. meekly standing with folded hands and shut eyes. Mem. Lav's shriek of despair. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Sat. Jan. 28.*— . . . Mr. I[llingworth] paid me a very long visit. He is in his goodest and wholesomest mood, and was most interesting on the bad influence of fiction and newspapers on our imagination. . . .

LONDON, *Monday, 6 Feb.*—Hind legs all day except 2 hours morn. when started my new life in Herbert's room ; felt I should like it very much, because of the definiteness supplying some little backbone to one's life. Arranged a Million Snowdrops from Hawarden ; they overspread all the rooms, and looked angelically pure in contrast with this atmosphere moral and physical if there is such an expression. Old Tennyson stumped in and also came to the party. 43 dined and there were lots of people after. Felt dreadfully disinclined and strange to it and bored too, at least rather.

LONDON, *Tues. 7 Feb.*—Alfred's b.day, bless him. Got up with headache. A successful day though on the whole. Went to H. of C. at 4.30 and saw poor Bradlaugh once more put on the shelf. He made a passionate appeal before the division but after it behaved with rare dignity—a majority of 60 against him. Walked home with the Dawnays. The Pss. of Wales was in the box. The Bradlaugh thing was a wet blanket over the L. P.¹ for a start certainly—mover and seconder of Address did not get up till near midnight. Great crowds round the House all day. . . .

LONDON, *Wed. Feb. 8.*—Ed. Wickham came up. He and Spencer had luncheon. Papa made a glorious speech on the Address wh. alas I missed. Dined with Tenterdens, between Herbert Bismarck² whom I much liked and got on with (we fraternised as anti-vivisectionists) and Mr. Sanderson, now quite an Old Shoe.³ Derbys, Karolys, Munsters etc. dined. Looked in at Granville party.

¹ Liberal Party.

² Son of Prince Bismarck.

³ A comfortable companion (Glynnese).

LONDON, *Sat. Feb. 11.*— . . . Dined with Arthur Russells. This was a most agreeable party. Bet. E. Ashley¹ and Ld. A. [Russell], the former came out in new light—a good deal of politics in the abstract. The Laurence Oliphants there and G. O. Trevelyan and Ld. Dalhousie with whom hob-nobbed after dinner. Mem. ‘Browning has *dinnered* himself away,’ a saying of Mr. Adams.

LONDON, *Mon. Feb. 13.*— . . . Went to the Watts exhibition for $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour, when I was profoundly impressed both by the splendour of the portraits and the imagination of the allegorical pictures. . . .

LONDON, *Thurs. Feb. 16.*— . . . Off to the House, finding Mr. Lowther on his legs in a feebly violent attack and quite ineffective. Papa’s answer very satisfying, tho’ he was in bed all day and only spoke at 12.

LONDON, *Mon. Feb. 20.*— . . . At 4.30 to H. of C. After questions a bombshell thrown into its midst from the P.M.’s announcing a Resolution to be moved this day week determining a Committee on the Land Act to be harmful to the working of the law. This on account of the Lords’ shameful victory as to app^t of a Committee for the same. Much rage and acrimony shown by the Tories at this proposed Vote of Censure by one House on another, and not till $\frac{1}{2}$ past 6 did the great Procedure Debate open with a speech of an hour and 40 min. by the P.M., quite admirable in its patient logical reasoning and vindication of liberty of speech. We dined at Ld. Dalhousie’s, most pleasant, I between our host and Mr. Bruce. Mr. Goldwin Smith and Ld. A. Russell and Irwell there.

LONDON, *Wed. Feb. 23.*—A pitiful Bradlaugh row ending in his expulsion and a new writ out for Northampton. . . . With M[ama] to see the Tennysons ; a most gloomy visit it was. . . .

LONDON, *Fri. 24 Feb.*— . . . At 3 we drove off to Hammer-smith to see the Richmond picture of Father. The first sight of it was startling and horrible, so coarse is the com-

¹ Hon. Evelyn Ashley.

plexion that the lines of the face are immensely exaggerated, but eyes, nose and mouth are magnificently painted, the intellectual power is very great ; but *morally* it cannot compare with Millais' noble portrait. Pss. Louise came and we had some striking but too thundering music. Got to the H. of Lords by 6 and came in for Lds. Derby, Salisbury and Granville. The middle one was lame indeed. Missed Ld. Lansdowne, who made an eloquent appeal to the Opponⁿ not to fly in the teeth of the Govt. by persevering with this Committee. . . .

LONDON, *Monday, Feb. 27.*— . . . At 3 a Liberal meeting here in No. 12 dining room, about 280 present, the heartiness and unanimity most striking. Father spoke about 20 min. explaining why the Lords must be checkmated. We listened in Herbert's room and going down to the House afterwards soon found how thorough-going was the backing up of the Lib. party. He had been to Windsor in the morn. and now had to make 3 more speeches increasing in excellence: 1, to move suspension of business of the day ; 2, answer to Sir Stafford [Northcote] as to why this was necessary ; 3, moving his Resolution that inquiry into the Land Act at this time wd. be dangerous to Ireland. The Conservatives collapsed (probably bec. of absence of Woodcock) and we had a majority of nearly 2 to 1 on No. 1. The 3rd speech was a climax lasting 55 minutes. I never heard anything finer. . . .

LONDON, *Thurs. March 2.*— . . . Went to H. of C. for part of Sexton's speech. Mr. Bradlaugh alas again returned for Northampton by 109 majority, a real blow. . . .

LONDON, *Mon. 6 March.*— . . . H. of C. before dinner and again late. Mr. Marjoribanks' amend^t allowing M.P.'s to affirm defeated by 14 only ; sup. by Govt. and Goschen. . . . With Nevy and Spencer walked to Pop., a beauty but horribly crowded, hot and stinking. Mme. Schumann's 1st appearance a thundering welcome and noseays. She played the Fantaisie as magnificently as ever. Joe¹ also divine. . . .

¹ Joachim.

CAMBRIDGE, *Tues. March 7*.—Suddenly resolved to fly off to Cambridge. . . . Concert jolly, all orchestral. Fine Brahms Violin Concerto and Hungarian do. by Joe and both perfectly played by him. The Wagner Siegfried not as ethereal as at Crystal [Palace]. Stanford Symphony, the 2 middle movements good—1st and last did not make out and noise was too great. Next to Grove, Mrs. Stanford and Herkomer,¹ great fun. Got away by 11, special express arriving exact and finding carriage to meet us.

LONDON, *Thurs. March 9*.—After din. to the House, bored and tired to death, it was so dull, and Ld. Hartington's speech so great a failure in gathering up the points and whipping the party together. Sir Stafford also very flat. Lucy said of Ld. H. all his ideas turned to potatoes in his mouth. However, we got a good rattling majority.

LONDON, *Fri. March 10*.—. . . To Her Majesty's for the Fleigende Holländer. Royal box, red cloth, gorgeous nose-gays. Far too much solo in it, but the story and scene delightful, and the end most exciting. Enjoyed it immensely, as did Maggie and Alfred, and the P.M. had a fine reception.

LONDON, *Sat. Mar. 11*.—. . . Parents off to Dover to see the Channel tunnel,² and back by 1.30, full of delight. Mama off to Well. Coll. at 4. . . . Dined with Father at 7 with Mr. Tennyson, meeting dear Joe. Sat between Father and son. Joe played after dinner, talked a good deal to him. An amusing party, odd medley as usual, everybody famous for something. My nosegay went on to Spencer House with the Hichens, and I with it meeting Herbert. It was ecstatically admired.

LONDON, *Tues. Mar. 14*.—Walked to Sir F. Leighton's for ideal mujack, Joe and Neruda playing together and Piatti too. Enjoyed it enormously and the surroundings were most impressive. The King and Queen of Fiddlers standing beneath the arch, a background of palms, through wh. tiny dazzling rays of sun pierced and danced. Pictures and

¹ Hubert Herkomer, the artist.

² Preliminary excavations had been made.

pretty people all in picturesque confusion, tapestry and lovely screens with hangings and a gallery with beautiful children gazing down. . . .

LONDON, *Thurs. March 16.*— . . . To Tennyson's to hear him read 'Maud.' Lucy was much impressed. He glared at me and explained everything as if I had never heard of it. He also read 'Sir Galahad' and 'St. Agnes' Eve,' saying 'any fool cd. read them.'

LONDON, *Fri. Mar. 17.*— . . . With Mama to Conv[alescent] Home for the afternoon. It was heavenly there and all the patients sunning themselves blissfully. Played and they danced and sang. We missed the train at both ends, having to wait 3 qrs. [of an hour] in horrible Fenchurch St., bought oranges and newspapers. . . .

LONDON, *Mon. Mar. 20.*— . . . To Crystal Palace, 50 of us, struggled, fought and panted from lower level station up ten thousand steps, round and round the building, lit by the various electric systems, some of wonderful beauty. Mr. Leveson was my partner and Sir G. Wolseley¹ and Ld. A. Russell at dinner. Enjoyed the last immensely, the crowds were enormous and enthusiastic. . . .

LONDON, *Tues. 21 Mar.*— . . . To Abbey at 8.30, Gros. Gal. at 9, to meet Alfred who never came and it was shut besides. Went and told Spencer. The Fever Conv.² meeting at 3, went off well, 4 Cabinet Ministers (present and late) speaking—the P.M., Mr. Dodson, Col. Stanley and Sir R. Cross. Ld. Rosebery's speech the brightest. Pss. Louise and Pss. Mary came, and after to tea. With Lucy to Bromley to give Flower Show prizes. Came home in snow.

LONDON, *Thurs. 23 Mar.*—A nightmarish night. Went off to Harrow with Lucy feeling at Death's Door. The D. of Argyll and Evelyn went with us. All kinds of lovely preparations for Pss. Louise and Papa, who were to have come but didn't. A most striking sight and the boys were jolly.

¹ Afterwards Viscount Wolseley.

² Convalescent Home (Mrs. Gladstone's).

Luncheon with the nice Butlers,¹ and then to hear the Baillie Hamilton organ, the event of the day. It was a failure, I thought. Farmer played it tentatively, but the singing of the boys was admirable and inspiring. On the way home went to K. Palace to beg Pss. L. to go another day. Awfully tired and yet I dined alone with the Breadalbanes and a smart conventional party in their beautiful new house—Sydneys, Spencers, Granvilles, Ld. Fife. Ld. G. took me in, and I talked all eve to Ld. Spencer. The dining room was piercing cold and we explored the whole house shivering.

LONDON, *Fri. 24 Mar.*—A frantic day settling about Pss. L. and Papa going to Harrow. Went to see H.R.H. Luncheon with Reays, drove to studios, Browning's among them. Much pol. talk with Ld. Reay. Scramble practising of Spencer's accompaniments. Hurried snack with Maggie and off with her and Sp. to Holloway for a People's Concert. The mujack all much too severe, worthy of the most educated audience. Lady Colin Campbell, . . . sang 'The Lost Chord' very finely, but Scotch ballads in an exaggerated manner. Played S's acc[ompaniments] very badly. He sang the 'Green Hill' and Pinsuti's 'Love Song.' Supper after at the L. Tennysons'. . . Ld. Granville told me last night that Ld. Salisbury had privately told him it was his Sec. Mr. Manners² who had to his horror writ[ten] about the P.M.'s ungovernable temper, in his name. Ld. G. entreated Ld. S. to state this publicly, but he refused, which also shows he's as bad as the boy.

LONDON, *Sat. 25 Mar.*—With Maggie and Victoria and Constance Campbell³ and Pss. Louise and parents to Harrow. Brilliant day and the arrival was delightful and exhilarating—flags, flowers, crowds and all the boys drawn up at Dr. Butler's door and cheering like mad. A snug little luncheon and small concert, the boys' unison singing most striking. The organ better, and a perfect little speech from Papa ending with an ardent appeal to them on opportunity. . . .

¹ Montagu Butler, Headmaster, later Master of Trinity Coll., Cambridge.

² Afterwards Duke of Rutland.

³ Daughters of Duke of Argyll.

LONDON, *Thurs. 29 Mar.*—H. of C. for Bright's short but impressive speech. Sir Stafford up at midnight. He spoke well. Papa's voice struck me as extraordinarily fresh and spirited, and he spoke with great force and brightness in spite of the hour. We had 39 majority, received with huge enthusiasm in and outside the House. To bed at 3.

OXFORD, *Palm Sunday, April 2.*—Spent this dear day in great peace, going to a Celebration at 10, St. Giles. Little memorial service with G. and Matins, topping up with Magdalen [College Chapel] at 5, long Mendelssohn anthem out of Christus; very striking. Oxford won the boat race yesterday. A delightful evening, reading Ld. A.'s *J[ohn] Inglesant* letter aloud, very difficult and learned. Also a Newman little sermon.

LONDON, *Wed. 5 Apr.*—... Spencer, Farewell, then luncheon at Whitehall Gns., Mr. Palgrave streaming on ancient manuscripts and Eusebius. . . .

LONDON, *Good Friday, 7 Ap.*—To St. Mary's, Graham St., at 11.30, not out till 3.15. Mr. Eyton did the 3 hours, and most impressive and striking it was. I understood H. S. H., 'he gets at souls.' Then to Maggie's and stayed there till 7, spending a quiet reading evening by myself at D[owning] St.

LONDON, *Easter Eve, 8 Ap.*—To the Abbey at 10. Luncheon in Bry. Sq. and to Richmond's studio. Then visit to B.-J. and tea and din. with Maud [Parry]. An int. afternoon, tho' we failed in seeing the W. E. G. picture. Saw B.-J.'s great Phyllis and Demophoon pic., just in its frame tho' her face is unfinished. She flings herself upon him out of the almond tree, and he is represented in wild flight, yet turning upon her a face in which terror and love are fiercely contending. Her hair streams in the wind, and a wealth of almond blossoms in the lovely background to their heads. Had tea with B.-J., Arthur too, and a long grave talk growing out of Rossetti's dangerous condition. Walked to Maud's [Parry], put her little girls to bed. . . . She is very ill but full of pluck and a burning politician. He played to me great difficult Brahms things.

LONDON, *Easter Tuesday, Ap. 11.*— . . Great scare yesterday, Parnell being declared unconditionally released by the even. papers. Really only for a week on parole to attend his nephew's funeral. . . .

LONDON, *Wed. Ap. 12 to Ap. 18.*— . . Rossetti is dead. Wrote to B.-J. twice. . . .

LONDON, *April 19th.*— . . Went to *Romeo and Juliet* with Nevy and Herbert and Bob. Spite of bad headache and kitchen-like heat, was enormously excited. Her acting is almost perfection and he¹ is so little to the fore. The scenery is wonderful, the clothes and the minor parts mostly admirable. Mrs. Sterling, especially, also Mercutio. Nothing cd. be tenderer and lovelier than she is throughout.

LONDON, *Fri. Apr. 21.*— . . To St. Paul's at 4 to hear Willy's Service. With Lucy to B.-J.'s. He was very brilliant. Mem. what he said of Ld. Carnarvon's inartistic change of front. . . .

LONDON, *Wed. 26 Apr.*— . . The whole mortal day I was at the visiting book, dividing and selecting and plucking for the 4 parties, till I was dead. . . .

LONDON, *Thurs. 27 Apr.*—Started 10 fr. Waterloo for Windsor² with H. Symons. Got a first-rate place close to the chapel door, in the nave, front place. A most impressive sight. The procession had such a splendid effect, the flourish of trumpets heralding their approach, the cheering outside, the band and organ within, the gorgeous trains and jewellery and uniforms, the sun fitfully shining; all made a brilliant combination. The Pss. of Wales and her 3 girls dressed all alike in sky blue was the prettiest sight. The bride with downcast head and eyes, led by father and brother-in-law like a frightened child, and bridesmaids in white and spring flowers. One missed the bridal veil. P. Leopold looked very nice, flushed and lame. The Archbp.'s voice most striking and solemn, the singing and music beautiful. Had luncheon with Lady Biddulph and the beautiful Teck

¹ Probably meaning Ellen Terry and Henry Irving.

² For Prince Leopold's wedding.

children. I think the girl¹ might be our future Queen. Back by special guest train at 4. . . .

LONDON, *Fri.* 28 *Apr.*— . . . Private Academy view with Hannah.² We looked at people all the time instead of pics. Wonderful costumes, fearful tiring crowd. Quite dead, and went actually with Lucy to *Solomon* at St. J. Hall, wh. battered morally and physically. Such rushes of memories. 'Draw the tear' tremendously splendid and despairing. . . .

LONDON, *Sat.* 29 *Apr.*— . . . Went to Gros. Gal. private view. The pics. with a few great exceptions are wretched. Demophoon of B.-J.'s made an enormous impression. Watts of Manning is very fine, and the Richmond W. E. G. looked more utterly appalling than ever. . . . Frances to tea with me, and with her and Mr. G[raham] off in a hurricane of wind and rain to Heatherside. We ran about 2 miles driven wildly by the wind. A desolate endless moor surrounded us like Craigenputtock. Very snug, talked quite for ever and ever—2 years unbottling.

LONDON, *Tues.* 2 *May.*—What an agitated day! Cabinet and Mr. Forster resigned on the freeing of the suspect M.P.'s. They have changed their tone and are to be tried. Lord Spencer at luncheon. To H. of L. to hear Ld. Granville's statement; such a sensation it made, specially among M.P.'s at the bar. Then flew to H. of C. to hear Papa's, and who shd. walk in to Ladies' Gallery and occupy it alone with me and Mama, but Mr. Forster! Oh what burning cheeks he gave me. Mama said to him, 'O naughty naughty,' with some presence of mind. He sat next me and growled out now and then to know more exactly what was being said. The Tories will of course make a hero and a martyr of him. Papa did it admirably. Went to the Meynell-Ingram dinner, sitting by Mr. Eyton of St. Mary's, wh. was quite a break. He had read Caroline Fox, and Carlyle and Cobden, and was full of int. talk and political enthusiasm. Afterwards clerical shop with C. Wood.³

¹ Princess May of Teck, now H.M. Queen Mary.

² Lady Rosebery.

³ Now Lord Halifax.

LONDON, *Wed. 3 May.*—The livelong day on hind legs arranging about a Thousand Pots of flowers. The dinner table like one big cowslip field, all sorts of bother about the guests, Spencers failing and Pss. of Wales at last moment. However, clawed hold of Sibell Grosvenor and Carry Molyneux and it went quite smoothly and well, everyone seeming happy. Sat between Dr. Liddon and Ld. Dalhousie. A party after also very successful. Mr. Forster came, and next to the P. of W. was the Lion. The C. Prince of Denmark and Prince F. of Hesse were our other royalties. Had tea with Pss. Louise at Kensington. She was intelligent and interested over the political crisis. Freddy¹ is actually to be Chief Secretary [for Ireland].

LONDON, *Thurs. 4 May.*—A breakfast. Mr. Shorthouse, author of *J. Inglesant*, Ly. Derby, Ly. Galloway, Mr. Hutton, Mr. Macmillan and Ld. Rosebery, and the poor author has an appalling impediment in his speech, really almost like a sort of convulsion. Hutton had a long talk on the situation of affairs. Everyone in a turmoil. . . . Went to the House to hear Mr. Forster's farewell speech. It was not a happy one. He was nervous and not wise and the suspects came in at various times, Dillon looking deathly, O'Kelly fat and jolly, and Parnell different. It all looked very nasty. The Tories had all their stings out. Parnell, however, substantially acknowledged the change in his tactics. . . .

LONDON *Fri. May 5.*— . . . To see the vocalion. It sounded more penetrating to-day. 6 o'clock dinner and with Spencer to Haymarket for the first of the *Nibelungenlied*. Most of the singing was really of unmitigated hideousness for the untrained ear, like Ortrud's long troll with Frederick all through, but the scenery was quite lovely and the orchestral effects wonderful. The plot of the *Rheingold*, wh. has to do with the stealing of the golden treasure guarded by the Rhine maidens, is hazy and queer in the extreme and I never made head or tail of it.

¹ Lord Frederick Cavendish.

LONDON, *Sat. May 6.*— . . . Mama at Epping Forest, wh. the Queen opens to-day. Lucy came with a little bundle of breaks¹ about Freddy's appointment, and we had a good little happy talk. Spencer and I dined at 6.30, Alfred sitting with us, and to Her Majesty's again for the Walkyr. It was infinitely more int. in plot and singing than yesterday. Some of it very exciting and splendid, specially the great love duet. Walked away, reaching D. St. about 12.30. Spencer left me at the garden gate. There were unwonted lights in the windows, and seeing a number of people up and Smith stammering 'bad news' at 1st I thought it was Papa. Then they said Ireland and Ld. Frederick, and I rushed to Eddy [Hamilton] and learnt the too terrible truth. He was stabbed and killed about $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7 in Phoenix Park close to the Viceregal Lodge. Mr. Burke with whom he was walking also killed. Went straight over to Lucy's, where I found parents and Ld. Hartington, and Ld. Granville and Ly. Louisa [Egerton]. Lucy had borne it wonderfully, at first thinking it was not fatal and that he wd. recover. Meriel found her saying to Ly. L., 'Oh, I know he will live, he is so well, only I must go to him directly.' It is unutterably piteous. The reception in Dublin in the aft. was magnificent. Went home about 2 and a night-marish night.

LONDON, *Sun. May 7.*—Mama came in at 7 with the glorious letter Papa had written Lucy. Directly after breakfast I went over to C. H. T. I never felt so intense and blessed a relief before, I think. Lucy came in, her face unaltered in expression, and I saw that her splendid goodness and faith had indeed triumphed in this bitter hour. She talked most wonderfully, told me all about the thoughts wh. had come to her since—the Passion, then the anthem at the Abbey yesterday, 'Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace,' and all the blessings of her married life. Spencer came to go with me to St. Paul's. She said, 'Pray that what Uncle W. says may come true' (the saving of Ireland thro' the sacrifice

¹ Glynnese—'A break, anything that breaks the monotony.'

of Freddy's innocent blood).¹ . . . Ld. Dalhousie came. Papa came in and rather burst forth to A. and me on the pol. situation, saying that if they were to use Parnell as an instrument they must bear every sort of abuse and misconception, as if they were to fully explain what had taken place between Govt. and Irish leaders (wh. he possesses in P.'s own writing) it might compromise P. too much with the Irish and render him useless for peace restoring purposes. Also that at whatever period Parnell & Co. had volunteered this information the Govt. wd. have been obliged in mere justice to free the political suspects. . . .

LONDON, *Mon. 8 May.*—Went over to Lucy's early. She had slept. Maggie came. Herbert arrived fr. Well. Coll. very deeply moved. Helen also fr. Cambridge. Willy, Spencer, etc., in and out. Cabinet. Went to the House and heard Papa's wonderfully moving but brief words about dear Freddy, he cd. scarcely get through, and never mentioned his name. The whole House had the look of a funeral. Parnell spoke with great emotion, and the long low cheers were very impressive. . . . Father sank into a deep sleep after dinner on the sofa, and we all went to bed early, tired out.

LONDON, *Tues. 9 May.*—Mr. Trevelyan fills dear F.'s place.² A letter fr. Lucy from Chatsworth. Quite wonderful, so holy and quiet. Telegrams fr. Nevy saying she had slept, and the coffin had come and she had seen him and it did her good. Also I am to go to-morrow. . . . Many letters. The sensation throughout the world is profound. . . .

CHATSWORTH, *Wed. 10 May.*— . . . Anything so glorious and radiant as the place looked I never saw—full indeed of vivid life and colour. Walked with Nevy, sat with Lucy and went into the Chapel once more to see Freddy's face. This made one realize it most perhaps, and yet not even this quite, so still and different he looks when one only sees the face

¹ 'No Roman or Florentine lady ever said a more heroic thing than what Lady Frederick Cavendish said to Mr. Gladstone the first time she saw him after the news had come: "Uncle William, you did right to send him to Ireland."'—Dean Church, *Life and Letters*.

² As Chief Secretary for Ireland.

without his hair. Still the peacefulness and tranquillity took away all horror—one slight cut on his face the only sign of his cruel death. . . .

CHATSWORTH, *Thurs.* 11 *May*.—Communion at 9, Ed. and Arthur officiating. It was full of comfort, but still one could not believe that he lay there lifeless in our midst. All the morning I was making the great cross, 7 foot long, deep red roses in the middle, the only colour. Made it in Lucy's sitting room, having first had breakfast with her. We arranged the wreaths on the floor of the chapel, all round the coffin. Immense numbers of people were in the park and the special train brought about 200 M.P.'s, but all was perfectly managed. The people were deeply reverent and almost awed in manner. We drove quietly to Church and sat there till the procession arrived. At the grave the scene most striking, the Duke bowed down with grief, Lucy calm and really the support of all, the sun smiling down over the mourners, and the splendid sweep of country. There were 2 hymns, and we each dropped a wreath into the grave. Alfred, Arthur and I walked home and then sauntered and sat in the garden, most lovely it was. Many people ran quietly after the carriage containing Papa, one and another saying 'I am so sorry for you, Sir,' as if unable to keep silence. They say there were 30,000 people, and no disorder or noise whatever. . . . Striking telegram to me from Ld. Acton.

LONDON, *Sun.* *May* 14.—. . . Abbey at 7 in quest of an appropriate sermon. Alas, again bitterly disappointed. The Bp. of Exeter [Temple] for 45 min. on the conflict between science and theology in his rasping voice. This was a great trial. . . .

LONDON, *Mon.* *May* 15.—. . . With Nevy, Spencer and Alfred to the Brahms Requiem at St. James's Hall. It was very splendid if only it might have been in Church. With Nevy after to H. of C. in time for Papa's speech on the Arrears; short and simple. The great point is the money is to be gift, not loan. Then followed O'Shea's funny and

naïve but conceited speech on the informal negotiations and communications wh. had passed between him and Kilmainham and the Govt. previous to the release of the 3 political prisoners. . . .

LONDON, *Tues. May 16.*— . . . A row in the House. Mr. Balfour most insolent and passionate, alas, on the so-called 'bargain' between Govt. and Land League. Dined at Bry. Sq. with J. G. T.'s with Nevy and Spencer. We were a circle of black crows, but it was rather nice.

LONDON, *Wed. May 17.*— . . . Lucy came back to London. Parents dined with her. . . . Went over to 21 [Carlton House Terrace] at 10 for the night. It was wretched. I slept in F.'s dressing room and read aloud to her. It was most miserable, though 'wonderful' hardly describes her.

LONDON, *Thurs. 18.*—Ascension Day. The day seemed to begin pretty well. She read prayers with great pluck. St. Paul's full service, very beautiful. Ascension hymn, Barnby Te Deum and Ben. and Beethoven Mass. We began going over the drawers in the study, everything so fresh and recent, it was wretched work. . . . Not quite as miserable this evening. I read her meditations of her own and the Christian Year.

LONDON, *Fri. May 19.*—Morning over papers and dividing and disposing of her coloured clothes. To the Abbey at 3 and we drove a long way in a cold wind. Sybil and Hester¹ came to stay. Gerty to see her. Spencer dined and we had a *tête-à-tête* evening very comfy.

LONDON, *Sat. May 27.*— . . . Papa off to the Durdans early. . . . Ld. Spencer wrote this morn. to say how intense had been the impression made by Lucy's letter. A priest read it from the altar at Communion and the whole congregation fell on their knees. . . .

DURDANS, *Mon. May 29.*— . . . Read *Kitty*² because of Bp. Thirlwall, and thought it clever and amusing. Read Balzac's *Le Père Goriot* and was bored to death by it. It

¹ Lyttelton, afterwards Hon. Mrs. Lionel Cust and Hon. Mrs. Cyril Alington.

² By M. Betham-Edwards.

is a French *King Lear*, and the whole plot is disagreeable and totally uninteresting, tho' thought a masterpiece.

DURDANS, *Tues. May 30.*—Sat out reading Morley's *Rousseau*. How brilliant he is. The [Rosebery] children played among the flowers and looked like mushrooms in their white linen bonnets. Amusing talk on style at luncheon, growing first out of Carlyle wh. Papa is reading, and then Rousseau, and the comp[arative] influence of Voltaire and Rousseau, mostly in favour of the latter. Cuvier's style immensely eulogised and Swift's. . . . The more I think of it the more intensely I dislike *Père Goriot* and the more disgusted I am with its morals. Lots of talk with A. R.

DURDANS, *Wed. May 31.*— . . . W. E. G. speaking of Gambetta said he belonged to that class of Liberals whose creed had nothing whatever to do with liberty, but only consisted of a war ag. everything that existed : the older and better established, the greater reason for its being uprooted. . . .

LONDON, *Sat. 10 June.*—With S[pencer] to Crystal [Palace]. Mr. Grove told me on the way down that Huxley had said to him if he wished to describe the Creation scientifically in as few words as possible, he shd. use the Genesis account. . . . S[pencer] dined and we went to *Hernani* at the Gaiety. It was very long and such dawdles bet. acts, and Sarah was not supported anything like she was at the Français. Thought her acting very fine, and admired more than ever the tender low-voiced love-making. . . .

DOLLIS HILL, *Sun. 11 June.*—Ld. Rosebery to luncheon bringing Tom Mozley's *Recollections of the Oxford Movement*, wh. enchanted and enthralled Papa.

LONDON, *Tues. 13 June.*— . . . Read a lot of Mozley. . . . Wests, Jameses, O'Shea and Rylands to dinner.

LONDON, *Wed. 14 June.*— . . . With Alfred to *Tannhäuser*. Enjoyed it, but perhaps not *quite* up to expectation, but then expectations were uncommonly high. The singing as a whole not up to the mark. Winkelmann's voice

I do not care for, and we had no first-rate woman. Wagner's Operas invariably drag somewhere, and this is no exception, tho' far more dramatic and stirring than many. The music is very splendid, richer in airs than any other I have heard. Listened in great luxury and enjoyment. . . .

LONDON, *Thurs. 15 June*.—Breakfast—Sir W. Gregory, Mr. Smedley, E. Balfour, Cyrus Field and Willy. The topics that came up were too mighty and each deserved the whole time devoted to it—Egypt, Ireland, America. Sir W. Gregory has been supposed to back up Arabi [Pasha] too completely, and some think that Arabi bamboozles him, but all he told us seemed likely enough, that A[rabi] was thankful for European control, while he hates the abuses encouraged by Europeans, and on wh. indeed they thrive and grow fat. It all sounded very like the history of the Egyptians and the Israelites, only this time it is the former who suffer and toil and the Europeans who oppress and domineer. . . .

WELLINGTON COLLEGE, *Fri. 16 June*.—A lovely day with fresh breeze. Walked with the children and gathered loads of big daisies. Speech day. The ceremony took place at 12, and some of the reading and acting was quite first-rate. The Prince and Pss. of Wales and Pss. Christian came and were capitally received. Luncheon at 2 was rapid, the Bp. of Truro and I sat next Agnes and the P. of Wales. The latter made a nice little speech full of hearty interest in the College, and Edward spoke excellently. They came in afterwards to have coffee, and Agnes's group in the hall was certainly a lovely sight. Katie and Christian and William and Baby in white, only fat Margaret a great joke in black velvet. They behaved beautifully. The Pss. nursed the baby and divided her flowers among them. She told them how a little girl had given her the nosegay. 'How kind of the little girl,' said William in his deep grave voice.

LONDON, *Thurs. June 22*.—A brilliant breakfast, 'Tom' Mozley, author of *Reminiscences of the Oxford Movement*, Herbert Spencer, Prof. Jebb, Ld. Rosebery and Edward

Talbot. H. Spencer threw rather a bombshell into the camp by excusing himself from qualifying as a voter on account of the great change in Liberalism, that whereas its great object *was* the protection and freedom of the individual it now coerced the individual to benefit the masses. He took our Joe [Chamberlain] as a type. W. E. G. demurred, a long conversation ensued.

LONDON, *Tues. 4 July*.— . . . Drove down to Herne Hill w. Frances to see Mr. Ruskin. We found him all alone and giving us the most loving welcome. A beautiful nursery tea, with strawberries and raspberries and a great Froude-Carlyle talk in wh. F. and I propounded our views to his unfeigned delight. He had evidently read the book with tight shut eyes and found it 'entirely uninteresting' and expected us to say the usual things. He showed us pic[ture]s and I played and it was altogether a real success. . . .

LONDON, *Thurs. 5 July*.— . . . Ruskin, Sidgwick and Mr. Holland came to breakfast. St. C.¹ in great force and most Ruskin-esque. Argued in favour of vicarious punishment, in favour of slavery, of war, said that it was silly to care about the inside of jails, that only the outside matters (this apropos of Quaker work), said Quakers' broad brims were specially made for taking hats off to people, that punishment of crime shd. be absolute, that the wrong man shd. be executed rather than none, that the idle rich were the worst burden on the nation. This last resulted in a plan for imprisoning every idler who had over £5000 a year. . . .

LONDON, *Mon. 10 July*.—Walked with Alfred to Lord's. Watched 2 hours' cricket, Australians v. M.C.C. The ground was quite dead. W. G. Grace played admirably, Hornby rather wildly, giving several chances. At 2 rain stopped the match, score over 100, 2 wickets down. Sat 3 hours in filthy smoke in tennis court with Spencer swearing next me

¹ *I.e.* Ruskin. St. Crumpet, generally shortened into St. C., was one of the many nicknames given to Mr. Ruskin. See *Acton, Gladstone and Others*, by Mary Drew.

$\frac{1}{2}$ the time. H. Marshall took his place and explained most helpfully. Alfred (with 15) won 3 sets love. Frequent interruptions rain or darkness. The 2nd set very close, 5 all and deuce. . . . War with Egypt imminent. A W. E. G. statement as to Friday's defeat, that he will reconsider his position shd. the search for arms clause¹ be put into full force.

LONDON, *Tues.* 11 *July*.—Our ships fired into the Egyptian forts at 6.40 A.M. This put the world into immense spirits. . . .

LONDON, *Thurs.* 13 *July*.—Egyptian affairs awfully grave. . . .

LONDON, *Fri.* 14 *July*.—. . . Mr. Bright had luncheon—very low—he is also leaving us on account of Egypt. . . .

LONDON, *Sat.* 15 *July*.—Sp[encer] looked in. Arabi has disappeared. Luncheon with Constance Flower, we talked of many things—Ireland, the clergy, employment of time. Visited Miss Talbot. Mr. Bright's resignation given out. Sir W. Knollys and dau. came to tea with me. He told me to read Carlyle's *Cromwell*. With Herbert dined at Aberdeens, bet. Webster and E. Marjoribanks, M.Ps. Much talk with the former, tho' I had his quite deaf ear. Talked of Carlyle. He also advised *Cromwell*. Mr. Bright dined. 'I daresay you think I have been very naughty,' he said to me. Ld. Reay came and held forth to me on Egypt and our future action there. Long talk with George Russell on many things—politics, preachers.—A child after one of Mr. Holland's sermons said to her mother, 'What a lot of adjectives that gentleman must know.'

LONDON, *Wed.* 19 *July*.—. . . Talked evening to Mr. Alfred Milner,² a clever Balliol man who writes in *Pall Mall*. . . .

LONDON, *Thurs.* 27 *July*.—. . . Horrid it is closing an old journal and yet thankful, for if we had guessed all that wd. happen in the 3 years and a $\frac{1}{2}$ our hearts would have failed us.

¹ In Ireland.

² Afterwards Viscount Milner.

10 *Downing Street, Whitehall, July 27, '82.*

DST. L.,—I have just written 6 snubs to poor clerical applicants for Marylebone and shall now refresh myself with a line to you. . . .

Last night we had rather an amusing dinner at the Mount-Temples. You were shown in to a room literally so dark that in the vague outlines you could not distinguish furniture from figures. It was so odd. You heard the names of people being announced and you half saw or guessed at dim shadows. When we reached the dining room consequently we were all in the act of discoveries. Basil Wilberforce handed me down, but I did not take to him much, though I could see why people do. . . . Ever lov. M. G.

LONDON, 27 *July* 1882.—This is a horrid journal book, but the only one to be found in the shop. We had a breakfast this morn., but as the family overflowed, our table was only brothers and sisters and Ld. Aberdeen. A drive with Lucy, ending at House of Lords for debate on Arrears Bill (2nd reading). Lds. Carlingford, Lansdowne, Cowper, Dunraven on our side, Lds. Salisbury, Waterford, Bury, Donoughmore on theirs, but they passed the 2nd reading, contenting themselves with a few oaths, and reserve opposition for Committee. Dined with Sir W. Knollys, next Ld. Camperdown.

LONDON, 28 *July* 1882.—Fri. Helen and I ruined ourselves at Gorrings's selling off. . . . Over to Lucy where met first Maggie and then Mr. Hamilton. He was wonderfully funny and beautiful in what he said to me and he stopped on to dinner. He said *Pickwick* was 'one of the Scriptures for our learning,' and won Mag's heart. . . .

LONDON, *Sat. 29 July*.—Booth's acting most powerful, his fiendish joy in the revenge, his frightful despair at the discovery, the conflicting passions that rush one after the other over him, all are marvellously acted—make one's hair stand on end.

LONDON, *Sun.* 30 *July*.—Lovely day. Walked with Nevy to St. Paul's, Stainer's Service effective and very finely done tho' the choir was only half its usual. Back with Alfred and Nevy, who had luncheon, and the former and I played all the afternoon till Chapel Royal. He dined here, high tea and snug evening. We read 2 sermons of Dr. Butler's, both striking. The Scots Guards embarked today amid enthusiastic crowds for Egypt,¹ P. & Pss. of Wales, etc., seeing them off.

LONDON, *Mon.* 31 *July*.—. . . Spencer came. He is to be Secretary here again, only *paid*, such a good thing. . . . To see B.-J.'s lovely and impressive design for the Dome in the Am[erican] Church in Rome—the 7 angels standing at the 7 doors, the 8th door $\frac{1}{2}$ open, empty and dark, when Lucifer had been next to the throne, the central figure reminding one of his 'Christ in Judgment': the 'glassy sea' in the foreground and the rivers flowing into it at the foot of the throne, and above boats of Angels.

To the H. of Lords for Arrears Bill Committee. Ld. Salisbury's 2 amendments utterly transform the Bill, but apparently he means to stick to them. Dined with Sir W. Knollys bet. him and Ld. Selborne. Mem. his mistaking my parasol for his dau[ghter's] and at dinner my stealing away his ice. Nobody on our side who was impressive except suddenly the Ld. Chancellor in defending the Sub-Commissioners, when his voice shook with passion and the Lib. party cheered like fun. . . .

LONDON, *Tues.* 1 *Aug.*—Lovely. Lady Reay drove me; had tea with Mount-Temples, meeting Mr. Ruskin; this was very delightful. *J. Inglesant*, *The Vulture Maiden* and all sorts of things. He was being chaffed on his idiosyncrasies. Lds. Rosebery and Wolverton, Dr. Clark and a delightful Mr. Carnegie,² a Scotch American rolling in gold, dined.

LONDON, *Wed.* 2 *Aug.*—. . . Aft. to Nurses' treat at Mrs. Barclay's, lovely tea, picked flowers and delighted in a girl

¹ The expedition against Arabi Pasha.

² Mr. Andrew Carnegie.

of 15, the brightest face, bluest eyes, pinkest cheeks and goldest hair, a blue cricket cap sitting among the curls. She was Capt. of her eleven and just going off to a match.

LONDON, *Thurs. 3 Aug.*—Nevy to breakfast. He starts tomorrow.¹ . . . Mr. Ruskin to tea. I played to him and lent him *The Vulture Maiden*, talked of many things. He was profoundly impressed with the action of a Rev. Saxebey at Cliveden who induced a sinner to confess before a whole congregation. . . .

LONDON, *Mon. 7 Aug.*— . . . Evening had Mr. Ruskin to tea and played to him. Spencer and I dined with Parrys. Hubert played *Parsifal* all the evening and gave us a wonderful idea of its character.

LONDON, *Tues. 8 Aug.*—Fine. An unhinged morn., thinking we were going to Greenwich when we were not. To the House at 5. The P.M. spoke with great gentleness and self-restraint on the Arrears Bill as 'amended' by the Lords. He rejects the option wh. Ld. Salisbury gives the landlord, and also the 'hanging job' amendment (Ld. Waterford's) wh. seems to have bamboozled everyone but him, but in matters not affecting the principle of the bill he gave way to the Lords. 136 majority supported the rejection of Ld. S.'s 1st Amend^t. To *The Parvenu*². . . not very good. Ld. Rosebery luncheon and had great fun with the P.M.

['Proud Maisie, bright as a fairy,
Will she give lunch to the Sub-Secretary?']³

LONDON, *Wed. 9 Aug.*—Lovely, but scorching day. . . . At 3 to see the Bruce Joy statue [of Mr. Gladstone] unveiled at Bow, a most impressive sight, and the great burst of cheers as the noble figure burst on the multitude I would not have missed for anything. The crowd was tremendous but very rough, and there was much disorder and hustling. Lds. Carlingford and Granville both spoke in the blazing sun, and Mama was much cheered.

¹ To Egypt, on Lord Wolseley's staff, for the Tel-el-Kebir Campaign.

² By G. W. Godfrey.

³ This rhyme is scribbled in at the side of the entry.

Cetewayo¹ and suite came at 12. and we watched them with much interest and amusement. A great hulk he is with immense shapeless legs and feet, but straightforward and honest. The P.M. much struck with his conversation. A quiet evening.

LONDON, *Sat. 12 Aug.*—The P.M. in a glorious position. Poor Ld. Salisbury exactly the reverse. Ld. Acton returned to Germany yesterday. . . . Went to the Nat. Gal. and saw the beautiful Hamilton pics., the Giorgione the finest of all in colour. Shouldn't care to have the Velasquez. The Botticelli with the lily-filled tomb and heaven opening above very wonderful. Met Mr. Knowles there. Drove to Greenwich with parents: beastly drive, tramways the whole way and stinks innumerable. . . .

LONDON, *Tues. 15 Aug.* . . . The Prince of Wales brought his 2 boys here at 2, nice creatures. We took them to the Cabinet Room, where the Council of War had just broken up. 30 Sunday teachers to tea, a great success. With Mama to see the Princess—she was charming and sent for the three girls . . . bright looking and not stuck up. She kissed me. Mr. Carnegie sent me £1000 for the College of Music! . . .

COWES, *Fri. Aug. 18.*— . . . Off at 9.15 special to Portsmouth, the P.M. on to Osborne; embarked immediately and lionised Ld. Wolverton's most delightful yacht. Enjoyed our luncheon and then off to cricket match. Saw the Australian last 3 wickets fall: total 141. Alfred and [C. I.] Thornton started the Cantabs, and till 6 the former was in during the fall of 6 wickets. Great fun to watch and seeing his resistance to Spofforth. Sat in great comfort with Maria Lady A.² and Pss. E. of Saxe-Weimar. Cambridge at 6 was well over 120, Alfred having made 59 (First innings 198). Carried off Edward and went to Cowes, where we dined on the *Palatine* and had a delicious evening on deck, singing and talking. Hubert and Edward swinging up among the ropes. A lovely night.

¹ Great Zulu chief.

² Maria, Marchioness of Ailesbury.

COWES, *Sat. Aug. 19.*— . . . The P.M. came on board from Osborne at 11 and elected for Portland in spite of prophecies of tossing. We had 6 horrid hours with what is called a fresh breeze, the wind being from south-west was just wrong for us, a great pity as the colour of the water, sky and coast was most beautiful. Got into harbour at 6 very thankful. Reading *Faucit of Balliol*¹—clever.

PORTLAND, *Sunday, Aug. 20.*—Fine fresh day, plenty of motion outside. Went on shore at 9.30, the most bleak place, sea all round, scarcely any vegetation; drove up to the prison standing at the top of the cliff and went to church with about 1400 convicts. They are divided into companies, shut off fm. each other by strong partitions in squares, each square guarded by armed warders on raised seats. A small body of soldiers ready to fire under the gallery, a most terrible sight: their behaviour was very impressive, the great quiet, nobody coughed or fidgeted, all seemed deeply attending, and hymns and chants were joined in with immense vigour. The organist was a murderer. One man who had lately killed his jailer was separated and guarded by himself. The sermon rather poor, and one kept wondering what effect a Mr. Linklater might have. Went all over the place, the cells, kitchen, laundry, punishment cells, etc., the dining perhaps the most striking of all. A loaf and cheese stood on the floor in front of 250 cells. At the word of command the doors opened as if by magic and 250 convicts stood on the thresholds. 'Pick up yr. dinners.' They all stooped. 'Back to yr. cells. Shut yr. doors,' and with a crash of thunder they all vanished, and every door was double locked. They may never speak to each other. They lose all identity and are only known by their numbers written on their backs. There has never been a successful escape, though many marvellous and miraculous attempts. The great difficulty to contend with is laziness. One man has preferred punishments, *i.e.* living on bread and water, for 3 years rather than hard labour.

¹ By H. C. Merivale.

He has slept the whole of the time, day and night, excepting during the one hour's solitary exercise. Flogging has had the best effect of all. There are about 100 Communicants out of the whole number. The death rate extraordinarily small.

Luncheon with the Governor, an excellent man, nearly distracted sometimes with anxiety and responsibility. He told us curious and significant things about Davitt and his first interview with Parnell and Dillon. Saw the garden in which Davitt was allowed to work, and was given a nosegay from it. Got back to the yacht very tired and *harrowed* with all we had seen and heard and felt. . . .

Mon. Aug. 21.—Fresh brilliant day, the water in splendid hues of blue and green. Went and sat on the Chesil Beach watching the lovely emerald waves. The wind freshened all day till it blew a regular gale. Herbert and Ld. W[olverton] went to Weymouth, but we funked the rough passage. Had a deputation off a steamer. Finished *Faucit of Balliol*. There are several clever things in it and nice things too, but glaring defects in the management of the plot and in the tone. The writer cannot be quite a gentleman, he errs often in taste and at the end unwarrantably in the moral.

IWERNE, *Tues. Aug. 22.*— . . . Thank heaven we left the yacht at 1.30 and rowed in rough sea to Weymouth, and caused some enthusiasm on landing. Special train nearly swung off the line such a rate we tore along. Felt wretchedly giddy and the floor of my room at Iwerne heaved up and down, but still was thankful to think it was firm Mother Earth. . . .

IWERNE, *Thurs. Aug. 24.*— . . . Walk with C. Glyn ; awfully giddy and light-headed I felt, but otherwise better. Can I ever go on board again ? I hate it more and more as I think over it. Did a cypher telegram. Three shop men to luncheon, over the moon with pride and happiness. Wrote to Lds. Reay and Rosebery.

LONDON, *Tues. 29 Aug.*—Up at peep of day, reaching

London at 10, and then off with Alfred to Kennington Oval for the 2nd day of the great cricket match Australia *v.* All England. The former went in, being 34 behind England the day before, the 2 innings having respectively been 67 and 101. Heavy rain fell in night and up till 10; it looked very bad. Massie played finely, getting 55 runs, but his fall was infectious and tho' Murdoch got 29 the whole innings was over for 122. England went in at 3.30 with only 95 to get. Spofforth's bowling the most deadly thing I ever saw; he got them all out for 77. It was fearfully exciting and never hopeless till the very end, as at any point they were capable of making a stand. Gunn got 35 and Alfred a slow and patient 12, but the rest except Whyte seemed paralysed, and tho' every run was madly cheered by the crowd, when Peate was finally bowled the ground was in an instant covered with an enthusiastic crowd, the air ringing with cheers. Was sitting with Charles, who was quite crestfallen. Alfred came home with me and dined, a very cosy evening.

10 Downing Street, Whitehall, Aug. 31, '82.

DEAREST L.,— . . O it was fearfully exciting. I never saw anything like it before except at elections, and though it was disgraceful to England I wd. not have missed it for anything. Alfred got me a lovely place. All the morn. I had to grin, gasp, clap, shudder, laugh, all by myself, but Charles came after luncheon, and we went thro' the remaining emotions together. Every run was cheered madly by the crowd, and till Alfred fell our hopes were high. After that no stand whatever was made. Spofforth was deadly to watch, and such devilish resolution in his eye. I saw he felt his power. The wild rush on to the ground of the 20,000 spectators, the air ringing with cheers, was creditable to our countrymen. Alfred and I dined together at Downing St. and had a snug evening in spite of all. . . .—Yr. lov.

M. G.

10 Downing Street, Whitehall, August '82.

Dst. L.,—. . . A very amusing little dinner at Lionel Tennyson's; sat by George Darwin, who never drew rein from soup to dessert. Mr. Bruce of Rome also there. Egyptian news is pretty good. You will see about poor old Bright, it breaks his heart to leave, but of course he is right as a Quaker. His resignation will not, I fancy, take anyone by surprise under the circs.

This is a typical entry. Mary might worry occasionally about the spiritual welfare of her child-friends; but she was convinced that in the more earthly matters of beauty and talent they were supreme:—

HAWARDEN, *Sep. 5*.—Many cypher telegrams about the Sultan. Agnes and Ed. [Wickham] and their children here, all 5, and a very delightful quintette they are, both in looks and intelligence. William [Wickham] has an endless sense of awe and goodness, tho' not able to put the latter into practice. Christian remains the fascinating sprightly fairy sparkling with life and fun, and beautifully and delicately made. Margaret, now called Jumbo in honour of her superhuman size, the most jolly fat thing, beaming with good humour and satisfaction. . . . Pd. a few visits daily. Sandycroft mags¹ on Monday and D.V.M.² talks with Stephy and Edith. Reading aloud Lecky Vol. III, the Burke part specially interesting, also the 'Mendelssohn Family' to myself; *Never too Late to Mend*.³ The latter most powerful and stirring, specially after our late visit to Portland. Arthur arrived on the 4th and was a great break.

HAWARDEN, *Sept. 6 to 14*.—. . . Papa off to London for a Cabinet; great battle in Egypt on Wed. 13th,⁴ complete victory for us and rout of the enemy, only Arabi unfortunately escaped.

¹ Magazines.

² By Charles Reade.

³ District Visitors' meeting.

⁴ Tel-el-Kebir.

Forgot to mention the great constabulary row in Ireland, admirably steered thro' by Lord Spencer, ending in complete submission and apologies of the men. . . .

Friday, Sep. 15.—Glasgow at 7, and on to Greenock, filthy and foul, embarking about 9; sky very dirty and the voyage was not all it shd. be considering the lovely scenery we passed. The Crinan Canal an odd and boring experience, going thro' about 12 locks and having to be raised or sunk according as we mounted or descended. Met the D. of Marlboro' and his girl. It was rather tedious and very damp, but I dozed the last bit and we reached beautiful Oban at 5. Tea, music, reading and table d'hôte dinner all rather amusing. Met Mme. Goldschmidt,¹ played a lot, finished the clever *Roi Apapi* of Cherbulini, and thoroughly enjoyed our comfortable beds.

ARMADALE, Sat. 16 Sep.—Nearly missed the boat; they wd. charge nothing at the Hotel, out of love for the P.M.; the *Great Western* standing immediately on the shore. The sky cleared and we had a beautiful voyage, air invigorating, views of mountain and sea full of variety and loveliness. Mr. Graham had met us at Oban, also R. H. Benson. Breakfast about 8. Rum is the most striking thing you pass, with its 3 bold, high mountains. A good deal of motion at times, but never felt the worse and greatly enjoyed it. As we approached the woods of Armadale, a little boat containing Frances and Amy,² Kath. Wortley³ and Ken.,⁴ danced round us. It was the most radiant moment to arrive, such floods of sunshine and splendid cheering, and the panorama in front of house most striking. The Scotch coast is but 8 or 9 miles across. Devoured our luncheon, all being ravenous, and immediately after started out crabbing—divil a bit did we find one, but it was delicious clambering about the rocks, breathing the salt air. Had a bad tumble, a rock turning round that I stepped on, and gave me a jolly good bruise. Frances, who is Captain of the *Pursuit*, went off

¹ Jenny Lind.

² Afterwards married Neville Lyttelton.

³ Graham.

⁴ Muir-Mackenzie.

across the sea, sailing with Spencer, Charlie Wortley¹ and Mr. Webb. They were sick and cold, sea very rough, and got wet through. We walked up a hill, Ken and I talking all the time of F.'s² engagement, wh. seems really most satisfactory and happy. Quiet music evening.

ARMADALE, *Monday, 18 Sep.*—Up at 7 and off at 8, driving, walking or riding, a party of 11, over the hills at the back, across a point of the island, about 8 miles to Gillin. Took 2 hours rowing across the arm of the sea to the Spa cave, wind and tide being ag. us. You clamber in lighted by tapers and find yourself having to climb steep rocks, a sharp ascent landing you eventually at a freshwater underground loch. Had not time to get so far, and as it was we took 3 mortal hours struggling across to the foot of the Cuchullin hills. Ate luncheon with ravenous appetites before we went on to Loch Coniston. The day perfect for this wildest of spots. Many clouds veiling the mountains by turn with blue sky and sun; several times we got into a cloud, but no serious wetting. Started back at 4.30 in the lifeboat with a sail. This was horrid, for it is not meant for a sail, and tips over on the slightest provocation. I was terrified really, and the sea got rougher and rougher and we were surrounded by squalls. Presently down came the mast and our sail flapped in the water. They managed to stick it up again and down it blew again. By this time the others, in a good safe fishing boat, were pretty well frightened, thinking at first we had capsized. They came to our help and towed along by them we flew merrily and delightfully over the waves. $\frac{1}{2}$ drove, $\frac{1}{2}$ walked home in the twilight and got to dinner by $\frac{1}{2}$ p. 9. The sunset lights and the view more beautiful than anything I had ever seen. Very glad tho' to get home.

ARMADALE, *Fri. 29 Sep.*—Mr. Graham dragged us all to the pier 3 hours too soon, dawdled there for about 2 hours,

¹ Son of Rt. Hon. James Stuart Wortley, and afterwards Lord Stuart of Wortley.

² Frances Graham's engagement to John (afterwards Sir John) Horner of Mells.

then up to the Castle again, ate mutton, played duets, read newspapers, wrote letters. Went thro. Schubert with Ken before got off at about 3.30. The Cuchullins looked their very grandest as we last saw them frowning over Skye, otherwise lost in the wildest thunderclouds. Rum and Eig transfigured by the sinking sun. The whole scene till we reached Tobermory was one of magic and splendour, the sun setting into the Atlantic, leaving the clouds a farewell blaze of glory. After an interval of sober twilight we were illuminated by a brilliant nearly full moon, by the light of wh. we took four hundred sheep on board in about as many hours. This was a horrid delay, but it was so heavenly an evening I did not regret our arrival at Oban being put off till past 11. Enjoyed an excellent tea on board and had an enormous talk with Mr. Benson the last 3 hours. Read Mérimée's sad *Arsène Feuillet*. Soup before bed and a lordly room.

OBAN, *Sat. 30 Sep.*— . . . The landlady wd. take no money. From W. Gladstone's daughter? Never,' putting her hands behind her back. . . .

GLEN, *Sun. 1 Oct.*—There was no appearance of Sunday whatever. A great deal of music. Mr. Graham Smith and Margot¹ play the Violin and sing and play P.F. equally well, and change parts and instruments. Did not go out at all, it was blowing such a hurricane and great scuds of rain. Margot has smashed her knee in a runaway accident the other day, so she lay on the sofa and we talked long and earnestly, politics, W. E. G. and Herbert in particular, and whether he is ambitious. Music all the evening too.

GLEN, *Mon. 2 Oct.*—Finer. A game of l. tennis in the covered court and walked after luncheon w. Lucy G[raham] Smith. She is a dear little thing. More music. The Haigs arrived, and after dinner they danced. Laura and Margot are wonderful fun together and show each other off in the spiciest way. Don't quite love their relations with mankind. . . . There are wonderful night romps. Sat up rather

¹ Countess of Oxford.

late talking to Laura and Lucy. Didn't really get to bed till past 2. Dead tired.

HAWARDEN, *Tues. 3 Oct.*—Off at 8. Ld. Ribblesdale driving me, and dear little Lucy coming with me to Innesbitter. Laura also down. Had a most beastly tiring day, 2 hours at Galashiels going over the mills, very interesting, but the thunder of the machinery and badness of atmosphere gave me a cracking headache. Changed about 10 times, but reached Hawarden all right and before parents, who arrived from P.M.M. [Penmaenmawr] about 7. . . .

Hawarden Castle, Chester, 5 Oct. '82.

DST. L.,—. . . Since then I have had the strange, rather mad experience of the Tennant circle. I couldn't describe it—it is the maddest, merriest whirl from morn. till night—wonderful quickness, brightness, wit, cleverness—the 4 sisters all so pretty and fascinating in their different ways. Lady Ribblesdale tall, distinguished, and a sort of sunny serenity about her, aged 25. Mrs. Graham Smith, married straight from the schoolroom, small, pretty, clever. . . . She draws with great spirit and dash, plays the violin capitally, sings and is full of ardour and interest over everything in the world, books, politics, art, great men. Then comes Laura, the sharpest little creature, like a needle, delicate and yet able to do everything beautifully, like riding, lawn tennis, playing, etc., full of life and fun and up to anything in the world, and yet some 'Weltschmerzen' in her eyes and full of aspiration in her graver moments. . . . She is fair and quite different in looks to the others, but very piquante. Lastly comes Margot, aged 18, perhaps the most really pretty and clever of the lot, her hair curling darkly all over her head, eyes large and deep, skin very pearly without much colour, and the most bewitching mouth. She sings, draws, plays violin and pianoforte, all with originality and charm. . . .—Yr. lov.

M. G.

HAWARDEN, *Tues. Oct. 10.*—. . . Sibell Grosvenor arrived.

Talked a deal to her, she is such a darling. . . . Walked and drove afternoon, tho' dull and foggy. Papa and I flew up the wood, in raptures over its varied beauty; ended at the Coffee House, where they all had tea. Sibell came home with me and went over the Homes, and a cosy tea in the schoolroom, and much talking then and at bedtime, when she looked lovely with her hair down.

HAWARDEN, *Sat. Oct. 14.*—Sat. came C^t Munster and Ld. Houghton. Spencer early, also the Palgraves (4) from Chester. Walked with the 15-year-old Palgrave girl. She is wild over Irving and Ellen Terry, and was rather fun to talk to.

HAWARDEN, *Tues. Oct. 24.*—It poured cats and dogs. Have had a horrid little antic ¹ on my tongue, a blister wh. hurt a deal. Tore about Hawarden seeing many people and trying to arrange Orph[anage] bothers. Deposited £30 in P.O.S. Bank. . . . At 4 went off to London with Herbert, cold, dark, quiet journey. Par^t began well today. We found the House up and Father in capital spirits. Whitehall is in an uproar, the road being all up. First person we spied was Mr. Parnell.

LONDON, *Wed. Oct. 25.*—Various trots and arrangements. Sp[encer] came and sang. Dined early and to Lyceum for *Much Ado*. It is the best part that Irving ever did. Benedick's dry humour and irony suit him exactly, and the by-play and *facial* acting are capital. Ellen Terry most graceful and sprightly. All the men more or less good, Hero the poorest of all the parts; scenery and dressing magnificent. Went behind the scenes afterwards. Irving had spectacles on, wh. looked odd with his gorgeous attire. She seemed full of go and fun. They disappear off the stage dancing a delicious jig. There is a lovely organ in the Church scene, wh. he has bought for the play. Had tea and great fun.

LONDON, *Sun. 29 Oct.*—St. Margaret's, a sermon by

¹ Glynnese for any small thing which cannot be described in precise terms.

Farrar on Liberty was on my nerves. Such a flood of rhetorical nothings and truisms. Evening to Chapel Royal. . . . Lovely morn.

LONDON, *Wed. Nov. 1, All Saints' Day.*—To the Abbey. . . . Then to Northend, but B.-J. was out and only saw Mrs. & Phil.¹ . . . To the Albert Hall for the *Redemption*. Every seat was crowded. The P. & Pss., Albanys and all the world, and yet it is the poorest, thinnest music I ever heard. It was admirably performed, Albani, Lloyd and Santley all singing to perfection, and the chorus ringing and clear, but it is a miserable failure, and specially considering its great subject. The opening tenor solo and 'Who is the King of Glory' the only impressive parts. Everything much too short and flighty. Was really frightfully bored. . . .

LONDON, *Thurs. 2 Nov.*—A breakfast, Sir C. Dilke, Duc de Broglie, A. Russells, Mme. Novikoff, not very lively. Cards all day for beastly party next week. . . . To the House *late*. Heard George Russell, Parnell, Sir Stafford, and Ld. Hartington. The Irish reluctantly supporting us. We had 84 majority, twice as much as the Tories prophesied. Wrote to Lav. during. Walked home with Papa. Gibson's amendment substituting 2 thirds for bare majority thus goes to the wall.

Here is a longer account of this evening, interspersed with all Mary's various preoccupations at this time :—

House of Commons, Thurs. night, Nov. 2, '82.

DST. LAVINIA,—I have not taken a big sheet of paper on account of its being An Occasion, but because I am in the House of Commons and the dull speeches are likely to last thro' several big sheets. Mr. Walter is on his legs, one of the $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen or so Liberals (so called) who is to vote against us tonight. (Mr. Harcourt now up.) It is years since I wrote and a fearful accumulation of topics is congesting

¹ Afterwards Sir Philip Burne-Jones.

between us. You asked me what I thought of ———. . . . Poor little dear, to live with she is too unmitigated sugar. The excess of sweetness palls upon one, but her music is most delightful and satisfactory. We played all day at Hawarden. (George Russell has spoken, chaffing Ld. Randolph as a Radical in disguise, and bemoaning Mr. Balfour's attitude in politics, being the contrary to one of 'philosophic doubt.') Mr. Ottley came yesterday. No, Jarrow wd. never do. Stephy presses for his trying to find permanent work on wh. he cd. marry *at once*, but failing that offers him Hawarden work until the right thing turns up. He was very nice, very reasonable and in good heart altogether, I thought, in spite of the difficulties of the position. Who has written the article in *Church Quarterly* on Mr. Holland? All the praising part excellent, but the scolding part founded on the preface very stupid and misunderstanding. (Mr. Parnell just up, his unmistakable soft voice I hear. I have listened; he joins forces with Ld. Randolph, congratulates him on the wisdom so superior to that of his leaders, and votes with the Govt. 'however disagreeable it is for us to go into the same lobby as a Govt. who has forced such atrocious Coercion Acts on Ireland.') Sir Stafford now up. Mama liked A. J. B.'s speech today, but then you see he was speaking ag. one of his own party. . . .

Have you read the Conservative article in the *Fortnightly*? It is most curious. (They are all roaring at poor Sir Stafford.) What universal condemnation Nat. Religion has met with at the hands of reviewers!

Went to *Much Ado*, it was lovely. We went behind the scenes after and saw Irving and E. Terry. I go to Selwyn I hope Sat. Frances Balfour had tea with me to-day and Frances Graham dinner. Went to the *Redemption* last night, the thinnest, poorest composition I ever heard. K—— (Duchess) is going to have a baby. She will have 20. Haven't seen Alfred. He has been away. The Dss. of Manchester is here in the box, come to hear Hartington speak. Hilda Brodrick also here and Emma Cavendish. . . .

Herbert has had a horrible cold. The article on Frank Balfour in *Fortnightly* not very well done. We are going to have a disgusting squash party on Wed. to meet Sir Garnet Wolseley.¹ Mama insists. I kicked with all my might but no avail. Poor Lucy coming Monday will be a fresh opening of the wound. Thankful for yr. bulletin of Mr. I[llingworth]. What will happen as to his 'select sermons at St. Mary's'?

Ld. Hartington has spoken and sat down. He woke up a bit here and there. Wretched Callan is now up delaying the division and it is 1 o'clock. Farewell.—Yr. lov.

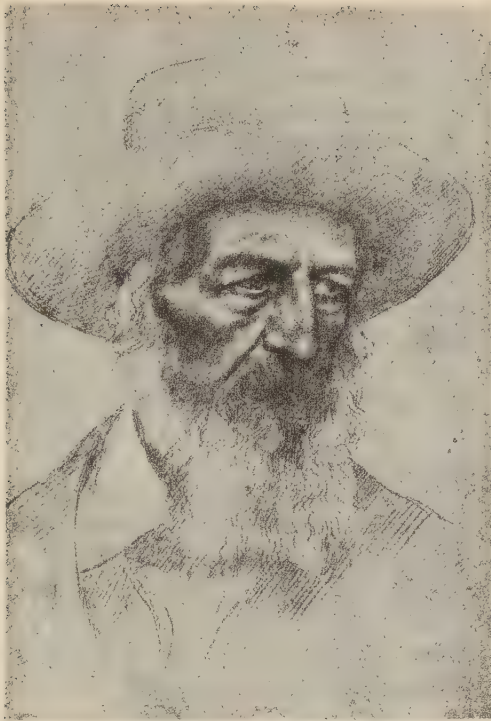
M. G.

CAMBRIDGE, *Sat. 4 Nov.*—Great scurry to catch the train at King's X, having made a mistake about time. Helen met me at Cambridge. . . . Luncheon at Selwyn. Very exciting getting there, and so like 10 years ago. Then a troll with Helen at Newnham, after wh. a run towards the backs. Met the Flying Dutchman² and walked with him to Selwyn, then some more Newnham, then tea at Selwyn, then Lucy arrived and had a long chat with Mr. Holland in A.'s study. Very delightful. They dined out and Lucy and I were *tête à tête*, read aloud some of Arthur's [Lyttelton] excellent Carlyle article. Played and talked.

CAMBRIDGE, *Sunday, 5 Nov.*—Celebration at 8 in temporary chapel. This felt the real realising great moment. Matins at 10 and after that great quiet till luncheon. Lucy off to Newnham. Mr. Welldon and Mr. Stanton to luncheon, and walked with them to King's, 3.30: Blessing, honour and glory, Bach, and the great C. Toccata. It was very beautiful as usual. Tea after in Mr. Leigh's rooms, his brother also and Mr. Welldon, and Allen and Evelyn came in. At 6 to Trinity to the organ loft. Mr. Stanford's playing very fine to watch—the Schumann on Bach as a voluntary. 'Where are they,' Dykes, was the All Saints anthem, most appropriately lovely for Lucy. Had never yet heard it. It blew

¹ Sir Garnet, afterwards Viscount Wolseley.

² Scott Holland.



ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON
FROM THE LITHOGRAPH BY A. LEGROS

a hurricane as we hustled home in the rain. Alice Balfour dined, not quite a succedee perhaps. It is all exactly like Keble, and my little bedroom in the pocket of Arthur's dining room, as it used to be of Edward's. They seem very cheerful and serene and unfussy.

LONDON, *Mon. 6 Nov.*—Scuttled with Spencer to the new Law Courts thro' horrid crowds and slums of lowest description, and losing our way and finally driving 20 yards in a hansom, for the Lord Mayor's Show. Had luncheon with Mackenzies and watched the procession with huge amusement. It is an absurd relic of former ages. Drove with Lucy and tea with her. Alfred and Spencer dined with me early, and to St. J. Hall for the 1st Richter Concert, unreserved seats . . . enjoyed the beautiful *Parsifal*, disappointed in the Stanford wh. as Spencer says is 'elegant,' but not much more. The Lizst mad Hungarian Rhapsody again, and the *Meistersinger* Overture, wh. I thought quite splendid. The Eroica at the end. The whole world seemed there. A hustling walk home.

LONDON, *Sat. 11 Nov.*— . . . Dined early and to the Globe for first night of Tennyson's new prose play *The Promise of May*. Maggie picked me up and we shared a box with H[allam] & L[ionel] Tennyson. It was most painful, there being a brutal Bradlaugh gallery and pit who jeered and hissed and greeted with peals of laughter the special points of pathos, morality or tragedy. Parents sat with Mrs. L. Tennyson. There are obvious defects in the play wh. wd. make it specially unacceptable to the 19th Century audience. It was miserable work.

LONDON, *Sat. 18 Nov.*—About 60 people came to see review from our windows and garden stand. Florence Nightingale among them. Fog hid everything from our eyes. We cd. not see even across the parade. We heard the cheers and guessed at the crowds, as the escort came on to the ground their helmets faintly glimmered thro' the mist; but as the Queen arrived, suddenly in one great flash the sun burst forth and dispelled the fog, and as if by magic revealed

to us the gorgeous scene. It was quite splendid. The whole thing only lasted about an hour, some of the regiments had grand receptions. A number of maukins to luncheon. Had tea at B.-J.'s with Frances and Jack [Horner]. . . . Dined in Grov. Place, very nice and I loved Jack. Went to the Children's Party at War Office and enjoyed it rather. The Pss. only ejaculated 'A thousand pounds!' ¹

FOLKESTONE, *Sat. 25 Nov.*— . . . Walking with B.-J. the other day. Nothing escaped him that we passed by, and he found subjects of pity, amusement and moralizings as we walked. First a wretched stooping, white-faced, red-haired girl with a miserable hunted expression. Then a wonderful gig in the charge of an old lady in a huge white bonnet and broad silk skirts that waggled from side to side as she walked. Then 2 children in a perambulator screaming at the top of their voices and with hatred of each other in their looks. It reminded me of Grandcourt and Gwendolen ² in the yacht.

LONDON, *Tues. 28 Nov.*—Left at peep of day. Maggie coming to Shorncliffe with me. Fresh horrid murders in Ireland. Read Howells' *Undiscovered Country*, delightful book. Busy morn. Went to Belt trial after luncheon. Struck by the trolling and loss of time and the unfairness and squabbling. . . . It was most agreeable talk at dinner, much on Ireland and the Irish characteristics, and what was repugnant to them in Englishmen. Bright's noble treatment of them and their ingratitude—the dishonesty, but plausibility, eloquence and charm of Sexton (W. E. G. prefers Healy), the utter trash veiled in splendid oratory of Joe Cowen, the grandiloquent impressive manner and inferior matter of H[enry] Chaplin, the immense superiority of Gibson; Parnell also discussed and this led to demagogues in general. O'Connell, Clive, Rienzi, Mirabeau, from the latter to the French Revolution. Also we had Irish County Govt.

LONDON, *Thurs. 30 Nov.*—St. Andrew's Day. Mama to

¹ The sum given by Mr. Carnegie to the Royal College of Music.

² *Daniel Deronda*, by George Eliot.

Windsor. I with Maggie to Belt trial. The atmosphere was stinking, but Lawes was amusing in the witness box. Mr. Godley to see me. Began Besant's *All Sorts and Conditions [of Men]*, very clever and racy and original in situation.

LONDON, *Fri. 1 Dec.*—The P.M. in excellent spirits. Beastly fog. Mama at Windsor. The Cabinet sat round the P.M.'s sofa and he did not go out at all. Maggie to tea, also Lady Loch. I went with her to Mr. Gaskell's pretty house, when Miss White¹ played divinely. She $\frac{1}{2}$ sang a wonderful song of her own, some Shelley words on love out of *Prometheus*.

1883

Mary had two foreign excursions this year : one to Cannes, where her friendship with Lord Acton became cemented ; and one, also with her parents and the Tennysons, to Norway in the *Tantallon Castle* with Sir Donald Currie. In the course of the year, as Mr. Gladstone observed, ' we finished the Egyptian business, we became an Egyptian Government.' The Irish terrorist societies began to spread their activities in England, and several explosions took place.

In this year also Mr. Drew, Mary's future husband, first came to Hawarden as curate to work under her brother.

HAWARDEN, *Wed. Jan. 3.*—The P.M. has been much overdone and worried. There have certainly been unparalleled worries lately, and much telegraphing backwards and forwards. He has slept badly and is rather low in consequence. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Sun. Jan. 7.*— . . . A walk with Mr. Holland, bitterly cold but enjoyed it much. Also up to evening Church. . . . Papa better. A deal of jabber altogether. Am getting to like Mr. R[ussell]² better as I know him. . . .

¹ Maude Valérie White.

² G. W. E. Russell.

HAWARDEN, *Mon. Jan. 8.*— . . . Mr. Holland and Mr. Russell at dinner exceeding lively. Also with these two after dinner. They are great friends. Mr. R. has a wonderful memory and repeats pages of Farrar by heart. . . .

Hawarden Castle, Chester, Jan. 9, '83.

DST. L.,—I meant to have writ. again, but the time has slipped by, and our guests are so amusing, Helen and I waste our time shockingly.

Only think of Midlothian falling through. I hope you may not have been alarmed by any exaggerating telegrams. All that happened was that this holiday has been so spoilt with work and business and bothers, that Papa began steadily to lose his sleeping powers ; this last week before Midlothian wd. have had to be by *far* the most hard work of all, re-reading the old Midl. speeches and preparing the new ones (he had begun reading the old ones, and was delighted with them !). His loss of sleep acted on his nerves, I mean he got quite afraid of the nights. So we sent for Dr. [Clark] and he gave us no option at all. Now perhaps we are to go straight off to Cannes, by far the best plan of all to my mind.

Messrs. Holland, Stuart and G. Russell have met here and fallen literally into each other's arms. They talked quite endlessly. . . .

Prof. Stuart full of life and go and enjoyed himself amazingly. Mr. Holland as usual enchanting, but with a bad cold. Lucy was more than pleased and touched at yr. remarks on the Willy epitaph wh. she copied out. My note is, don't let anybody ever get tired of saying and doing little thoughtful things to her and for her, for nobody knows how much they count. . . .—Yr. lov.

M. G.

P.S.—Only think of 4 telegraph clerks being sent down specially to the P.O. here yesterday, in anticipation of the flood of telegrams consequent on news that Midlothian was given up. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Fri. Jan. 12.*— . . . Papa in bed still, but better. Collins¹ fr. Mr. Russell. Wrote one to Mr. Holland. . . . The P.M. has had a series of sleepless nights and thinks himself totally unfitted for the Premiership. To obviate his instant resignation Dr. Clark has ordered him abroad.

HAWARDEN, *Sat. Jan. 13.*— . . . We are to go to Cannes next Monday as ever is. . . . Another Collins from G. W. R[ussell].

CANNES, *Thurs. 18 Jan.*— . . . We reached Cannes at 3.30, met by Ld. Wolverton and Ld. Acton. All drove up to the Scott Château, where the Wolvertons have perched themselves high above the sea. Then I came to the Madeleine, where I am with the kind Actons. We dined at six, and a long long evening, but felt wonderfully little tired considering, and it reminded me of the Tennyson evenings. Today is the wedding-day of my last unmarried friend.²

CANNES, *Fri. 19 Jan.*— Lord Acton has presented me with this capital book [a new diary] instead of my own vile journal. . . . P.M. a changed man. Slept like a top.

CANNES, *Mon. 22 Jan.*— . . . After getting back Lord Acton talked most gravely and weightily about the retirement question. . . .

There were crumpled rose-leaves in the general enjoyment, as is shown by this letter :—

La Madeleine, Jan. 22, '83.

DEAREST LAVINIA,— . . . I was very glad to have that last glimpse of her (Frances) and was much fortified for it by Mr. Holland's most beautiful helpful sympathising words which he wrote me 'on the marriage of one's last unmarried chum.' I hope he will tell you about the Hawarden time. He said he had never so loved a visit there before, and it was crowned by his walk to Broughton with Papa. . . .

¹ Letter thanking for hospitality after a visit. Vide *Pride and Prejudice*.

² Miss Frances Graham to Sir John Horner.

Isn't it like life, that now I have unlimited opportunity of talking to Lord A[cton] I do not *quite* appreciate it enough. I think I want a third person to prevent my feeling responsibility. The ladies dribble out to bed, one by one all the evening, and by 9 o'clock I generally find myself and Ld. A. sole occupants of the drawing room. Last night we had a real good go and did not go to bed till 10.30. Isn't it funny that that should be late? But with an evening starting at 6.30, by the time you reach 8.30 it feels like Dead of Night. Well, yesterday we talked about scepticism and its future, and how to prepare children for it. He has thought so deeply about it all, especially on account of his 12-year-old son, who will go bang out of the bosom of his family into the Oxford Vortex.

I talk as much as ever I can to all the dim females and jabber a mixture of French and English with the utmost freedom. . . . Sir Charles Dilke was also there [at church]. He sat next Stepby (a queer couple), and S. was much impressed by his devout and most attentive behaviour, also that he said the Creed with great decision.

I have a little breakfast in bed about 8, and do not leave my room sometimes till 11, so can do what I like. Then luncheon comes at 12.45. My room is delicious, catching every ray of sun from its rise to its setting, looking 2 ways, one window to the olive-clothed hills, the other to the Mediterranean; a balcony runs round and from this you have the most radiant moonlight views. What a lovely place it is. . . .—Bless you. M. G.

CANNES, *Fri.* 26 *Jan.*— . . . A deal of talk from Ld. Acton after dinner on Macaulay, Canning, Pitt. The second he thinks overrated, the latter under. Felt a first-class fool.

CANNES, *Sun.* 28 *Jan.*—St. Paul's at 8. . . . Immense crowd to see the P.M. The Prince was also there and talked to us endlessly in the Churchyard, an admiring circle around. . . .

CANNES, *Wed. 31st Jan.*—Lovely day. Have read *Le Ferme de Choquard*. Clever, but unsatisfactory. Mr. Cross to luncheon (G. Eliot's), a pleasant chatty individual, not at all the kind one would have imagined; rather a watered down F. Myers. We got very close to the subject several times, but not actually in it. A walk up with Ld. A., caught in rain, and then they drove me to and deposited me at Château Scott. Felt quite odd, gaunt and flat. Read all the evening.

CANNES, *Sat. 3 Feb.*—Fin. *Le Ferme de Choquard*, disagreeable story, but better moral than most.

CANNES, *Mon. 5 Feb.*— . . . Had tea with kind Mr. and Miss Cross. The P.M. got on capitally with him and was soon deep in Homer, Dante, Shakespeare. A great talk also on copyright was amusing. . . . In the train they talked on an M.P.'s obligations to his constituents, quoting Burke's opinion thereon (the liberty of the representative). The P.M. pictured cases when the M.P. was absolutely bound to obey his constituents.

CANNES, *Thurs. 8 Feb.*—A lot came to 'at home,' including Clemenceau. . . . The Dublin investigators¹ are gradually bringing horrors to light, clearing up mysteries and piercing by degrees the frightful intricacies of secret societies. . . .

CANNES, *Sun. 11 Feb.*—Pouring all day, most beastly state of filth the roads. . . . Joined the P. of Wales at Mr. Vyner's. We generally read all the evening. I am having a fresh go at Lecky, Vol. iv., also Yonge's *Constitutional History*.

CANNES, *Mon. 12 Feb.*—12 o'clock luncheon at Villa St. Jean, the Comte de Paris, rather dull, though not so stiff as most royal things. Nice unaffected daughters. Met the d'Auranvilles. Walked with the Count after in the garden and he gave us flowers. . . . Talked most to Lady Queensberry on Thurs. at the 'at home.' . . . Her little girl of 7 pertinently asks how the P.M. can govern England while drinking tea at Cannes?

¹ Into the Phoenix Park murders.

CANNES, *Wed. 21 Feb.*— . . . Talk with Ld. A. on Ireland, and crimes and bloodshed being the direct outcome of injustice and oppression. . . .

CANNES, *Thurs. 22 Feb.*— . . . Carey's evidence on the Irish murders [Phoenix Park] is making people's hair stand on end and causing fearful inflammation and excitement and distorted judgment. . . .

CANNES, *Fri. 23 Feb.*—All off at 11 to Grasse. The rest of the party went by train, I drove with Ld. Acton in a fleet light carriage, getting there first and with much enjoyment of the drive. From Grasse in 2 open carriages to Gourdon about 12 miles further, thro' the same kind of spacious sweeping country till we got high up and found ourselves in a bare stony land. The little town is most tumbledown-looking and dark but extremely picturesque, and having walked thro' it the most gorgeous view burst upon us, deep wide gorge, range after range of hills, all giving one a feeling of vastness and distance, and such lights and shades. Drove up with Spencer, Mr. Portal and Mamie Acton (big luncheon by the way in an olive wood) and back with the P.M. and Ld. A. Very little talk. Delicious drive home under the stars.

Château Scott (Garden), Feb. 17, '83.

DST. L.,— . . . We have not the slightest notion how long we are to stay here. It all depends upon those at home. The P.M. is only too content to sit still in this spot as long as they can get on without him. It is too funny the way people imagine he is panting to return and that it is we who are restraining him by main force. It is exactly the contrary. Mama and Spencer are simply dying to get home. They are both bored to death. Possibly Spencer may start back next Monday, but in that case we shan't have anybody else out, and I don't know how that will work, for there is a good deal to be done. So many people write direct here, in spite of all wishes and directions to the contrary. . . .

Spencer and I are sitting out on the terrace in the sun, a

lazy afternoon. We have been to the tennis court and to sit on the shore, the waves were quite big. The others are dowager driving. Yesterday we had a turn in a little steamer (hired), but it was not a success, being wet, cold and rough. The luncheon, however, was first-rate. We see Lord Acton, but not enough, he being 2 miles off. He never comes without being invited. Far the nicest thing we have done was an expedition with him to Grasse, and a magnificent drive from there to Gourdon, a wonderful little place perched about 4000 feet high on the top of a rock. . . . We had luncheon with the C. and C^{ss}. de Paris one day (very dull), and we knocked up ag. the P. of Wales pretty often. We are now sitting tight for a messenger with accounts of the opening of Parl^t. Oh, it is *dreadful* reading of the Phoenix Park murders and the details, and yet I think it easier for Lucy when everybody's minds and thoughts are with her and for her. . . .—Yr. ever lov. M. G.

CANNES, *Sat. 24 Feb.*—They all went off to sea ; accompanied them to station and then drove round undoing Mama's engagements. Nice luncheon with Ld. Wolverton, Mr. Portal and Mrs. B., the first nice talk we have had. After, drove to Villa Anson to see the Duchess [of Argyll], walked home in 37 minutes in the sunset. Sat in the garden with her, but we were interrupted every minute till I went with her while she inhaled smoking stuff, she seemed so ill and full of suffering, but she is most patient and plucky. Ld. Acton and the Duke and V[ictoria Campbell] dined. Sat by Ld. A.

CANNES, *Mon. 26 Feb.*—Ld. A. paid us a farewell visit. Early luncheon and to station for midday train ; many were there to see us off and loads of flowers were given us. It was the most heavenly day. Mr. Cross gave me a bunch of yellow roses, and we had a moment for talking of G. Eliot. Capital journey, a moment's horror at Marseilles when 2 maukins invaded us, but they turned out. We ate at Avignon, and very soon after 7 our lamp went out, leaving

us in blackness. Had to tuck up very early. S[pencer] and I shared one side and got on famously, tho' we had at least 12 conversations in the night, various interruptions, changing hot water, S.'s tooth pulled out, etc.

PARIS, *Tues. 27 Feb.*—In a fog we reached Paris about 8 and drove in fine state to the Embassy, and after breakfast with Ld. Lyons¹ went to bed. Enjoyed a heavenly sleep in a heavenly bed. After luncheon drove with Mama to the Élysée and pd. a state sticky visit to Mme. Grévy. Don't know which knew the least, Mama about French politics or the President's wife about English. So the baby was the refuge. . . .

PARIS, *Wed. 28 Feb.*— . . . We drove like the wind in our Victoria, while parents had another. Bought gloves at the Magasin du Louvre. . . . The Waddingtons and Léon Says came to luncheon. Went in with Mr. Waddington,² very pleasant. M. Challemel-Lacour and M. Ferry dined. Went in with former, but never recognised him, and Mr. Barrington who was on my other side never stopped talking, so our conversation was limited to the walk to and from the dining room. Got very hot, the rooms have not enough air. . . .

PARIS, *Thurs. Mar. 1.*— . . . Afternoon we had a delicious flying drive in Bois de Boulogne. Ld. Lyons' horses *are*³. Saw Madame Waddington. Mi-carême—found a delightful party of children all dressed up . . . and after went to the Vaudeville to see *Fédora*, a piece writ[ten] to trot out Sarah Bernhardt, by Sardou. A melodramatic tragedy, in wh. she goes thro' every stage of love, intrigue and despair, finally dying with poison. Paris in an uproar at midnight, a sort of Carnival.

LONDON, *Fri. Mar. 2.*—Early breakfast and enjoyable long drive to station in Victoria. Lovely day. Capital journey to Boulogne. Fresh, sunny, quick crossing, meeting

¹ British Ambassador in Paris.

² French Ambassador in London.

³ A Glynnese ellipse signifying a failure of language to express one's feelings.

Sandhursts and D. of Sutherland. Warm reception at Folkestone, nosebags, newspapers, etc., saloon carriage. We were cut off at Cannon St. and arrived alone at Charing X, where all were delightfully welcomed. Walked to Downing St. and found all most bright, warm and snug; flowers from Cannes from Lady Reay and welcoming letters. So ends this most prosperous 6 weeks.

LONDON, *Sat. Mar. 3.*—Rather in a whirl. Early luncheon after endless visit fr. G. Russell, and with Spencer to Crystal for Wagner Concert. On the whole an excellent selection. *Tannhäuser* March, Dead March fr. *Götterdämmerung*, *Meistersinger* and *Lohengrin* 3 Acts, *Tristan und Isolde* love thing, rather spoilt by Anna Williams, Walkers' Ride,¹ and *Siegfried* Cradle Song. *Parsifal* Potpourri, the latter a mistake. All the world there. Came home 10 squashed in one compartment, including a smoking maukin. Everybody ate chocolate and talked at once. A. J. B., Maud Parry, Wortleys, Comptons and M. Baring.

LONDON, *Fri. 9 Mar.*—With Maggie to the Rossetti Exhibition at Burlington House. The colouring gorgeous and many are wonderful and beautiful. Saw and watched Ellen Terry with supreme interest. She wore rough Ulster material for hat, cloak and long gown, her manner most eager and impulsive and without any consciousness of the way she was being gazed at. She constantly darted through the crowd, her action full of grace and excited anticipation. Poor deserted Lady Lindsay also there, a garish figure that almost destroyed sympathy. The great Dante and Beatrice dream picture magnificent. She fails in beauty and pathos, but every other touch in the canvas is inspired. . . . Dined with Selbornes. . . . Talks after with S. Palmer, Ld. Enfield, Arthur Elliot² (with whom a grave dispute on Walter Scott and G. Eliot) and Ld. Selborne.

LONDON, *Sat. 10 Mar.*— . . . Went to Burlington Ho., being invited by Prince and Princess of Wales, all most

¹ Mary's name for the *Ride of the Valkyries*.

² One of the Unionist Free Traders in 1906.

brilliantly lighted ahead, but aground was filthy dust, only about 20 people altogether, and these all Philistines of the deepest dye, who looked on Rossetti as a good joke. Some thought it was the Summer Exhibition.

LONDON, *Tues.* 13 *Mar.*.— . . . To the House before and after dinner. Mr. Gorst's motion on Transvaal drew a capital speech from Evelyn Ashley. Mr. Morley also spoke with boldness (maiden). . . . Sorted clerical¹ papers all day.

(I have put in the next entry complete, as a typical day in Mary's life at this time.)

LONDON, *Wed.* 14 *Mar.*.—This day turned out too great a rush and left me addled at midnight. The Abbey at 10. Meriel's on way home to pick up lent fans. Found Johnny,² with whom talk on possibilities at West^r Abbey (Canon Jennings very ill). Then to Lucy's, from where Alfred whipped me off walking to the Temple (lovely day), train back to West^r, found Charlie Langham at Downing St. waiting, $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour's jabber with her, dashed off a letter or two, then ran to H. of C. Parnell still speaking (his motion is to alter the Land Act bodily). He said one or two very mean things, *e.g.* that quiet in Ireland was owing to the Crimes Act. Chaplin followed. I had to scuttle home and order luncheon to be kept hot, back to House with Mr. Leveson-Gower, just hitting off the P.M. refusing utterly Parnell's proposals. From the House went to Grov. Sq. and was 3 qrs. of an hour shouting to Miss Talbot, thence to pick up Maggie and visit the invalid Mr. Hamilton, flew home to dress and then across to Carlton Gardens³ for Handel Society Rehearsal, the heat, noise and dust indescribable, orchestra being also present, discordantly rehearsing their parts. Then to Lucy's for 7 o'clock dinner and at $\frac{1}{4}$ to 8 off with Spencer in hansom to Albert Hall for Berlioz. It

¹ Papers connected with Church patronage.

² Rt. Hon. John Talbot, married Meriel Lyttelton.

³ Mr. Balfour's house.

was very fine and interesting, lasted 3 hours. To bed at midnight.

LONDON, *Thurs.* 15 *Mar.*—Fine. Resolved to have a quiet day, feeling rather squeamish, and a peaceful day I had. . . . Charles and Mary, Ld. Bath, Sir John Lubbock,¹ Tom Acland, Reginald Welby, Dr. Clark and Mr. Rathbone dined, Mary and I sole females, all talked quite ferociously and actually never heard or felt the terrific explosion at the Local Gov. Board. Charles and I sat quaking, the talk flowing on uninterruptedly, and yet I felt each time the door opened we might have some horrible new outrage. 'Blown up by gas' was the first report that reached us, but on reaching the scene we found it was dynamite and no trace or sign of the perpetrators. Walked thro' oceans of broken glass, every window shivered and 2 rooms in an extraordinary state, but not a soul injured. All the servants much alarmed, expecting Downing St. to blow up next.

LONDON, *Fri.* 16 *Mar.*—Lucy and Alfred came over. Great excitement over the explosion all over London. Horrible exultation from America. Placid satisfaction from Egan² etc. . . .

LONDON, *Wed.* 21 *Mar.*— . . . Dined with Spencer at Phillimore Place. Only us 4. No end of talk on music. Herbert, 'Oh, let's have something healthy,' when after *Parsifal* I asked for some *Tristan und Isolde*. This indeed is a satire on Wagner. . . .

HOLMBURY, *Easter Sunday*, 25 *Mar.*—Today was May's funeral 8 years ago. The most heavenly morning, bright and most Easter-like. . . . The Church was full of flowers and sun and the service most radiant. All stayed for the full service. Thought so much of the 'Maryladen.'³ Walked home over the hill. It is Cannes weather, bright, clear, dry and sparkling. . . .

HOLMBURY, *Easter Monday*, 26th *Mar.*—Sprinkling of

¹ Afterwards Lord Avebury. Brought in the Bill which instituted bank holidays.

² Patrick Egan, Irish revolutionary.

³ Those still mourning Mary Lyttelton.

snow. Scuttled off before breakfast was over to Church and after with Brodricks¹ and Mr. Lowell² up the Mountain. Pol. talk with Mr. Brodrick. I do like him and I love her. It was the heavenliest morning. . . . All turned out to see the P.M. fell a small cherry tree. Snow began to fall and in a thick storm . . . [the] Brodricks drove off and Blennerhassetts³ took their place. She by turns amuses, entertains and overpowers one. Her vivaciousness is extraordinary. At dinner a most animated talk on clerks, lawyers, judges, their pay and their amount of work. Whist and reading. . . .

HOLMBURY, *Easter Tuesday*.— . . . At tea a regular outflow of splendid talk from the P.M., causes of great movements, Rousseau, Voltaire, Burke's influence on French Revolution, Dr. Döllinger, books that have most affected mankind. Butler how far appreciated. The 4 authors to choose as guides of life, Aristotle, St. Augustine, Dante and Butler (W. E. G.). . . .

HOLMBURY, *Wed. March 28*.—Fine. Drove to Losely, about 12 miles off and the loveliest house I ever saw, a small Hatfield and full of curiosities and treasures. Sir J. and Lady Rose living there now, . . . also Miss J., a very poetical-looking girl with large dreamy eyes and a graceful head and figure. Tea at the Rallis' new house and the P.M. planted a tree. In the carriage the talk was fast and furious, mostly theological and historical, Newman, the Old Catholics, the Popes.

LONDON, *Thurs. Mar. 29*.— . . . Sir R. [Blennerhassett] asked whether Luther or Calvin had had greatest influence. W. E. G. said the former in action, the latter in thought. Luncheon in London, and presently Mama arrived. Spencer such a break, offered me a play of any kind, and we went to *Fidelio*, Carl Rosa's company, most excellent performance considering all things. Marie Roze not up to it, or

¹ Mr. St. John Brodrick, Lady Hilda—now Earl of Midleton.

² James Russell Lowell.

³ Rt. Hon. Sir Rowland Blennerhassett, political writer. Died 1909.

Floristan or Rous, but the band was capital, and enjoyed it enormously. . . .

LONDON, *Sat. March 31.*—Lovely warm weather. . . . to Crystal [Palace], gorgeous Schumann Symphony in C, the Scherzo a very big movement and quite entrancing. Sarasate did wonderful antics on the violin. The heat stifling. Saw Blondin after on the high rope. Dined with Maggie, picking up Alfred, and meeting Lionel Tennysons and Mr. Holland. Great jabber and great success.

LONDON, *Mon. Apr. 2.*—Parents back from Sandringham, having greatly liked it. Pss. of Wales tucked Mama up in bed. . . .

LONDON, *Thurs. Apr. 5.*— . . . Little William [Wickham] went to H. of C. with P.M., walking off hand in hand. . . . Helen arrived at 4, and at 5 dear Mr. Holland came to tea with his Mother. Snug high tea and evening with Helen. Have read the 3 vols. of Mr. Carlyle's letters, and am very indignant with the world. . . .

LONDON, *Sat. 7 Apr.*—Cold. . . . Crystal [Palace] to hear [Hubert] Parry's Symphony. It was much simpler than I expected, *i.e.* no struggle after special effects or sensation, no definite mark of Wagner or Brahms influence. For the first time of hearing I greatly liked it, though praps hardly so *big* a work as I expected. . . .

LONDON, *Mon. 9 Apr.*—Yellow fog. With Miss Sassoon went a Studios round. Watts has only a small girl portrait of no special interest, but all his finest things are hung in his own gallery and a rich treat this was. Dicksee's 'Foolish Virgins' I did not admire either in idea or reality, though the grouping and draping are fine. Leighton has nothing big, but 3 exceedingly pretty pictures, a Vestal, a child playing with kittens, and 'Memories,' a beautiful face. Burne-Jones's was the great break, his new studio in the garden. 'Fortune and Wheel' finished, and 'the Hours' of gorgeous colour. Here had tea and a most pleasant sight of Mr. and Mrs. B.-J. Also to the sculptor Thornycroft to see a graceful statuette of Miss Sassoon. . . . to the Opera, 1st night of *Columba*,

Mérimée story and Mackenzie's music. Really it was very striking and full of go and dramatic instinct, admirable in orchestration, Wagnerian in character, with great bursts and climaxes and a few 'motifs.' It was enthusiastically received. Vallerie acted very finely as the heroine, and Mlle. — also at the end in the love duet rose to the occasion most unexpectedly. Not home till after 12.

LONDON, *Sat.* 21 *Apr.*—Flowers. Hind legs all day. D. and Dss. of Edinburgh dined to meet Archbp. of Canterbury. Sat between Duke of Westminster and Lord Hartington, so I was well off, but the rest of the party rather hung fire, so did the party; there were several contretemps. The great event was Irving's arrival about 11.30. He is certainly most striking off the stage.

LONDON, *Wed.* 25 *Apr.*—St. Mark's Day. Great agitation over our dinner as we could get no one to fill Alfred's place, he having a bad murder to defend. Spent the day writing and telegraphing. . . . Reading the Emerson-Carlyle letters, very delightful so far. Succeeded in bagging Hubert Parry and Hutton,¹ the Gurneys,² Margot Tennant, and Sibell Grosvenor. Transformed our party to a brilliant success it was . . . it only broke up at 20 min. to 12. Sat between Hutton and Mr. Gurney. Margot was great fun. . . . visited Ld. G. and heard Sarasate playing miraculously at our Mrs. Pepys. On to the House, just hitting off the rise of the P.M. Crowded house, and really it was the grandest speech I ever heard; there is but one opinion. The last half was magnificent in every sense and seemed to lift the House into another atmosphere altogether. There was a glorious Latin quotation from Lucretius wh. tho' gibberish to me I cd. have listened to for ever—his voice was so splendid. Felt the Bill ³ (affirmation) wd. now swim in—but no. Bed early.

¹ R. H. Hutton, editor of the *Spectator*.

² Mr. Edmund Gurney, one of the founders of the Society of Psychical Research.

³ This was the Bradlaugh controversy, occasioned by Mr. Bradlaugh, member for Northampton, refusing to take the oath of allegiance 'by Almighty God.' Mr. Gladstone introduced a bill permitting members to affirm; and the incidents are here described.

LONDON, *Sat.* 28 *Ap.*.— . . . I drove with Lucy at 6. We went to Woolner [the sculptor] to see the little model of the Freddy recumbent monument ; it was pathetic but gave one too much the notion of pain, which is the wrong idea to be left in one's mind. Herbert and I dined at Westminster Deanery to meet the Poet Laureate ; it went rather heavily, but I sat with him after while he smoked his pipe. We fought over Ireland and he read me his Caxton epitaph for Westminster Abbey. Went home at 10 for the party, which turned out very brilliantly. Many pretty people beautifully dressed. P. and Pss. of Wales seemed much to enjoy it and stayed till nearly 12. Agnes and Willy dined, the table a field of primroses and ferns. Lots of Tories came, including Salisburys.

LONDON, *Tues.* 1 *May.*.—A heavenly May Day with Jacks-in-the-Green. To an anti-vivisection meeting with Maggie, Lord Coleridge and Mr. Russell the chief speakers ; it is all horrible. Dined at Deanery. Was between the two Tennysons [father and son], played, and after walked all over the Abbey with Maggie and the two brothers, dim and beautiful and extraordinarily mysterious. . . .

LONDON, *Wed.* 2 *May.*.— . . . At opening dinner of Nat. Lib. Club at the Aquarium. Dinner was just over, the band struck up 'Auld Lang Syne,' which was to be the signal of the P.M.'s entrance, and for several minutes 2000 napkins waved madly in the air and ecstatic cheering from 2000 Liberal throats almost burst the building ; it was the most exciting thing I ever saw or heard except the Waverley Market. Only stopped 10 min., then flew off to a dullish dinner at the Childerses', between the bridegroom son and Mr. Carmichael, whom I never saw till a fortnight ago and with whom I now live and die. On to Northampton House. Miss Santley sang charmingly, Miss [Maude Valérie] White accompanying, and to the Prometheus. . . .

LONDON, *Thurs.* 3 *May.*.—Ascension Day. Chapel Royal, full service, dismal, Bishop of London sermon, no congregation. . . . To the House for Affir[mation] Bill, end of debate

and division. Lord Hartington spoke well but was licked by 3, and such a scene of drunken triumph I never saw, not the triumph of religion was to be heard in those hideous howls.

LONDON, *Sun. 6 May*.—The first anniversary of Freddy's death. . . . St. Paul's at 7. . . . A glorious sermon from Mr. Holland on the Resurrection and doubt. . . . Read Liddon's *Worth of Faith in a Life to Come*.

LONDON, *Thurs. 10 May*.—An interesting breakfast. John Bright, Prof. Blackie, Hutton and Father Stanton of St. Alban's, Holborn. Mr. Russell the connecting link. Disestablishment brought up by the P.M. apropos of Bright's speech and Hutton's article. B[right] was cross at Quaker anecdote. I loved Mr. Stanton. It lasted till 1. Helen also here for the Drawing Room, made her a huge nosegay out of her own cowslips. She looked very nice. . . . To Richter. This time we really had greater moments than even last—the *Tannhäuser* overture—Venus being too magnificent; it nearly finished Alfred altogether. Like the Brahms violin concerto, and was excited by the Raff Symphony, which to say the least of it is intensely effective. Felt very tired with excitement, and the Rosebery ball just one drop too much. . . . In bed by 1.

CAMBRIDGE, *Monday, May 14*.—Went over to Selwyn. Lovely day. Luncheon with Prof. Stuart, also dinner, Kathleen and Mary Talbot joining the fray. By the end of the evening was rather depressed, with a tired feeling of having wasted good brains and earnest minds and frittered the time away in ceaseless chaff and chatter.

CAMBRIDGE, *Tues. May 15*.— . . . Prof. Stuart came to see us, dear little man, and we had a nice grave talk about these days. Tea with Mr. Stanton at Trinity, very quiet and refreshing, he is so nice. . . .

CAMBRIDGE, *Wed. May 16*.— . . . Visited Evelyn Rayleigh on her sofa and had the very oddest Bradlaugh-fine-lady discussion. Home by bus. Very much exhausted. Dined at J. W. Clarke's in Helen's red gown, very pleasant

indeed, seated between Mr. Stanford¹ and Alfred. . . . Mr. Stanford is a little overpowering.

CAMBRIDGE, *Thurs. May 17.*— . . . Finished Carlyle-Emerson, lots of beautiful things in it but most especially in Carlyle's. Read F. Myers and the *Princess*, also the old duty to equals. A day of failures. Went to the round-about to meet Mr. Stuart and he never came. Went to Nora's for an hour and she was out. Dined with the Stanfords—this was at least a success. She is a dear little soul, the house lovely with flowers and pretty things. . . . after dinner Gompertz came and played Joe's Hungarian concerto. Mr. S. played some of Hubert's new Symphony, the Scherzo and Trio delicious.

LONDON, *Wed. 23 May.*— . . . Alfred with me and to *Fédora*. Mrs. [Bernard] Beere acts it very finely, and considering it is a sort of double acting, *i.e.* she acts Sarah Bernhardt who acts *Fédora*, it is in a way all the greater credit. Coghlan does not come out well at the crisis, and the Bancrofts, especially Mrs., make the piece. Should have appreciated it more had I not seen it at Paris.

LONDON, *Fri. 25 May.*— . . . With Alfred dined at Flowers',² most pleasant party, tho' Constance could not appear at dinner. Met Alfred, B.-J., and after to A. J. B. We stayed till half-past 12! Carlyle as usual the great topic, not so much whether he was cruel to his wife but assuming he was—the result and the question in the abstract. Mr. Gurney good and bad.

LONDON, *Wed. 30 May.*— . . . Early dinner and to Cromwell House for Greek performance, scenes from *Odyssey* and *Iliad*, very striking and the tableaux very lovely. Sibell went with us. Mrs. Bram Stoker *the* beauty.

LONDON, *Mon. 4 June.* . . . Drove with Maggie to see the Rational Dress exhibition, very flat. . . .

LONDON, *Tues. 5 June.*—Mama off somewhere. Great P.M. talk at luncheon. To House, where waited ages for

¹ Sir Charles Stanford, composer.

² Cyril Flower, M.P., and Constance (*née* de Rothschild) his wife, afterwards Lord and Lady Battersea.

Papa talking to now unconscious under Sec.¹ Scuttled off to Kensington, east wind and horrid dust, hot sun—for Ruskin's lecture, came in in the middle. All in the same voice he said, 'I wish you had not missed the rose leaf, but I'm very glad to see you, Mary,' most flowing it was, quite beautiful, especially on faith and knowledge. . . .

LONDON, *Wed. 6 June*.—Lord Rosebery, alas, has left us, preferring freedom for Scotland. One Hibbert succeeds him, and G. Russell becomes Local Govt. Board Under-Sec., capital training with Sir Charles Dilke. With Lucy to see Woolner's new model of Freddy. We liked it much. . . . Dined in my glorious gold gown with the Baths, between Lords Northampton and Alcester, meeting Pembrokes, Mr. Bryce, *Ld. Northbrook* etc. Sat with the two nice but unclever girls, and with Lord N. had the usual Carlyle discussion after dinner, joined by Mr. Bryce. Also talk on the influence of books, and Robertson's saying that emotion without some practical outcome was all to the bad. Looked in at the Salisbury party on way home.

LONDON, *Mon. 25 June*.— . . . To Lord's for Univ. match. Sat on Mackenzie's bus in great luxury and enjoyment. Lovely at first, but afterwards rain came on when Cambridge had prettily got 215. Oxford went in after rain and made 27 without loss of a wicket. Mr. Holland and lots of others buzzing about. Back in hansom and to Richter, splendid Concert, but very flat being quite alone. . . .

LONDON, *Tues. 26 June*.— . . . Mama drove me up [to Lord's] and it rained almost ceaselessly till 3. Oxford lost 10 wickets to-day for 25 runs—a dismal show, but they had fearful bad luck. They followed on and made a capital start, 150, 3 wickets down. Enjoyed it in spite of cold and damp and thrashing. . . .

LONDON, *July 6*.—With Mama to the other end of the world for her to sit to Adams Acton.² Very good fun to see the likeness coming like magic.

¹ Presumably George Russell. See next entry.

² The sculptor.

LONDON, *July 30.*— . . Luncheon and dinner with Maggie, ending at H. of C. Carey¹ is shot dead. Sir Stafford's Suez motion defeated by majority of 99. Alfred to dinner and evening. We sat in garden.

LONDON, *Aug. 7.*— . . Telegraphed to Prof. Stuart and Stanton and they came to dinner. Also Maggie. It was the most splendid success. Mr. Stanton² told us most thrilling stories of thieves with extraordinary dramatic power. Mr. Stuart loved him, and we all sat spellbound.

LONDON, *Frid. Aug. 10.*— . . Drove with Maggie and the P.M. all round the Park. He [Mr. Gladstone] told me about the D. of Wellington statue question at the Cabinet and the roars of laughter—he said it was a first-rate working Cabinet and a great advantage to have only 3 men over 60. He showed me the house where he first saw Dizzy in 1835 and was so startled by his gaudy look.

LONDON, *Fri. Aug. 17.*— . . Yesterday I began *Progress and Poverty*,³ supposed to be the most upsetting, revolutionary book of the age. At present Maggie and I both agree with it, and most brilliantly written it is. We had long discussions. He [the P.M.] is reading it too.

HAWARDEN, *Thurs. 30 Aug. to Thurs. Sep. 6.*— . . Settled that we should go a sea-trip with Donald Currie on the 8th and telegrams and letters flew. . . Finished *Progress and Poverty* with feelings of deep admiration—felt desperately impressed, and he is a Christian. The P.M. woodcuts most days.

HAWARDEN, *Fri. 7 Sep.*—I felt so low and horrid all day. Made my Will. This is the day the *Captain* went down and Reggie [Herbert] was drowned.

ON BOARD PEMBROKE CASTLE, *Sat. 8 Sep.*—Started in rather better spirits though the weather far from hopeful. Had a special at Broughton and an amusing journey to Barrow. Tennysons joining our train at Chester, crowds and much enthusiasm at each place we stopped. Wind was

¹ The informer (Phoenix Park murders).

² Rev. A. H. Stanton of St. Alban's, Holborn.

³ By Henry George.

howling and we got a fair bouncing even in the tug steaming out to our sea home. Enthusiastic crowds lined the docks as we left. The *Pembroke Castle* is 4000 tons, 400 feet long and as steady as a rock.

PEMBROKE CASTLE, *Tues. 11 Sep.*— . . H. Tennyson and I read some *Promise of May*, but reading is extremely difficult and so interrupted. We persuaded the Poet to read to us Act I, and smuggled in many more than he'd bargained for. I think he is happy now, but at first felt strange and cold and put out of all his old-maidenish habits. Sir W. Harcourt and Lulu we picked up off Ardnamurchan and they returned with us to Tobermory, where Dr. and Lady Clark joined us. . . .

PEMBROKE CASTLE, *Sep. 14.*— . . . Sat in the deck cabin reading Lord Aberdeen. Also Tennyson's new play 'Thomas à Becket.' Evening concert after dinner for the sailors, quite excellent, full of fun and spirits. . . . Tennyson could not hear, so watched the rushing moonlit water 'like a great river rushing to the City of God.' It was the most beautiful, wild, glittering thing I ever saw.

COPENHAGEN, *Sep. 17.*—Mr. Vivian, the Minister, brought up an inv[itation] from the King & Queen, & at 3 parents and I, Sir A. Gordon, Sir D. Currie and Tennyson off to Fredensborg, 2 hours' journey. The whole thing was rather amusing and interesting, loads of crowned heads, an immense country house, great simplicity of life, 80 at dinner. 19 children, all royal, burst into the room to begin with, followed by the Czar & Czarina, K. & Q. of Denmark, K. & Q. of Greece, Pss. of Wales and 3 daughters, Crown Prince and Pss. of Denmark—music during dinner, and after we talked to all the Royalties in turn and watched the children's capital gymnastics.

COPENHAGEN, *Tues. 18 Sep.*—Visited the Northern Antiquities [Museum] and saw 2 most ghastly men of 3000 years old—skin and hair and all. All the crowned heads accompanied by their children came to luncheon, 48 strong, rather bewildering, but a real success. Sat between the

King of Greece and Prince Eddy—the Princess of Wales and Czarina immensely amused and delighted. Queen of Greece charming. Tennyson read aloud. . . .

PEMBROKE CASTLE, *Thurs.* 20 *Sep.*— . . . Tennyson read us *Elaine* morning & *Guinevere* evening. . . . He broke down twice but read them quite splendidly. Laura dared him to touch my hair the other day. He came up behind me and said 'it was sacred for the sun was kissing it.'

GRAVESEND, *Fri.* 21 *Sep.*— . . . Steamed along the Thames into Gravesend. . . . Crowds on the pier, nosegays, flags, cheers, red cloth and addresses. Shook hands with the whole crew. Quite in despair at leaving the ship. The P.M. spoke shortly and cheerfully & by special train reached London at 1. . . . Dined with Wortleys. Navy there, they are to marry in a week next Monday.¹

LONDON, *Sun.* 23 *Sep.*—A Mr. and Mrs. Rose baptised their daughter 'Wild,' and she married Mr. Bull. . . . At Fredericksborg, a castle close to Fredenborg, on a window it is written with a diamond 'O, keep me innocent, make others great.' It is the prayer of the wife of Christian VII.

HAWARDEN, *Tues.* 2 *Oct.*— . . . Mr. Drew² dined, sat by latter and liked him, very quiet and shy and thoughtful.

KNOWSLEY, *Tues.* 9 *Oct.*— . . . Irving³ came to luncheon. Odd to say he was a great friend of Palmer's⁴ (the Egyptian traveller) and told me of the evenings they spent together as poor city clerks in London. Afternoon walked with G.O.M., Ld. Derby and Irving, a dead failure—in vain had hoped his long, thin legs would fly over the Park. For an hour and $\frac{1}{4}$ we dawdled round the house, damp and chilly, the topics never rising above trees, soil, atmosphere. Irving walks $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile an hour. What a brilliant walk it ought to have been. . . .

KNOWSLEY, *Thurs.* 11 *Oct.*— . . . At 10 to-day it was a

¹ Hon. Neville G. Lyttelton, Rifle Brigade, married Oct. 1, 1883, his cousin, Katharine, daughter of Rt. Hon. James Stuart Wortley.

² Her future husband, Rev. Harry Drew, who had come to Hawarden as curate.

³ Sir Henry Irving.

⁴ Edward H. Palmer, assassinated at Wady Sudr in the previous year.

relief to start off for the Mersey Tunnel and certainly most weird and picturesque when we reached the bottom—the dripping rocks, flaming torches, the glare on the workmen's faces, but it was not much of a scramble really. Extraordinary to realise we were right under that vast roll of the Mersey. Driving through the streets crowds flying after the first carriage containing the P.M. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Tues. 23 Oct.*— . . . A. J. B. read the Acton¹ list of epoch-making books and sharply and rather pettishly criticised it, owning however that with no human being's chosen hundred should he ever have a chance of agreeing. Mr. Drew dined. He is so nice and quiet. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Wed. 31 Oct.*—Read Milnes Gaskell's Eton letters and recollections, so interesting—such a brilliant little company in the midst of wh. he and W. E. G. found themselves at Eton. The letters from and about Arthur Hallam perhaps the fullest of interest, but everything relating to the P.M. very delightful too. . . .

OXFORD, *Sat. Nov. 10.*—Desperate hunt for my Ruskin lecture ticket. . . . Ran to the Museum and got in to the lecture in state tucked under Mr. Ruskin's arm. It was on *Punch* and deliciously delicate and merry and yet full of moral lessons. One sentence he had added for my sake, '*Punch* consistently idolises Mr. Gladstone,' said with a mischievous twinkle my way. Densely crowded and his reception most warm, all his points sympathetically taken up in spite of the oppressive stuffy atmosphere and the fatally sleepy hour, 2.30 to 3.30. A really desperate struggle to keep eyelids from tumbling. . . .

OXFORD, *Wed. Nov. 14.*— . . . Went to hear Morris lecture on Art and Democracy—very strong language and a good deal of exaggeration. But it was vigorous and thoroughly earnest. Edwarden spoke after him, not entering into the socialist question, but generally on Art and the people. Mr. Ruskin said a few beautiful words. . . .

OXFORD, *Sat. Nov. 17.*—Mr. Ruskin called for me and

¹ Lord Acton's list of the hundred best books.

took me again in to his lecture. Not so delicious as last week—the Wilson school of landscape painting.

ETON, *Sunday, Nov. 18.*—I had breakfast with Miss Evans and her picked boys, quite a success. Horribly frightened in night by *rats*. Eton Chapel at 10.30, 'Give Peace' sung with refinement, but altogether the singing wants force and tune. . . . talked to Parratt, also seeing Edith Davidson¹ and Ponsonbys,² rather sad realising Windsor without its old Dean [Wellesley]. What a smash since I was last here. Tea and eggs at 6, and a most snug evening, pupils dropping in. I very tired *perdue* on the sofa, watching their manners. Ed[ward Lyttelton] quite at ease with them and so happy and interested. Much talk of Cuddesdon, was deeply impressed with the effect on E[dward].

LONDON, *Wed. Nov. 21.*—To the Lyceum to see the American actress, Miss [Mary] Anderson; she is very handsome, a lovely figure, but self-conscious—beautiful movements and attitudes, but not a really great actress.

LONDON, *Thurs. Nov. 29.*— . . . Oh, I never mentioned the glorious wonderful sunsets of unearthly beauty of the last 4 evenings—the whole sky a deep lurid red for an hour after the sun was gone. Illuminating and transfiguring even the ugliest objects. . . . walking along the Embankment I composed a letter to Ruskin on the graciousness of Nature, who, in spite of our perpetual blunders, threw a magic veil over the most hideous buildings.

HAWARDEN, *Sat. Dec. 15.*—Evensong 5. Sermon by R. Moberley, very *maniéré*, but I liked the substance. Duke of Newcastle came, poor little fellow—such a mite with his wooden leg and large head—uncanny in look and manners, but the reverse of stupid or commonplace.

HAWARDEN, *Mon. 17 Dec.*—Walked with Ishbel³ up to Old Castle, etc. No end of a scrimmage [in the] evening when Edwards [coachman] was unable to drive them [Mr.

¹ Mrs. Randall Davidson, now Lady Davidson.

² Sir Henry Ponsonby, private secretary to Queen Victoria.

³ Lady Aberdeen.

and Mrs. Gladstone] to Soughton, Ld. Aberdeen coming to the rescue and in the dark, unknown to the P.M., mounting the box. Schlüter wrote a wonderful account of the gradual discovery that took place inside the carriage.

HAWARDEN, *Tues. 18 Dec.*— . . . The P.M. home again. 10 detectives came down yesterday, we don't know why, but it is supposed to be connected with O'Donnell's execution to-day.

HAWARDEN, *Christmas Day.*— . . . Messrs. Trotter and Drew came to luncheon. Talked to the latter in our room. I like him so much. Not out at all. Thought much of all the nears and dears afar.

HAWARDEN, *Sat. 29 Dec.*—The G.O.M.'s 74th birthday. Wonderful and blessed his vigour and wellness. We all went to morning church including Sir A. Wood and Lucy and Willy. D. and Dss. of Westminster and Lady Chesham to luncheon bringing flowers. Telegrams poured in and between 200 and 300 letters.

HAWARDEN, *Mon. 31 Dec.*—Father, alas, off to London for Cabinets, etc. . . . Good-bye to '83.

1884

1884 seems to have been a happy year on the whole, except for Ireland and the Egyptian problem that was to develop so tragically. Mary was in the middle of a circle of devoted friends, and though she complains of the hurry and fulness of her life, it is evident that she enjoyed her position in the centre of action and interest. She made her first venture into journalism, threw herself into the early suffrage movement, heard music, debated with Mr. Henry George, visited at both Universities, and altogether met most people worth knowing and was in the tide of most contemporary movement. The marriage of her cousin, Robert Lyttelton, to Miss Santley was the means of bringing her many new musical friends.

In public affairs the franchise was extended (the first women's suffrage amendment being lost) and redistribution of seats was carried by agreement with the Opposition.

One can also observe the increasing interest taken by Mary and Mr. Drew in each other.

HAWARDEN, *Thursday 3rd to Sat. 5th*.—No particular events. Helen and I seemed to live and die at Sandycroft. Papa got home safe and happy on Sat., such a comfort—an anxious week. A servants' ball on New Year's Day; a great success. Xmas Tree.

A *Victorian Sunday, Sun. Jan. 6*.—Mama's b'day. Epiphany. We have read a Ph. Brooks sermon every day with Lucy and been so impressed with some . . . also am reading Chant's *Human Life and its Conditions*—quite beautiful. Stephy preached us a real good Epiphany lesson morn., and Mr. Drew evening a half-Drummond half-Gore sermon. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Thurs. Jan. 10*.— . . . Ld. Crewe off after the maddest antics. Helen and I roamed about the passages last night listening to the wonderful noises from various bedrooms. Laura Tennant came for one night and played the Duet one morning.

HAWARDEN, *Sat. Jan. 12*.— . . . Up to do Church flowers. Long talk afterwards in the icy library with Mr. Drew. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Sat. Jan. 19*.— . . . Mr. Drew came to tea and we had a very grave talk on the great question here of daily H.C.

LONDON, *Tues. Jan. 29*.— . . . Got to London like a Jack-in-the-Green with Maggie's boughs. Spencer at luncheon; the P.M. in bed. . . .

LONDON, *Wed. Jan. 30*.—Much arranging of clerical papers, etc. . . . Dear little book from H. S. H[olland]. Wrote to him and to Lucy and to Mr. Drew, and G. R[ussell]. . . .

Here is another complete entry, giving a day whose events recur like a refrain :—

LONDON, *Sat. Feb. 2.*—Too much of a rush to-day, especially a Saints Day so to speak, which totally disregarded. With Alfred to Gros. Gal. for the Sir Joshuas; enjoyed them tho' perhaps as a whole not quite up to expectations. Back just in time for Sir D. Currie, with whom long nice talk; had luncheon, after which flew off to Liverpool St. and Convalescent Home. Writing cards and notes at odd moments between whiles. Early dinner and to St. James's with Spencer for 'A Scrap of Paper' adapted from Sardou—very much over-praised to my idea.

LONDON, *Tues. Feb. 5.*— . . . Opening of Parliament. Fell asleep. The debate collapsed in an extraordinary way, Mr. Bourke's amendment to the address being a wild attack on the Govt.'s Egyptian policy, full of inaccuracies and to be smashed up later by Sir C. Dilke. He [Mr. Gladstone] had gone off to dinner, the House was empty, and no one to speak, so the question was put in a House of 90 members, 70 of whom voted for us.

LONDON, *Fri. Feb. 8.*— . . . Called on Sherbrookes,¹ long and good Carlyle and Vivisection discussion—he takes the wrong view on both, still was very full of sense and sharpness. She looked the most splendid gig in sort of red woollen flappers over her ears, under her cap, and bed jacket with large pins stuck promiscuous. . . .

LONDON, *Sat. Feb. 9.*—Talk with the P.M. on Hope Scott,² in answer to whether the action of the Bishops had not more than anything else driven Newman, Manning, H[o]pe S[cott], etc. to Rome. He says he must sorrowfully confess the Tractarians had made the 1st blunder in Pusey and Keble's pub. of Froude's ³ *Remains* containing the coarsest attack on Reformers and Protestants instead of treating the matter soberly and historically, thereby exasperating the Bishops; then came Tract 90 and its sophisticated teaching,

¹ Formerly Mr. Robert Lowe.

² J. R. Hope-Scott, one of Mr. Gladstone's early friends, who became a Roman Catholic.

³ Hurrell Froude, brother of the historian and diametrically opposed to him in all opinions.

Lord Russell's Bishops followed by Ld. Palmerston, the worst kind to sympathise or have patience with the Tractarians, Bunsen¹ cleverly stepping in and hoodwinking Archbp. of Canterbury with his Jerusalem Bishopric plea, on the whole the most mischief-making and wrong thing our Church could have contemplated. . . .

LONDON, *Mon. Feb. 11.*—Luncheon with the Reays and lots of int. talk. They told me about Ruskin and his visit to them and the immense effect produced on him by hearing that Walter Scott's last words were 'Stand to your guns.' . . .

LONDON, *Tues. Feb. 12.*— . . . To-day and yesterday have been tremendous in Egyptian anxieties, fall of Sinhat this morning inflaming passion already exaggerated, fears for Gordon, telegrams arrived, 3 Cabinets, Ministers rushing to and fro, the P.M. alone calm and resolute and keen as to his speech. Sir Stafford's was milky mild, the greatest contrast to its object, a Vote of Censure being the strongest move an Op[osition] can make. His accusation of indecision and dawdling was made mincemeat of by the P.M. in a magnificent speech of nearly 2 hours. I never before saw the House absolutely crammed between 8 and 9; there was a wonderful play and variety of emotion, indignation, scorn, earnestness and a certain amount of banter even, but for force and feeling I never heard it surpassed; he held the House in his hands and did with them what he would. . . .

LONDON, *Wed. Feb. 13.*—Still a rush of meteors. Lord Acton and Edward on each other's heels morn., Prof. Stuart on and off till 4.30. Most interesting talk with these. . . .

LONDON, *Fri. Feb. 15.*—Ridding² and Stubbs³ are the 2 new Bishops. [E. A.] Freeman will be Regius Professor and I hope for an exciting Canonry. . . . Mr. Drew to tea. Very nice talk with him. . . .

Sun. Fri. 17.— . . . Ld. Dalhousie came at 3, Ld. Acton

¹ Ambassador from Prussia. The Jerusalem bishop was to be appointed by England and Germany in turn.

² George Ridding, Bishop of Southwell.

³ William Stubbs, Bishop of Chester (afterwards Oxford).

at 4, George Russell at 5, Ld. A. lapping an hour and half over G. R. success. Good talk rising out of Hope Scott.

OXFORD, *Mon. Feb. 18.*—Actually came off at 12.30 with Lord Acton to Oxford. The most radiant of days. Dr. Liddon met us and whipped him off for a long walk. Ran about with Lavinia, and Mr. Holland came to tea and talk. Liddon came in with Ld. A. Stubbs and Jowett dined; it went well, but specially the last part, which was uncommonly lively, the Vice-Chancellor¹ arousing op[ositio]n from Ld. A. and Stubbs as to the 6 first historians in the world, Livy and Macaulay the bones of contention, Herodotus, Tacitus, Thucydides and Gibbon being undisputed. Jowett very sharp and keen and quick. After J. was gone, we went bang through Ld. A.'s list of the hundred most epoch-making books. Stubbs guessed well and seemed well satisfied with the descriptions.

(Lord Acton's list² was the basis of Lord Avebury's *Hundred Best Books*, published as a series in 1898. It began with the Vedas and ended with the *Origin of Species*.)

OXFORD, *Tues. Feb. 19.*—Edward [Talbot's] 40th birthday. . . . Tea with Mr. I[llingworth] and Mr. Holland and further lively talk on last night's crux, Ld. A. describing five of the historians as rolled up into a pedestal to put Macaulay on, and more talk as to his character, on which Ld. A. is certainly severe. Mr. Holland this morn. got the P.M.'s letter asking him to be St. Paul's Canon, but by no sign did he show, or I, that anything had happened. He was sharper than any needle in at once shooting³ Ld. A.'s points. Dinner at Somerville, very pleasant, talked to the whole table, sat next the Bulgarian P.M.'s daughter. Back at 9 and sat with Ld. A. till bedtime, he having dined with the old ghost

¹ Benjamin Jowett.

² Published in *Some Hawarden Letters*, by Lisle March-Phillipps and Bertram Christian.

³ To shoot, in Glynnese: 'rapidly and suddenly to discover or hit upon.'

Mark Pattison.¹ Edward walked **him** all the afternoon (unluckily very murky) and the morning he mostly spent at the Bodleian.

LONDON, *Wed. Feb. 20.*— . . . Mama met me and I dined with the Gurneys, sitting between a clever pleasant lawyer, Mr. Cookson, and Mr. Bryce. Perhaps the best part of the evening was the female evidence after dinner on the causes of conjugal unhappiness, leading to a discussion on how much sin is punished in this world. Mr. Cookson, clever and rather interesting, and Mrs. Gurney and Mrs. L. Tennyson both talked sensibly on the point. Sorry to leave in the middle of a talk with Mr. Gurney as Mama called for me to go to Bedford party. . . .

LONDON, *Sat. Feb. 23.*—Horrid morning doing flowers and interviews till I was nearly dead. Drove the P.M. twice right round the park and arranged dinner table and drawing-room and precedence and leading in. Mama recovered from her ailment but bad headache all day, so could not appear. Sat between Ct. Karolyi² and Mr. Bright. Both talked about clergy and both went in for celibacy on the highest grounds. Talked to J[ohn] B[right] a deal about Mr. Stanton, to Ct. K. about shooting. Told Ld. Arthur Russell our Oxford experiences, also talked to Ld. Percy. The great blow was that just as the dinner party had broken up a very small evening party began to arrive and put off bed another half-hour. . . .

LONDON, *Sun. Feb. 24.*— . . . Talk with the P.M. on the Athanasian Creed. Herbert and Alfred much comforted by finding from him that the word 'saved' means being within the Christian fold. He objects to its being used as a Creed in the Church services done by the Reformation and holds that it ought to be kept as a valuable document like the 39 Articles. No other Church so uses it.

¹ A survivor of earlier conflicts who recorded in his memoirs the history of the Oxford Movement from an angle of hostility and reaction. His widow married Sir Charles Dilke. He is believed to be the original of Casaubon in *Middlemarch*.

² Austrian Ambassador.

LONDON, *Mon. Feb. 25.*—Long talk with Herbert on eternal punishment. Wrote with care and at great length to Mr. McColl.¹ Aunt Coque, Meriel, Sybella and her two, Emma Cav[endish], Eddie Hamilton, Ld. Dalhousie, and Maude [Parry] nearly all came on me in a vast unmanageable heap, and I longed to see them all separately. . . . Finished *Sybil*² and have enjoyed it. The Speaker's resignation to-day. Papa very late for dinner. . . .

LONDON, *Tues. Feb. 26.*— . . . Sir William Harcourt to luncheon, low over fresh dynamite, Victoria station having had a horrid explosion this morning. Dinner at 7 with Alfred, Herbert and Mr. Stuart, and had a regular carnival at the Lyceum, *Pygmalion and Galatea*,³ Mary Anderson most beautiful in it and I think acting it to perfection ; she is extraordinarily classical, every attitude recalling some Greek statue, and the contrast displayed by her in the most dramatic little piece at the end is very striking. I like her best as Galatea, but she rises very high in the French part. . . .

LONDON, *Wed. Feb. 27.*—Ash. With Papa to St. John's for matins and Communion Service, and at 3 to Abbey. Maggie came for an hour and we did the big flower pots and jabbered. Quiet eve. at home, the P.M. most un-Ashy, wholesomely tired but in first-rate spirits and most serene whatever befall. I was in my room at 9.30 and heard him and Mama coming up the stairs singing 'A ragamuffin husband and a rantipolling wife' at the top of their voices.

LONDON, *Thurs. Feb. 28.*— . . . To House at 6, a regular badgering plot set in after questions had been disposed of, by Ld. Randolph, etc., but no rise did they get but baffling words from Ld. Hartington and mild as mild from P.M. The Reform Bill speech was masterly, showing undiminished grasp and breadth and force, very quiet, straightforward and plain, ending with a noble appeal to the Liberal Party not to mar and maul the Bill. . . .

¹ A High Church clergyman ; a strong Liberal and anti-Turk.

² By Lord Beaconsfield.

³ By W. S. Gilbert.

LONDON, *Fri. Feb. 29.*— . . . Walked with S[pencer] to St. Anne's at 8. The Matthew Passion for 1st time, loads of beautiful things cut out, notably 1st chorus, a great omission, but it was certainly a success. Charles Wade sings as beautifully and tenderly and reverently as in St. John. Spencer's solo beautiful.

LONDON, *Sun. Mar. 2.*— . . . Read Liddon's grand Pusey sermon preached at Lincoln. We lose Brighton election by 1500, and Marriott,¹ who was returned in '80 as a Liberal, comes out a Tory with flying colours. Good news from Egypt to counterbalance, Graham having routed Osman. . . .

LONDON, *Thurs. Mar. 6.*—To the James's for luncheon meeting Octavia Hill² and Mr. [W. T.] Stead of the *Pall Mall*. She talked a good deal of her experiences and was perfectly simple and unaffected, her head well screwed on her shoulders. She brings a steadying and yet stimulating influence on the conversation. Talked a bit to Stead after and liked him tho' his head is certainly not well screwed on, in fact he is something of a fanatic. . . .

A letter to Lavinia about this time gives a good general idea of what she was feeling about her life :—

10 Downing Street, Whitehall, March 7th, '84.

DST. L.,— . . . My life is so bewilderingly stuffed with deep and dazzling interests. On Thurs. I went to luncheon with the James's (prosaic enough you wd. think) and sat next Miss Octavia Hill and opposite Stead of the *Pall Mall*. Lots to think about and say on that, but no time, so I only give heads. Dinner at Mr. Gaskell's, next Henry James, novelist. Supper at Santley's, next Tenniel, the *Punch* cartoon man, dear old thing with hair brushed straight from the back of his head towards his cheeks, don't you know? Introduced to Mary Anderson, but no talk, only was fascinated in watching her. She is quite as lovely as on the stage, all in

¹ Sir W. T. Marriott.

² Well-known philanthropist and feminist.

white, full of animation, awfully worked up by Santley's singing of 'Bid me to live.' It makes a great difference to me. . . .

Yes, you may feel jealous of my life, at least of things in it, but *not as a whole*. I am living 6 separate lives all at once. Sat. arrives always before I have realised it is Monday. And I long to go into the desert often. But then there is the quiet night wh. just saves one's heart and brain, and other people's prayers.—Yr. ever lov. M. G.

Written at Cambridge, where she was staying with her cousin, Arthur Lyttelton, at Selwyn College :—

CAMBRIDGE, *Sun. Mar. 9.*—8 o'clock, 10 o'clock (with sermon from Mr. Sing on suffering ; good but monotonously preached). . . . Sat an hour with Prof. Stuart, and he came back to luncheon when we tried hard to crack the vivisection and vaccination nuts. Lionised the nice new house and garden and other wing. Talk with Kathleen and picked up Helen at King's, . . . and to Trinity where we had tea with Prof. Stuart, meeting Mr. [Henry] George. Prof. Stuart boldly rushed into *Progress and Poverty* and long and keen and earnest was the discussion on nationalising the land, etc. We tried our very utmost to convert him, but, alas, he far more nearly converted us. He deeply impressed us with his earnestness, conviction and singleness and height of aim. I don't think we made the faintest impression on him and he was very quick and clear in argument. Helen and Mr. Sedley Taylor and Mr. Butler and the son of [Henry] George sat mum throughout. I made 2 or 3 desperate ventures and got as red as my gown, but felt crushed. Perhaps Prof. Stuart hardly stood quite to his guns. Walked to chapel with the man and he told me of his horrid Oxford meeting. Sat close to Prince Eddy, who looked amused and surprised. Mem.: Ld. Rayleigh in antechapel and [Henry] George shook hands with M. G. We dined with Prof. Stuart, also present Nora [Sidgwick] . . . stories only at first but we got on to

George and luxuries and long and earnest was the discussion. Nora specially to the point.

CAMBRIDGE, *Mon. Mar.* 10.—. . . Much exercised in my mind about many things. Prof. Stuart came to fetch me at 11.30 to go over his 'shop.' A capital talk with one of his workmen about George, of whom he had never heard. But at once settled his remedy would be unfair and said the first kindness was to raise people by making them think, and to make them think you must first win their hearts. Also a talk with Mr. Lyon, a Conservative Georgian. Back by Trinity, where he took me in to read me a paper of Mrs. Butler's, most striking and moving. He stopped to luncheon at Selwyn, and also we had Mr. Cust¹ and much lively talk after as to luxury and enjoyment and limitations etc. . . . and at 6.30 we all dined at Trinity, meeting Canon and Mrs. Butler—Josephine herself—that much heard of, much enduring, struggling and noble-spirited woman. She was lighter in hand than I expected. On to the Town Hall for George's lecture. At first it seemed very doubtful whether he would be heard, and he was not well or up to the mark. Still on the whole, considering the audience disagreed with him and were undergraduates, his fate was better than was expected, and certainly he has a good deal of the genius of oratory about him, and sometimes the divine spark—he is as a man possessed and he often carried one away. Questions were asked him of all kinds at the end. He did not flinch and had a wonderful way of leaping to his feet and answering with great spirit and manliness. We spoke to him after and I found him much interested in the fact of Helen's being Vice-Principal. I sat between Arthur [Lyttelton] and Prof. Stuart and enjoyed it, not home till 11.

Selwyn College, Cambridge, 12 Mar. '84.

Dst. L.,—Well, we have had our Georgian struggle and alas, instead of converting him, he much more converted us. We had a huge talk with him. Perhaps Prof. Stuart hardly

¹ Harry Cust, editor of the *Pall Mall* when it became Conservative.

stuck quite firm enough to his guns, and I was frightened at my own remarks and nobody backed me up till he was gone. So of course I always felt I must have said the wrong thing.

I think he impressed us all very deeply, and even if his remedy left the world in as bad a condition as it now is, I feel unspeakable admiration for the man who is fighting this battle. I often feel we have no business to have one moment's peace or happiness because of the intense misery around us. He has not a moment's rest or pleasure because of it and I admire and revere him for it.

I was very sorry indeed to hear how disgraceful had been the meeting at Oxford. At Cambridge, though they utterly disagreed with him, they treated him with courtesy. Arthur [Lyttelton] and Prof. Stuart went with me : they were both struck. He answered questions in such a spirited way, I thought, leaping to his feet, and sometimes his action is so fine. We mean to tackle him once more. . . .

. . . When I got home, oh, such an accumulation of things, 20 close pages of Ceylon experiences from Sir Arthur Gordon ; ditto, ditto from the Governor of Madras, letters fr. Bp. of Colombo, crowds of invitations etc.—Yr. lov.

M. G.

LONDON, *Wed. Mar. 12.*— . . . Tea with Papa in his bedroom, tackled him on female suffrage and nationalisation of land. . . . High tea at 7 and to Prince's Hill to see some tableaux, 'A Dream of Fair Women,' but they were mostly by no means fair, only fat and very sloppy, except a lovely Indian girl who did Jephtha's daughter wonderfully well. P. and Pss. there, had tea with them after in a picture gallery.

LONDON, *Thurs. Mar. 13.*— . . . Battle, and Osman Digna apparently licked with very slight British loss. Dined with Godleys, meeting Mrs. Green, widow of the historian, with chestnut hair standing out in thick waves all over her head and not the ghost of a cap. Sat next Alfred Milner¹ and

¹ Afterwards Viscount Milner.

talked about George. He is a rather interesting being, a beautiful scholar, Balliol man and writer of the 'Bitter Cry'¹ articles in *Pall Mall*. . . .

LONDON, *Fri. Mar. 14.*— . . . Picked up Constance [Battersea] and bought daffodils and she made me a nosegay for the Drawing Room—went in white and gold, very gorgeous, and Excelsior hair.² Mama in black velvet. No Queen, and it felt more than ever not worth while. . . .

LONDON, *Sat. Mar. 15.*— . . . Dined with Trevelyan . . . sat between Lowell and S. and talked over [Henry] George with former; he would not have given compensation to slave owners, but thinks there is a difference in kind as property between slaves and land. He was rather a kill-joy somehow all through. We talked about women voting too. . . .

LONDON, *Tues. Mar. 18.*— . . . Mr. Hutton paid me a long visit. We talked of Drummond to whom the *Spectator* has been too deeply committed by Arthur [Lyttelton] (as he thinks), and Mr. MacColl and church appointments generally. Mr. Bryce came to see me. . . .

LONDON, *Wed. Mar. 19.*—West wind and sun but less hot. A scurrying day. Long letter from Ld. Acton, wh. answered hurriedly. Parents off at 3 to Coombe, a queer procession, dog-cart ahead to show the way, shut family coach and yellow hansom with detectives bringing up the rear. Tea with Maggie at Mrs. Pepys and performance by Janotha, Neruda and Grossmith, very good. Hurried chop and off to St. John's Wood for Conv. Home theatricals given by Mr. Adams Acton—'The Ladies' Battle'³ was excellent and capitally acted. Mem.: Maggie handing champagne round at supper.

LONDON, *Mon. Mar. 24.*— . . . P.M. in great form tho' still hoarse, brim full of [Frederick] Maurice.⁴

¹ On over-pressure on school children.

² Hair dressed on the top of the head.

³ Translated from the French.

⁴ F. D. Maurice, Professor of Theology at King's College, London, ejected from his post for his statements about Eternal Punishment.

LONDON, *Tues. Mar. 25.*— . . . Dined in Bry. Sq. . . . very pleasant indeed, music evening. Sat betw. Messrs. Bryce and Gaskell, female suffrage the staple of our talk. I made more impression on latter than on former.

LONDON, *Fri. Mar. 28.*— . . . Mr. Stuart came to see me and took me to Maggie's. There we had over tea and muffins a conference with Mr. George—Herbert and Prof. Stuart chief questioners and examiners, Alfred [Lyttelton] listening and putting in much sympathising with Mr. George. A great success for they much liked and softened towards the good little man, and as to Maggie she was converted. On the whole he stood his ground well. Dinner with Lucy, between Alfred and the Professor. The latter thought it wonderful and came back to tea, when a female suffrage argument ensued in wh. Lucy and Alfred got beaten. Walked home with them.

LONDON, *Sat. Mar. 29.*—Prof. Stuart to breakfast and stayed till 3—a hard day with talk, flowers and people. . . . Horrible rumours¹ had started up about the P.M.—notes and telegrams poured in. Laura Tennant to tea. . . . B [illegible] told me somebody chaffing Miss Max Müller asked her whether she was not afraid Mr. George would walk off with her father's forks and spoons. 'No, because he had paid for them with his earnings.' . . .

LONDON, *Mon. Mar. 31.*—They came back from Coombe for luncheon. Race with Helen to Gorrings, she on foot, I underground; she won. Mrs. Earle to tea, joined by E. B. O[ttley], funny talk on love in marriage and women's position and duties. The latter stayed on and we went on to morals. Scurry for dressing and dinner at Grosvenor Square, and Sp[encer], Herbert and I joined Laura and Co. for Salvini; he is sublime—the others might all well be strangled—his movements and gestures are so fine, his lordly lionlike tramp across the stage, and tho' he roars and shouts and shakes it never approaches ranting and for once all one's sympathies are with Othello—the end is too awful.

¹ As to his health.

LONDON, *Tues. Apl.* 1.—Fools' Day but not the real one. . . . Dined at home. The P.M. in such form at dinner, high gee,¹ talking of Maurice, whom spiritually he still intensely admires but intellectually almost despises. All through the last half of the Life, Maurice loses ground and culminates when he says he wishes to re-write Butler's *Analogy* so as to make it 'of some use to someone.'

LONDON, *Wed. Apl.* 2.—. . . Dinner at Lucy's with A. J. B., Alfred and Ed., and with them to Albert Hall for Mass in D. Enjoyed it immensely though I felt more than ever that it is far too great a crowd of unworked-out ideas wh. produces an impression of unrest and a certain forcedness so to speak; the Quartette unspeakably poor, so was the Dead March for Prince Leopold—the most effective thing was Sullivan's 'In Memoriam.'

LONDON, *Thurs. Apl.* 3.—. . . Up at 4 for House of Commons. . . . Went to hear him on Egypt, it was magnificent, only an outburst of half-an-hour, voice in finest order; it was received with absolute rapture by our side and poor old Staffy² was crushed to the earth. Ran over to Lucy's to tell her about it, we nearly burst. . . .

LONDON, *Sun. Apl.* 6.—. . . Over to 4 Carlton Gardens, between A. J. B. and A. Sidgwick—the latter most agreeable. He thinks people have wrongly formulated the characteristics which differentiate men and women—long novel talk, and also on our generation understanding another, on which he takes a hopeful view. Pleasant evening, I played a great deal and rather well.

LONDON, *Mon. Apl.* 7.—. . . Went to House. . . . After one or two more came the P.M.'s perfect-of-its-kind speech—light in hand, exactly to the point. We sat up till 2 and were well rewarded by splendid 130 majority on 2nd reading. . . . Mr. Goschen was the only hostile Liberal, and tho' he to a certain degree excited my pity, his speech made no real effect. Sir H. James answered him too roughly.

¹ Expression obviously taken from the 'G' above the treble clef in music.

² Sir Stafford Northcote.

LONDON, *Tues. Apl.* 8.—. . . Mr. Welldon (at the Abbey) I thought rather fine on solitude and suffering, and ‘Hear my Prayer’ after was divine. Large congregation of men hanging on his words. Agnes hovering and Mama backwards and forwards, but she at last went off to The Durdans,¹ and we to Lucy for tea. Were joined by Prof. Stuart, Charles and Tallie² and to St. Paul’s for the Passion Music—most glorious and raising it was as ever, and we never had a more sympathising companion. Prof. Stuart came home to Downing St. and lots of talk and tea.

LONDON, *Easter Sun. Apl.* 13.—. . . Sat at home all afternoon and Maggie came and Mr. Welldon. We *did* talk, and he went with me to St. Paul’s. Some of our upshots were: 1, that we are saved by hope; 2, that it is easier to be bad than good; 3, that the moulding of our lives and characters may intimately affect our great-great-grandchildren; 4, that belief is not often the outcome of ‘the wish to believe,’ and lots more. I described to him the Holland home interior, then Mr. Holland got up and preached all the things we had said till I felt quite mad. It was the most ardent wonderful sermon. I kept wondering how many out of that mighty congregation would awake and then let themselves fall asleep again. The Easter hymn at the end was enough to wake the dead. We flew home thro’ the crowds along the Embankment with the electric lights and dark river and boats and stars. . . .

LONDON, *Tues. Apl.* 22.—Everything peaceful save Egypt, and even that does not seem to disturb the even flow of Downing St. much. . . . Alfred dined with us and went to sleep, and we had the most serene evening. The P.M. in dressing-gown asleep. Alfred snoozing on sofa. Mama and I reading.

LONDON, *Sat. Apl.* 26. . . . Laura Tennant came. . . . We drove together to North End Rd. and looked at the superb B[urne]-J[ones] picture for this Grosvenor—‘The King and the Beggar Maid.’ For execution, in drawing,

¹ Lord Rosebery’s house at Epsom.

² Lady Sarah Spencer.



MARGOT AND LAURA TENNANT

composing and colouring, it cannot be beaten, but I don't violently care for the subject and there is but little meaning. She is the best embodiment I have ever seen of the expression 'bathing feel.'¹ A. J. B. was much tickled by this. . . .

LONDON, *Tues. Apl. 29.*—The great Armageddon at Oxford: Whether Women should be admitted to examination or not. A grand majority of 140 out of a total of 700 and very glad.

This seems the place to insert the following undated letter:—

10 Downing Street, Whitehall.

DST. L.,—. . . Helen wants me to tell you the P.M.'s opinion *in case* it is any use to you. He is strong for it and even thinks some of the Univ. endowments shd. be given to women. . . .—Yr. lov. M. G.

LONDON, *Thurs. May 1.*—. . . Mr. Palgrave to tea. He talked for an hour without drawing breath, but his disquisition on Rossetti as compared with other modern painters and his flow on B.-J. were interesting. Alfred and Charles to dinner, P.M. singing 'My 'art is true to Poll' all the eve.

LONDON, *Fri. May 2.*—. . . At Royal Academy Private View. Stuffed full of heat and people. Saw nothing and nobody except Sir F. Leighton's *Iphigenia* which much admired except the hideous proboscis on her hip, and Millais' *Idyll*, half of wh. is lovely. Dined in Gros. St. and to *Princess Ida* with Charles and Willy; a great failure.

LONDON, *Sat. May 3.*—. . . With parents, Spencer and Alfred to Drury Lane for *Carmen*, wonderfully bright, pretty opera, very Spanish in character and sparkling. Marie Roze did the light cigar-girl well considering her great drawbacks of figure. Found gorgeous nose-gays and a fine reception.

LONDON, *Mon. May 5.*—. . . We drove off to Horse-monger Jail, now pulled down and turned into a children's

¹ Glynnese. See p. 221.

Playground. Mama opened it, supported by Ld. Crewe and Sir R. Peel. G. Russell spoke capitally. . . .

I here insert another complete entry as giving the names of so many friends of this date :—

LONDON, *Tues. May 6.*—Two years since that awful day.¹ Lucy with Lady Louisa [Egerton]. Drove with Mama to Argyll Lodge, only finding Victoria [Campbell]. Dined at Godleys' . . . and seated between Sir H. Maine and Mr. Lecky; very agreeable, much talk on Lord Acton, Lawleys, Psychical Research. Evening to Mrs. Lecky, such a nice creature. Took Agnes Talbot² to the Tennants' dance; it was rather fun. My partners A. J. B., Lds. Rosebery, Dalhousie, Mr. Tennant³ . . . G. Leveson,⁴ R. Rodd,⁵ etc. . . .

LONDON, *Wed. May 7.*—Forgot to say there is a terrific split in the Opposition between Lord Salisbury and Lord Randolph. . . .

LONDON, *Mon. May 12.*—Mr. Stuart and Mr. Holland had tea and din. and to House for the P.M.'s speech on Vote of Censure (moved by Sir M. H. Beach). It was quite different speech to the other two magnificent Egyptian flare-ups, heavily weighted with difficulty and need of intense care and caution. I thought it a melting speech, because of its revelation of intense complication and groping in darkness, and a convincing spell on account of its careful argument and sober careful tone. We talked it over fully after and with much argument. . . .

LONDON, *Sat. May 17.*—Wrote a paper on 'Princess Alice' for the *Cont. Review*, my very first attempt, perpetually interrupted and with every possible drawback of back and bone ache. Margaret, Caroline G—— and Lady Sidney [Herbert] paying me visits and Spencer in and out, and early

¹ The Phoenix Park murders.

² Daughter of Meriel, Mrs. John Talbot.

³ Afterwards Lord Glenconner.

⁴ Now George Leveson-Gower.

⁵ Sir Rennell Rodd, M.P., Ambassador at Rome during the Great War.

dinner, and the Court Theatre, feeling miserably ill. 'My Milliner's Bill' ¹ [play] again a vast success, and Mr. Blunt ² visited us.

LONDON, *Mon. May 19.*—Finished [her article 'Princess Alice']. To Lucy's at 12 and read it to her; she was absurdly over-encouraging. Handel practice, rehearsal good. Dined at Mr. Balfour's, sitting between Ld. Elcho and a mad enthusiast, Mr. Rubinstein, a passionate Wagnerite to the detriment of every other composer but Bach. Mr. Holland dined there, and all to Richter [concert], the best we have yet had. Magnificent Siegfried Duet, Walkers' Ride and Brunnhilde, and 7th Symphony to perfection.

LONDON, *Tues. May 20.*—To House at 2, great fun hearing Randolph throw over his leaders and appeal to the Paddies. 195 majority on the Irish part of the Bill, quite splendid, and Sir Stafford skedaddled.

LONDON, *Thurs. May 22.*—John Morley, Mr. [Andrew] Carnegie . . . to breakfast and a smoothfaced Nonconformist. However, they combined well and produced some capital talk, on journalism, comparisons between England and America etc. With Papa to St. Paul's at 12, just arriving in the offertory sentences, the services ideally beautiful and he had never been before. Drove back with him, and then to Deanery to luncheon with H. S. H., and Mr. Church and Arthur. Lively discussion on the Oxford women's exam. . . .

LONDON, *Fri. May 23.*—Lucy came over to correct my proof sheets, rather a scurry of a day as I had luncheon with the Reays, a drive first with Papa, a visit to the Ottleys, Punch and Judy and Eddy [Hamilton's] consolation tea-party, besides a huge lecture from Lord Reay on Egypt and the Soudan, topping up with early dinner and Handel Society concert at Newman Street, which nearly did for me, the heat and the noise and the standing, not to mention the hideous badness of the performance.

LONDON, *Sun. May 25.*—Breakfast with Papa, and full of interest because of what he said on Egypt. To St. Paul's.

¹ By G. W. Godfrey.

² The actor, known on the stage as Arthur Cecil.

. . . Lots of rain coming out, and we all slopped along the Strand, getting horridly wet. . . .

LONDON, *Tues. May 27.*—Scuttle all day. With Mama to House aft. and at 4.30 after various agitations the G.P. off to Hawarden. Then came as I thought my time of calm. But no—Agnes Phillimore, then Louise Denison, then Gambier-Parrys, and Maggie (always a break), and at 7.20 with Spencer to Maud's¹ for dinner, meeting Mr. Benson and Miss Ralli. Hubert Parry played heaps of Bach quite magnificently, and the great Schumann studies. Not home till late.

LONDON, *Wed. May 28.*—A great go at cards for 4 hours on end, backed up by Maggie. Over to Lucy and read the full account of the Phoenix Park murders—most touching and wonderful, Freddy might so easily have escaped. It is Pat Delaney's Deposition. Peaceful afternoon but full of rheumatics; read *Silas Marner* straight through. Dined with Lucy, Edith Santley, Vic[toria] Campbell, Gerald Balfour and Mr. Stanton. None of them knew each other, Lucy totally ignorant of both gents., and I the only link between all. On the whole a vast success, and most deeply interesting in various ways, Edith Santley singing really magnificently and with the divine spark indeed, Rubinstein, Handel, Gounod, Maude White, Schubert and Schumann in rapid succession. Alfred arrived at 11, and we had great Mr. Stanton talk till near 1. Magnificent.

LONDON, *Thurs. May 29.*—The great Tod meeting at Chesham St., Lucy *v.* Miss Tod on Women's Suffrage. I felt strongly what amateurs we were and how shallow seemed our arguments, as compared with her deep, wide, whole-hearted study of the whole subject in all its bearings. She comes from Ulster and is strong in Irish questions. Mr. Stuart came too, and we talked, I mostly listened, till 8, which left a snug dinner and evening. . . .

LONDON, *Fri. May 30.*— . . . Three more horrible explosions, I only heard two, but London was startled and

¹ Lady Maud Parry, *née* Herbert, daughter of Sidney Herbert.

horrified, one in Scotland Yard (much braver than usual) in the heart of the police ; mercifully no lives lost at all, and but little serious damage.

This paragraph is typical of hundreds describing happy visits to her sister Agnes, Mrs. Wickham, at Wellington College, where the Rev. Edward Wickham was headmaster :—

WELLINGTON COLLEGE, *Sun. June 1st.*—Little Christian [Wickham's] 6th birthday. Her presents given after church, which she went to as a huge treat. 6 lighted tapers and lots of presents, enormous excitement ; she danced round and loved everybody and everything ecstatically. The 12 o'clock sermon very long, communicants, Edward [Wickham] preached nothing special. Walked with him and the children afterwards and saw the most flaring field of crimson clover in the sunshine. Visited stables. Church at 8. Read ' Pss. Alice ' aloud.

OXFORD, *Tues. June 3.*—Mr. Russell read lots of the *Fairchild Family* aloud and generally amused us, but also some good talk on Union of Christendom, tho' rather distressing on Archbp. Benson. . . .

LONDON, *Fri. June 6.*—Went to a blessed bootmaker who makes boots according to the foot God has created. Children tried to get me daisies. ' More loud than pretty, don't you think, Aunt Mary ? ' said May, when I played a Bach Prelude. Left the minute after luncheon and got home very comfortably, only so sad to find Edwards ¹ lost his little boy of scarlet fever in 3 days. Went with Spencer after we had a chop to *St. Peter* (Benedict) at the Albert Hall. We had scratched up a wonderful cast for it : Sims Reeves was in perfect even splendid voice, Santley, Patey and Albani, who in the Solo part over the Chorus was magnificent. . . .

LONDON, *Sat. June 7.*—Did cards most of the morning—got a lovely little wreath for the tiny detective's grave.

¹ The detective attached to Mr. Gladstone.

Very restful day, only a breath of air in garden, and dined with Maggie.

ETON, *Sun. June 8.*—Breakfast in bed, picking up Spencer at 9.15 and going with him to Eton, a great success tho' a nastier, colder, damper day we could hardly have had. Dull Trinity Sunday service at St. George's, with Palestrina's 'Come, Holy Ghost,' most lovely, and an inferior Trin. hymn. Luncheon at 2 with Edward, long talk with one of his pupils, a certain Guthrie, with beautiful eyes, . . . at 4.30 tramped back to St. George's, a fine Stainer Trin. anthem and Garrett in D this morn. by the way. Tea with Ponsonbys, and very pleasant lively talk, topping up with mujack, Sp. and I singing and playing 'Lassen Blauen Augen,' by heart. At 7.30 marched off to Margaret Talbot's lovely house, where we dined in company with 3 very jolly Eton boys, 2 H. Scotts and 1 Lothian, and met Alice Gaisford and her good-looking stepdaughter May. Left at 9.45 and reached station in the nick of time; funny journey home with horsey gossiping females.

LONDON, *Wedy. June 11.*—Hind legs and tired all day long, flowers, arrangements for party, invitations. Agnes arrived and I shirked, driving to Maggie's and going to *Lohengrin*, the most wonderful thing after all that he ever wrote for power in dramatic situations, nothing has ever come up to the excitement of the first great climax in the 1st Act, & Lohengrin himself was all that could be wished in appearance—a real beautiful glittering knight (Herr Stritt). Albani's acting and singing magnificent, and there was a really fine Ortrud, Reichmann was Frederick and looked like Judas Iscariot. Enjoyed it quite fearfully, it never felt long tho' lasting till 12, so that we only found the fag end of the party at home, and Mama, Agnes and Helen all in various stages of exhaustion.

LONDON, *Thurs. June 12.*—Sisterly trolls most of the day. . . . Mr. Currie came for 2½ hours' talk, so nice and sympathising and old shoe.¹ . . . Sir W. James dined and

¹ 'A familiar, long known and comfortable companion' (Glynnesse).

Maggie and I went over to Lucy for the evening. . . . Rebounds¹ from the Queen on my 'Pss. Alice' paper (in a letter to Father). . . . To Lucy's, where a fruitless discussion on women's suffrage, which has just been smashed in the House of Commons.

LONDON, *Thurs. June 19.*—An odd pie at breakfast: Mme. Novikoff,² Archimandrite, Burnand of *Punch*, Dean of Windsor, Dr. Blackie, Sir W. Muir, and Mr. Godley—the latter alone at our table; very pleasant but he takes an exceedingly cynical view of 'Pss. Alice.' Just after got a note from poor Mr. Russell saying he had been telegraphed for to his mother.³ Evening he wrote again to say he was too late. He came at 9.30. . . . Lucy, Alfred etc. dined and the latter sat up with us till 1, talking of the Egyptian crisis.

LONDON, *Fri. June 20.* . . . To Lucy's at 5 for a fresh Tod talk. Meriel and Mr. Bryce and George Talbot there. Her two best points were that only since '32 has there ever been Government based on national representation and that women's suffrage is its natural outcome, that 'Woman is not undeveloped man, but diverse,' and this difference in kind is so necessary that Nature if left to herself would accentuate it all the more if laws left her free by giving equal justice and equal chances to both. Mr. Bryce very interesting on 'the family.'

LONDON, *Sat. June 21.*— . . . Edward came here to see George Russell. . . . Talked to him most of the evening. Poor fellow, he was intensely wretched and there seems no way of getting at him. His mother was his No. 1 and he has literally no No. 2 or 3, only p'raps a bad 4th or 5th. He was a little comforted by going to Woburn to-day and seeing her face quite unchanged and happy and beautiful.

LONDON, *Mon. June 23.*— . . . To the Abbey at 3. 'The Lord is my Shepherd' (Wesley). The funeral [of Lady Charles Russell] at Woburn at 3 to-day. To H. of C. for the

¹ 'A flattering remark about someone repeated to them by a third person' (Glynnese).

² Known as the M.P. for Russia.

³ Lady Charles Russell.

statement on France's Agreement with England. It made a good impression. France bargains not to walk into Egypt as we walk out, we remain for $3\frac{1}{2}$ years, only leaving then with the consent of the other Powers. Lav. came in to tea in Downing St. and was astonished at the P.M.'s calm and brightness, and drove with him to the House. His speech was clear and quiet, ending with a lofty appeal to principle. Between 5 and 8 every sort of celebrity spoke: Goschen, Forster, Sir Stafford, Ld. Randolph (very wild and clever), Joseph Cowen, Ashmead Bartlett, Sir D. Wolff, Mr. Bourke, Ld. John Manners, Labouchere, Sir R. Cross, Baron de Worms, a good galaxy for Lav. Quiet eve. Papa much relieved. Devoured and finished *The House on the Marsh*,¹ a short sensational novel, the interest and mystery of which never flags.

LONDON, *Tues. June 24.*—Poor G. R[ussell] to luncheon and talk. I am so sorry for him. Great agitation over our dinner as wicked Laura failed us, and all day I was being whisked round London, first in Lucy's carriage (mem. the Wagner) and then with Papa. Lav., A. J. B. and Gerald Balfour, Edith Santley, John Morley, and Ag. Talbot dined, Rayleighs and Laura and Alice B[alfour] our table. Huge success and most delicious music till midnight.

LONDON, *Wed. June 25.*—Went to the Abbey for Hallam Tennyson's marriage with Audrey Boyle. . . . On to Sarah Spencer's for strawberries, and saw them off. Browning, Irving, Lecky, Morris, all sorts and conditions of men. Sat at the Balfour dinner to see last of Lav. . . .

LONDON, *Thurs. June 26.*—Dalhousies, Henry Cowper and Ct. Herbert Bismarck breakfasted. Helen turned up. To concert with Spencer. Lady Ponsonby accompanied him in Schubert Aufenthalt, and Margaret² played a Schumann Novelette quite magnificently. Mr. Liddell also satisfactory in his Andante for 2. . . . found Mr. Welldon on my

¹ By Florence Warden.

² Margaret Talbot, wife of Hon. Sir Reginald Talbot, and daughter of Rt. Hon. James Stuart Wortley.

return, who wanted me to settle whether he should stand for the H. Mastership of Eton. Meeting of the Drags. . . . Third Reading of Reform Bill passed *nem con.* 3 cheers. To Adelaide's evening to hear Rubinstein play; it was simply diabolical. I never heard such relentless thumps before, and yet he can play, perhaps in Heaven where the instrument would have endless capacities. Protracted and ardent flirtation with Harry Cust, a nice boy in the cynical stage.

LONDON, *Mon. June 30.*—We were all day at the match, I on top of Graham bus (nearly boiled at the end, sun beating down on our heads). In the 1st Cambridge innings of 111, did not miss a ball, but could not watch or keep eyes on attention aft., it was too exhausting. Oxford got 209, and Herbert and I flew down in hansom to hear the Vote of Censure speech. Met M.P.'s walking away and found a regular fiasco, Govt. voting with Op. agst. majority of Liberals who refused to interrupt the standing orders. Everyone's hair on end. P.M. in such spirits, he sang 'My heart is true to Poll' all thro' dinner.

LONDON, *Wed. July 2.*—Not out—too hot. Helen, P.M. and I dined at Miss Anna Swanwick's in Regent's Park. 18 people there and not a crack of window open. I was prima donna, taken down by Canon Farrar and next Mr. Bryce on t'other side, . . . etc. Stifling hot. Played P.F. Thankful to get out of dining-room. Mr. Drew to tea.

LONDON, *Sat. July 5.*— . . . Mr. Russell came and we had an unsuccessful conversation before dinner on Mocking and Scoffing. The P.M. went off at a tangent on the Reform Bill.

LONDON, *Tues. July 8.*—Finished *A Roman Singer*,¹ good and sometimes beautifully written. . . . H. of L. at 6, Ld. Brabourne speaking against the 2nd reading. Lord Rosebery followed in what was the speech of the Debate, a real big speech on a big occasion, over an hour and quite an oratorical triumph, his defence of the P.M. and his appeal to the Bishops both done perfectly. Home to dinner for Ld.

¹ By F. Marion Crawford.

Acton and Card. Manning, flew back at 10.30 till division was over. Ld. Salisbury tried to minimise the occasion by making a slight, calm, amusing speech. Lds. Selborne and Granville both very dull; they got a majority of 59, very small considering. 12 Bishops and Archbishops with us.

LONDON, *Mon. July 14.*—Lovely day. To St. Margaret's. All went off most decorously and simply,¹ the bridesmaids without blemish, bunches of white roses and quite plain untrimmed nun's veiling. Edith in very beautiful stamped velvet. Arthur [Lyttelton] and Algy Lawley² doing the service. Up to Hamilton Terrace after for breakfast. A man in the crowd put his face into the brougham and said to me, 'You're the best of the lot.' Excellent breakfast in a big tent in the garden, everything admirably managed. Went with Arthur and heaps of jabber at our table. In hansom to the Reays, where had much talk on the Crisis. Lady de Rothschild came in and we talked on Mr. George's problems. . . . Great Lords argument after dinner.

LONDON, *Wed. July 16.*—Rush of a morning. First Alfred, then Laura, who acted her Frou-Frou, Maggie, Eddie H[amilton], Mr. Ottley, Spencer's 'Devout Lover,' and luncheon with the Balfour girls, a visit to Maggie, a walk with Browning, and drive to Argyll Lodge for breakfast with Ld. Acton and Manning, and on with them thro' sparkling bracing air by Richmond Park to the Star & Garter, and strolls on the terrace, and dinner in the window overlooking that lovely bending Thames, a drive back, a fire at the Albert Hall and engines and crowds and escapes, and home to bed.

CAMBRIDGE, *Tues. July 22.*—Up to Lord's . . . England's 1st innings gloriously closed for 379, Steel especially playing a magnificent faultless 146, Alfred got 31. Christopher their last man was caught just in time for me to get off to St. Pancras and meet Lord Acton, with him to fly to Cambridge. . . . We both slept soundly [in the train]. Have never men-

¹ Marriage of Robert Lyttelton and Edith Santley.

² Hon. Algernon Lawley, afterwards Lord Wenlock.

tioned the great Reform demonstration of yesterday, 8 miles long thro' the London streets all in perfect order and watched by P. and Pss. [of Wales] and no end of bigwigs. Found Nora out, so straight took Ld. Acton off to the Backs—a lovely quiet summer evening, all looking wonderfully serene. . . . Nora and I had a long Girton talk.

CAMBRIDGE, *Wed. July 23*.—All day dawdling lionising. Mr. Stuart joined us and came to luncheon. Took us to the Roundabout and tea in his rooms to meet a delightful North country pitman, whom we questioned with great perseverance on many subjects. He was excellent, straightforward, sober, shrewd judgment. Picked roses and tackled Mr. Blore on the Welldon question.¹ Mr. Bradshaw, F. Myers and Mr. Stuart dined, much lively talk on novels at dinner and more serious Reform discussion after.

LONDON, *Thurs. July 24*.—. . . Dined with Maggie . . . sitting between Mr. Stuart and Gerald Balfour; talked all dinner and evening to the latter, a beautiful face, did not half understand him, he was much too deep for me, but was really interested and thought there was much in what he said.

ETON, *Sun. July 27*.—Matins and Celebration, heaps of boys, lovely sight, Mendelssohn choral. Long sermon, good in aft. Parents to luncheon with Dr. Hornby—Tea with Miss Evans. After supper young masters came for Sunday eve. conference and the P.M. and we all went in. We joined in the talk, the point of wh. was the meaning of the Atonement. It was very impressive altogether. . . .

LONDON, *Tues. July 29*.—. . . Afternoon with Helen to Grosr. Gallery. There is a Watts of haunting beauty—a knight just dead, his head thrown back, his face lighted up on a mist of wings—faintly thro' the gloom, a sort of dream of an angel stooping to kiss him. Splendid portraits of Lds. Salisbury and Lytton, and Richmond certainly excels himself in this exhibition. . . .

LONDON, *Wed. July 30*.—Papers the whole morn.—in

¹ As candidate for Headmastership of Eton.

clerical cupboard ¹ . . . M.P.'s dined and Millais. Between the Ld. Advocate and Sir T. Acland. Mr. Russell and the P.M. never once stopped from soup to dessert. Talked to him all eve.

LONDON, *Fri. Aug. 1.*— . . . With Maggie to see some pictures, and then to Millais' to see his P.M. portrait—extraordinarily correctly like, and I think it is going to be very fine, with a commanding expression of countenance. . . .

LONDON, *Sat. Aug. 2.*—Mr. Stuart came. Helen off to Holloway [College] etc. Mama had another giddy bout with sickness and went to bed and had Dr. Clark. Sat most of the day in her room, except a drive with Gerty's babies. . . . Willy dined and we went off after to the Health Exhibition ² and scuttled through the vast crowds. Most satisfactory to see this need supplied, the need of an evening outdoor recreation which is happy and yet innocent. The gardens are like the Arabian Nights with thousands of Chinese lamps high overhead floating in the breeze, illuminated water, fountains flying up into the dark sky of every shade of brilliant colour, dripping gold, flaming red, midnight purple and sunset pink—while we watched fascinated great bursts of music were blown towards us—it was an intoxicating scene and all so innocent and really beautiful. . . .

LONDON, *Sun. Aug. 3.*—8th after Trinity. Woke with an aggravated form of stiff neck. Went with Papa to Chapel Royal. Head falling forward on chest. Full service. Squash in pew. Yesterday (forgot to mention) the European Conference collapsed, and we are as we were 2 months ago about Egypt. Went to House to hear the collapse given out, and after drove round park with Papa. Mr. Welldon came to luncheon to-day and we had a nice talk after. Mama better but still abed—wrote letters in her room. . . .

LONDON, *Thurs. Aug. 7.*— . . . Dined with Sir C. Forster ; in with Bob Lowe who spoke most solemnly about the H. of Lords and the necessity of exhausting all Constitutional means in our power to get the Bill through and to allay

¹ Where Church patronage papers were kept.

² At Earl's Court.

agitation, *i.e.* specially the creation of a sufficient number of new peers. He dreads anything like law-breaking for fear of what it may lead to. An interesting dinner, had it not been for Dr. Quain¹ who insisted on telling me anecdotes when I wanted to listen to the P.M. between Bob Lowe and Dr. Liddon.

HAWARDEN, *Thurs., Fri., & Sat., Aug. 21, 22, 23.*—All gorgeous days. . . . Cyphers flying. Letters to and from Ld. Acton—tennis daily. Read *Vestigia*,² rather good, and *Hester*,³ poor; tea always out. Church every day. Sibell Grosvenor came for the whole day; read her the *Mad Lady*.⁴ She is a little sweet soul and the keynote is unselfishness.

HAWARDEN, *Mon. Aug. 25.*— . . . In the afternoon the children acted a French play really extremely well, especially Katie and William [Wickham], who besides their pretty sensitive voices and lovely pronunciation showed wonderful memory and a capital notion of action. The P.M. excellent audience and enjoying it immensely. . . .

DALMENY, *Wed. Aug. 27.*—Left Hawarden at 8.20, special from Broughton, Chester 8.55. There had been no very clear arrangements about trains, so that the railway station gatherings at first were nothing special in number—all very enthusiastic and by the time we reached Preston madly so. I wonder whether there is for anybody else the same frantic devotion; the faces of the men were astonishing, and in their desperate struggles to get near enough for one touch of his hand they simply seem as if they would give up body or soul for it. Flowers, cakes and honey flowed in as we went along. At 4.30 Edinburgh was reached, and here as in '79 the reception was tremendous. Lord Rosebery met us on the platform and took us to his carriage and four, 6 outriders, and so through ringing cheers and frantic waving of hats and handkerchiefs to Dalmeny. There is a large, smart, rather heart-sinking party here. . . . Helen and I are in snug room

¹ Author of *Dictionary of Medicine*.

² By G. Fleming.

³ By Mrs. Oliphant.

⁴ Laura Tennant's story

together, but the house is stuffed. At dinner between Mr. Marjoribanks and Mr. Smalley,¹ the latter alternately bores and irritates me. Dull evening.

DALMENY, *Thurs. Aug. 28.*—Helen's birthday. Read a good bit of Dean Church's *Bacon*, a brilliant performance, relentless in condemnation while doing fullest justice to his greatness. Drove to the Forth Bridge afternoon and pottered over the works for ages, going over Barnbougle on the way; it stands right on the sea and contains a surprising banquet hall, delicious sitting rooms—only Lord Rosebery can sleep there and no admittance is allowed except by him in person. Long talk with H. Cowper on 'intentions.'

DALMENY, *Fri. Aug. 29.*—They [Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone] drove into the Forestry—I stayed in peace at home and watched lawn tennis. . . . People dined each night, but did not much realize them. Played this morn and this even. My bed as hard as a rock. Walked with Lord Rosebery.

DALMENY, *Sat. Aug. 30.*—There is always a rush for papers after breakfast, so I bag the *Scotsman* and sit upon him. Who should turn up but Prof. Stuart, a great break. Played p.f. and then tennis with Harry and him and Helen—rather limp games. Packed a Godley Gladstone bag for Glen and went in to Edinburgh at 4; a goodly procession, 3 barouches, 2 with 4 horses, and other carriages for our huge party. Went to Council Chambers, where an address was presented and short speech made in answer, and on to the Corn Market thro' enthusiastic crowds. Here was a great reception, and we had a speech of about an hour and $\frac{1}{2}$ chiefly on the Franchise Bill—in spite of its soothing moderation there was immense force and fire in it, and it must do great good in the country. Joined the Tennants and left before Lord Rosebery's speech, stealing the Victoria and catching 7.22, the last train at Waverley—long, tiring, dawdling journey talking to Laura, and in the bus drive from Innerleithen we felt exactly like coming home from a ball. Had some dinner and then fled off to bed.

¹ G. W. Smalley, American correspondent.



THE EARL OF ROSEBERY

GLEN (Home of the Tennant family), *Sun. Aug. 31.*—Rather grim-looking day. Drove to church [Presbyterian : hence severity] ; better than I expected, kneeling, organ, etc. Poor sermon, poor praying. Walked rapidly home. Long talk afternoon on asceticism with Laura, Mrs. Tennant and Jack [Tennant] present and sympathetic. Loads of music. Margot and Laura played the Schumann 2 pianos exceedingly well. A brilliant flash of lightning sort of visit. They are an extraordinary family, and the rapid talk at dinner is great fun. . . .

GLEN, *Mon. Sep. 1.*—Called at 6.30. They had been playing at l[awn] tennis since 5. A drive in dogcart with Jack, white frost and fog but some bright sun tho' very cold. Got to Dalmeny at 10.30, heavenly day it turned into. Prof. Stuart and Ld. Aberdeen went out with me. We went on the beach and had a long talk after Ld. A. had gone. The meeting to-day was at 6, and the speech very nearly 2 hours and went rapidly thro' the old Midlothian speeches and defended the Govt. of the last 4 years, wonderfully little interest in Egypt or Gordon considering. One great outburst when he spoke of Ireland as being eternally one with Great Britain, a good deal of strong language on the late Govt. and its heritage. Got home very late, and had to dress and sit down to dinner at 10.15. Tiring day and I had no room anywhere ; Ld. Dalhousie being in mine I lay on Lady Carrington's bed, and finally slept in Ld. Aberdeen's, late Godley's, late Murray's.

(Mary's apparent leisure during a political campaign contrasts with the conscription of ministers' families at such times to-day.)

DALMENY, *Tues. Sept. 2.*—The last day of the campaign. Sat again on shore with Prof. Stuart, the most radiant colourfull day. Read aloud H. S. H.'s most striking Good Friday sermon which Prof. Stuart had heard and loved at Winchester. We gloated over it, it really is one of the best I ever read or heard. Aft. Mr. S. and I chose Ld. Dalhousie and

H. Cowper and went and sat and talked on the Barnbrough terrace till tea time, after wh. as usual to Edinburgh for the last time. This was as to enthusiasm and excitement and numbers the climax of the campaign, and the entry into the Waverley Market is still overwhelming to think of ; looked like millions of faces and millions of voices, and they kept up the ringing wonderful cheers as we walked half round the meeting—the speech very short and really his lungs are stupendous ; Reform Bill only. Ld. Reay who was in the chair spoke exceedingly well, Ld. Rosebery and Mr. Ferguson, the baby M.P., the only others. A. R. holds them in his hands ; he can do anything with them ; the passionate devotion to him was perhaps the most striking feature of the week. H. went off to London, so we said ‘good-bye’ in the crowd. Princes St. was one rushing mass of human beings, Edinburgh lit by a brilliant moon is the most beautiful city in the world (except Venice), and the scene altogether was beyond description. Dinner was again not till 10 ; sat by Mr. Smalley and Mr. Stuart ; tried to be interested in the former, owing to Helen’s reproofs, and got on much better, talking about all sorts of things—novels, society, eating, etc.

HAWARDEN, *Wed. Sep. 3.*—Breakfast at 8, hurry and scurry, the G.P. and Helen off at 8.15, H. and I not till 9 when Mr. Murray and Prof. Stuart squashed into our fly. Our journey home humbler than last Wed. but quicker, I thought and with amusing incidents, waiting at Preston, but got home all right for tea and intercessional. Felt it nice to be peacefully kneeling in church after this tremendous week.

HAWARDEN, *Mon. Sep. 8.*— . . . Am copying Ld. Acton’s letters, reading per diem a Robertson sermon, writing and talking just now quick-fire to Mr. Russell and Mr. Holland. Also read Mr. Gore’s ¹ wonderful evolution sermon and was tremendously struck and surprised why it did not eternally impress me last year.

HAWARDEN, *Tues. Sep. 23.*—Narrow shave for the train as fly never came, but, good luck, the p[ony] carriage was

¹ Bishop Gore.

ready. Very short journey. Met Harry Cust at Chester and drove to Hawarden with him and found Willy and party flown ! In consequence we had a sort of honeymoon dinner and evening, talked 8 hours on end. Went up the old Castle at 7.

HAWARDEN, *Sun. Sep. 28.*— . . . Mr. Drew preached on Forgiveness of Sins ; well, but starting too many hares, perhaps. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Sat. Oct. 4.*— . . . Total eclipse of the moon ; wonderful the growing gloom and the brightening stars. The moon before the eclipse was brilliant enough to read by, not a star to be seen—then they all flashed triumphantly out as the moon veiled herself.

HAWARDEN, *Sun. Oct. 12, 17th after Trinity.*— . . . Mr. Drew preached ending up the Creed, the life everlasting ' in knowledge of whom standeth our eternal life,' his keynote ; Mem. : ' there remaineth a rest ' on the Lych gate. He was dreadfully frightened. Dark walk home with Alfred. He and Ld. Spencer went off at 10. We had the Ember hymn at prayers for H. D.

HAWARDEN, *Wed. Oct. 15.*—Up old Castle with Bp. Stubbs and he and Maggie fought more or less over Charles and Cromwell. He departed at 12, and at luncheon we brought it up again and had a grand harangue from the P.M. on the two, pitching into both strongly but into Cromwell most, then on to Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI. It was extraordinarily balanced and judicial and quite excellent, but he is far more of a Cavalier than a Roundhead. He read three huge volumes of French correspondence in the session. I love dear old Bishop [Stubbs] despite of his misguided Toryism. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Thurs. Oct. 16.*—Morning of reading aloud to Maggie. Then down to Sandy[croft] and by special train to Birkenhead for cutting of sod of new railway. Found a little crowd at Sandy and large ones between station and Wirral ; the barriers were finally broken by the too impetuous thousands and we all got a good deal hustled and had to

escape from their devotion by clambering over the back of the platform, leaping from bench to bench and finally climbing a great railing. Long speech on *milk* and railways, and another at the luncheon ; it was quite an un-party thing but full of personal enthusiasm. Got back ravenous for tea. Millais left this morning—a good child if ever there was one.

HAWARDEN, *Sun. Oct. 19.*— . . . It is Mr. Drew's ordination to-day. Read the service. Nice quiet aft. Gone with Lucy at 6 for the Sandycroft service, Stephy preaching ; walked up to Rectory with him across the fields, very dark, nice talk. . . .

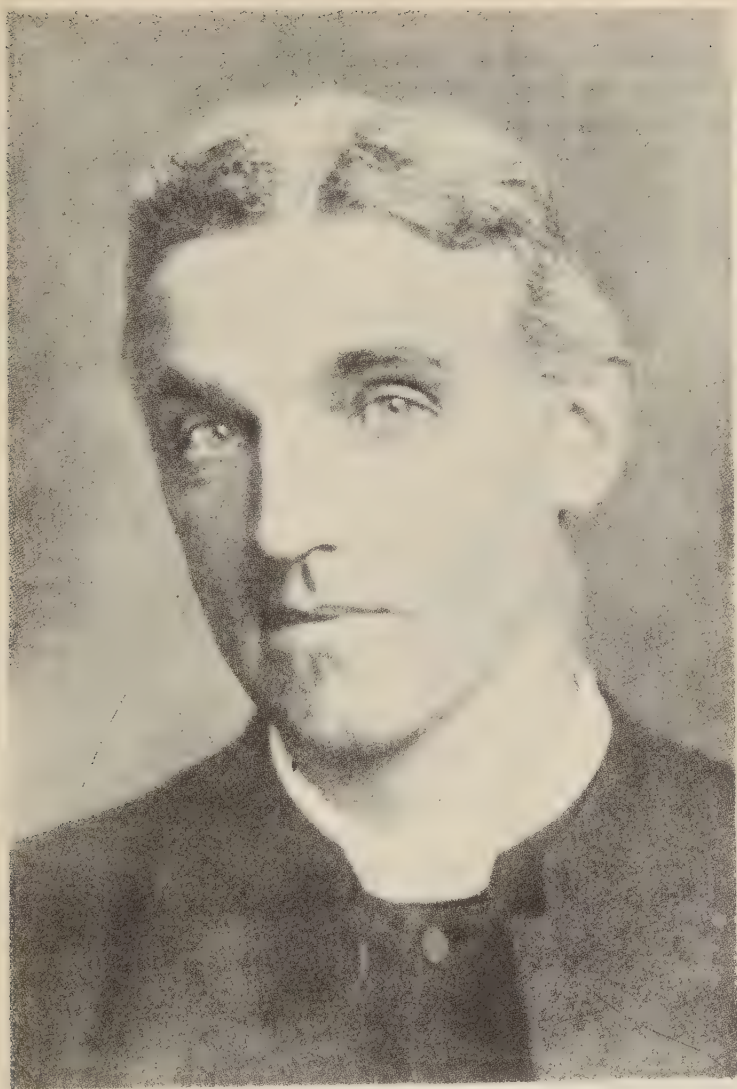
HAWARDEN, *Mon. Oct. 20.*—Good letter from Mr. Drew. Up to Rectory after Lucy's departure. . . .

LONDON, *Fri. Oct. 24.*—Fine. Walked up to Reays' to luncheon, meeting there John Morley, M.P., who was most agreeable ; talk first on Carlyle—he hates equally Mr. and Mrs. and only now believes in the former as a great poet—and then on Ireland. Agreed with all he said as to that. Finally on House of Lords. . . . Mr. Bryce and Albani to tea. . . .

LONDON, *Mon. Oct. 27.*—Charles' b'day. He came to luncheon. High wind. With Stephy to Elliott & Fry to be photoed. Not out again. The P.M. harassed over the Maamtrasna M[urder]¹ sentences and went all thro' the evidence with Alfred at dinner.

LONDON, *Wed. Oct. 29.*—With Agnes and Katie to be Mendelssohned [*i.e.* photographed] and visited Rachel Sassoon in the Consumptive Hospital. They left at 2 and I, thinking I was going to have an aft. of celestial peace, had my head talked off by F. Palgrave, who arrived at 3 for a good hour with his girls and was at once succeeded by Maud Ottley, who in her turn was lapped over by G. Russell, who stayed till 7 with running accompaniment of brothers ; nice talk with him, early dinner, and to the play, ' Rip Van Winkle,'

¹ Sentences passed on those convicted of the murder of the Joyce family at Maamtrasna.



THE REV. HARRY DREW

Opéra Comique. Heart sank at first but it was really fun, only too spun out and heated. Was better after walking home, tho' still headache. Tea after with H[erbert] and Harry, joined by the P.M., who had been at a séance and was full of it.

LONDON, *Thurs.* 30 *Oct.*—This was another day when I felt as I think Confessors must feel: all day a succession of people to talk and talk to . . . lasting from 11 to 5; quite one of my mad days. To the House after tea, and this in another way was still worse. An attack by Ld. Randolph, backed by the whole Tory party, on Mr. Chamberlain as Min. of the Crown, accusing him of actually causing the Birmingham riots. Mr. C. replied in a crushing speech of over two hours, but what is the use of crushing a reptile who thrives on crushing? 3 Cab. Ministers crushed the wretched creature one after the other, and though he had no case and the war was carried with a vengeance into the enemy's camp, I felt the whole thing degrading to the last degree. In the middle we dined with Sir C. Forster, meeting Ld. Hartington, G. Russell and Sir W. Harcourt; pleasant and lively enough. Not home till 1.30 from House.

LONDON, *Sat.* *Nov.* 1.—Abbey morning. 'Blest are the departed'; too beautiful. I thought myself in Heaven and the place was beautiful and the service, and I thought of many people for All Saints' Day. With Harry to Co-op[erative Stores] for shopping and to see Lucy, and had scurried luncheon there, and parents off to Mendelssohn and I with Schlüter to Cambridge; the station is 530 steps long. Mr. Stuart and Mr. Holland dined and stayed till 20 to 12—the former low, the latter in grand form.

CAMBRIDGE, *Mon.* *Nov.* 3.—The most gorgeous day. Slight frost and colourings of unparalleled gorgeousness. Read a quantity of *Euphorion* by Vernon Lee. It may be because I am absolutely ignorant of the Renaissance and of the modern English school who write upon it, but the book fascinated me. There is an utter fearlessness in the use of words and sometimes her epithets are wonderful—a sort of

rampant richness and luxury of style. Messrs. Holland and Stuart to breakfast ; they stayed till 1, and between those hours scarcely one big subject was left untouched and most argued to the bottom or threadbare : Ireland, War, Franchise, H. of Lords, Disestablishment, Browning—and exceedingly brilliant it often was. Run with Arthur [Lyttelton] round by Trinity to deposit Mr. Holland. Mem. : his comparing the old turret ships to a side of Belgrave Sq. going out for a sail. I never saw such vivid colour in sky and foliage. We walked about all the aft. and revelled in the day, watched football, had tea with Helen. Mr. Stuart came and took me to the Roundabout and King's ; picked flowers, or rather greens and browns, in pitch dark. King's was quite beautiful with its dim tapers which only make the darkness more visible. Dinner at Trinity with J[ames] S[tuart], meeting Mr. Goodhart, but it did not quite go somehow, and we sat in such an uncompromising row after in Sir W. Harcourt's rooms, where I had sat the day before in such comfort and cosiness. A horrid scratchy talk about Weldon, and Mr. Bradshaw said I had once quenched him before in that room. . . .

LONDON, *Tues. Nov. 4.*—Picked 'Christmas anthems' and went off at 10, very tired and sick and achey, but put feet in hot water on arrival and recovered. . . . To laying of stone of new [National] Liberal Club in a vast tent with sloping canvas roof flapping violently like a ship's sails. The P.M. laid the stone and spoke, not up to his mark thought I, also Ld. Hartington short and pointed and good, Chamberlain uncompromising and bitter but powerful, Sir W. Harcourt and Ld. Derby. Many cries for Rosebery—the 550 enthusiastic workmen on the scaffolding of the big hotel outside the most impressive thing of all. Only 12 out of the whole number had not subscribed to an address. Maud O[tley] came at 5 for 2 hours' outpouring. Hasty egg and dressing and to Richter. . . . It was the most gorgeous programme—Meistersinger, Walküre Ride and Tristan and the 3 Brahms Symph. Tristan especially after

dragged all my inside out. Made friends after with a dear little Cust, sister of my friend Harry. . . .

LONDON, *Fri. Nov. 8.*— . . . Prof. Stuart and G. R[ussell] to tea, very pleasant. The former sat through my egg which was to fortify me for 'The Rose of Sharon.' With Spencer to St. James's Hall—the oratorio can hardly be called dramatic, for, in spite of the huge liberties taken with the Song of Solomon, there is nothing like sufficient incident. However, it is a graceful thing full of the most lovely and delicate effects of orchestration and sometimes rising a good deal higher, especially in the last substantial chorus. It was piping hot and I got very tired, but refreshed walking home. Mama flew in to tell me of the majority of 140 on 2nd reading of Franchise Bill, a real whopping number.

LONDON, *Sat. Nov. 9.*— . . . Early dinner and to Lyceum for 'Romeo and Juliet.' Mary Anderson a great failure in it, and it is none of it to compare to Irving and Ellen Terry. Mrs. Stirling [as nurse] exaggerated and vulgar. Came away before end. Flew to Waterloo and then found the train had been mistaken and we had to wait, swearing, till midnight. Reached the Durdans [Lord Rosebery's] very tired and wished I had not come, for my room was occupied and I had to sleep (so to speak) in the bathroom. However, there were compensations, for it is a moment bristling with events.

LONDON, *Thurs. Nov. 13.*— . . . A small walk. Mr. Holland to tea from 4.15 to 6.15, a very delicious time. Dined at Gros. Place with Spencer; also there B[urne]-J[ones] and Lionel Tennyson. B.-J. was most brilliant and drew up a code of social reform to Mrs. L[ionel] T[ennyson]'s and my wishes wh. was inimitable for wit and sense. It felt like years ago. Mr. Holland and Alfred came in after. A ray of hope on Reform.

LONDON, *Fri. Nov. 14.*—The ray vanished and left us in blacker darkness than ever. . . .

LONDON, *Sat. Nov. 15.*—The P.M. unfolded what he proposes to offer on Monday. The same terms which recently have been declined by the leaders of the Op. but wh. I do

feel the party will not reject. Very interesting. Again to Albert Hall for 'Parsifal.' It grew greatly upon me, except Act I, which is nearly 2 hours of droning solo. Really enjoyed Acts II and III. The great Temptation scene between Parsifal & Kundry very fine and expressive. Many points in common with the love duet between Lohengrin and Elsa. . . . Dined with Papa at Grosr. Square (Aberdeens') bet. Ld. Fitzgerald, an Irish Law Lord and a dear old boy, and Mr. Marjoribanks, who is my neighbour for ever and ever. I hope he is not quite so tired of me as I of him. . . .

LONDON, *Mon. Nov. 17.*—Mama back. Ld. Acton arrived but only stopped a moment. Agnes came and we went to H. of C. to hear offer to hob-a-nob over a Seats Scheme with Opposition on condition of their guaranteeing passing of Franchise Bill should the Scheme meet their approval. Dined with Eustace, Gerald and Frances Balfour. Told them of the offer. Gerald said no chance of his uncle¹ accepting unless the Seats Bill was first laid on table. . . .

LONDON, *Tues. Nov. 18.*— . . . To H. of L. Reform Bill read a 2nd time and Ld. S[alisbury] agreed to offer on condition of being perfectly free to draw back should he disapprove of Seats Scheme. . . .

LONDON, *Wed. Nov. 19.*— . . . Ld. A. not quite happy over state of things. Cabinet. Ld. Salisbury came at 4. Ld. Spencer to luncheon—fed him with grouse. Peeped in at end of long room and saw and realized the quartette seated there—the P.M. and Ld. Granville, Ld. Salisbury and Sir S. Northcote: their tone sounding quite friendly. Heard Sir Stafford suggesting the need of great forecasting, as when once the Bill is in H. of C. hundreds of points might arise which they had not foreseen. As soon as they had gone went in to tea with Papa. Found him in excellent spirits and greatly amused at the friendliness of tone, greatly struck with Ld. Salisbury's quick and brilliant grasp of points and at the way in which he held Northcote in his hand. *The Times* sums up the situation to-day thus: 'Honours easy,

¹ Lord Salisbury.

but Mr. Gladstone wins the trick.' Herbert and I and Alfred dined with Grahams. Laura and Mrs. Earle and B.-J. kept up an incessant and brilliant fire at my end—talking of the Nihilists only addressing themselves to young and old for sympathy and help, middle age was condemned hopelessly. 'Young men see visions and old men dream dreams, but the middle-aged only chew' (B.-J.). . . The whole evening was good fun ; after all, watching Laura alone is enough for an evening.

LONDON, *Thurs. Nov. 20.*—Mr. Stuart's majority 6000 ! This is quite splendid and larger in proportion to the whole polling number than in 1880. . . . Mr. Stuart came for congrats. and sympathy ; he is quite over the moon.¹ With Papa to the House—saw J. S. take his seat amid loud hearty cheers. He and Ld. Sherbrooke, Ld. Acton and Sir T. Acland dined. I could not help feeling Mr. Stuart a changed man with his 48,000 constituents—it is a nest of Bradlaughism at Hackney, and he looks upon it as his mission to attack it in his stronghold. The two most burning questions seemed to be Bradlaugh's admission to Parliament and Prince Edward's² salary ! Fair trade the great bugbear to fight. On Monday he discovered no information whatever had been sent to the electors as to the polling booths. He ordered, printed, directed and delivered between Monday and Wednesday 48,000 postcards—a brilliant bit of organisation ; 130 women did the directing and they were all sent sorted to the Post Office. He made 40 speeches in 5 days. When I was gone they had a great argument in which he took a strong unsupported part, and Ld. Acton flew upstairs to tell me ' what a good fellow he was.' The subjects were legislation in the past 50 years as compared with the next half century, also on State interference or aid. He defended his position as to Prince Eddy's vote and is going to explain it to him.

LONDON, *Sat. Nov. 22.*— . . . A meeting between Ld. Salisbury and Sir S[tafford] N[orthcote] and the P.M., Lord H[artington] and Sir C. Dilke. Listened to their voices : Ld.

¹ In prodigiously high spirits (Glynese).

² Duke of Clarence.

S. and Sir C. D. I heard best. Ld. Acton came to see me. . . . Sir C. Dilke and Ld. H. to luncheon ; dull talking on carving and size of heads. Papa apparently extremely cheerful. Very quiet eve. Sir W. Harcourt and Mr. Chamberlain's heads are the same size ; almost incredible.

LONDON, *Sun. Nov. 23.*—My birthday. Somehow 37 is a prettier age than 35 or 36. Harry not well, so to Abbey by myself. Afternoon Whitehall. Quiet day. Mr. Russell to tea and long talk. Explained to him our fine position on the Franchise and R[eform] Bills if the present arrangement holds good. We get our F. Bill and our R. Bill, plus booking the Op. leaders not to oppose it, plus its being a more Radical bill than we could have brought in alone, plus its being eventually impossible to dissolve before Jan. '86.

LONDON, *Tues. Nov. 25.*—. . . Walked to and from the Reay luncheon with Ld. Acton, when we met Ld. A. Russell and Mr. F. Goldsmidt and were all very agreeable. Mr. Stuart came to tea and stopped on to Spencer's and my play dinner. Lots of talk with him on his new life and the bringing to bear of his fervent aspirations on it. With Spencer to 'The Sorcerer.' I would go anywhere to see Grossmith run round on his feet, and the piece is original and short and lively & music pretty. 'Trial by Jury' fearfully vulgar.

LONDON, *Wed. Nov. 26.*—By Underground to B[urne]-J[ones]'s and read him L. Tennant's *Mad Lady*. There was a beautiful Italian boy, like Gerald Balfour, only with a cloud of dusky hair, sitting or rather crouching to him. We had a great talk after. . . . To see Charlie Farquhar . . . and Sir Walter [Farquhar] and thin blue Lady Mary looked not a hair different to 10 years ago. Singing class at 4 C. G. ; *Saul*, went better to-day. . . .

LONDON, *Thurs. Nov. 27.*—. . . Alone at luncheon with P.M., Sir C. Dilke and Ld. Hartington ; they were like 3 boys out of school with a sort of devilish twinkle in their eyes. Was finally left *tête à tête* with Ld. H. They went on with the Cabinet before me. Delightful visit from Ld. Acton. Agnes Butler came, the latter to thrill over the Cabinet room

still fusty with late Ministers. There was a Cabinet at 12 and at 3 a final conference with Ld. S[alisbury], etc. Tea with the P.M. after, found him splitting and chuckling, but we are to look cloudy till Monday tho' all is right as possible. Ld. Dalhousie came to see me and was very pleasant. . . .

LONDON, *Fri. Nov. 28.*—Very agreeable luncheon. Sir C. Dilke and Mr. Godley, both excellent company together. Drove with Papa and shopped and left cards by myself. Tea with Papa and Sir C. Dilke, with whom I now seem to live and die. Lady Salisbury here a long time this morn. Mama at Woodford.¹ A lot of men to dinner—John Morley, Lds. Dalhousie, Aberdeen and Monson, Mr. Caine, Natty Rothschild, etc. . . . Talked to Mr. Morley and Ld. D.

LONDON, *Mon. Dec. 1.*—A great bustle of a day, tiring and taking out of. Fly up to Marshall's at 1 for trying on jacket. Lib. meeting at 3, Willy and Mr. Stuart came after to tell us about it and had tea. At 5 Mama came in, and I went with her to the House and heard Papa's quiet Seats speech, excellently well received. House up at 7, all as mild as milk. From 7 to 8 had Alfred, dear old boy, and he had dinner with me. Mr. Holland came with me to Oxford; it was great fun, a long journey but tiring; got to Keble at 11.30, finding Ld. Acton; sat up with L[avinia] till 1, with myself till 2.30.

OXFORD, *Tues. Dec. 2.*—Never went out. Mr. Gore to breakfast; streaming with rain. . . . Ld. Acton agreeable at tea. Mr. Max Müller, Freeman, Bright dined; sat between the two latter but only Bright talked to me, politics mostly. . . . Freeman said how many subjects there were on which it seemed impossible to make up one's mind. For this reason he felt unable to vote on the women's admittance to examinations.

OXFORD, *Wed. Dec. 3.*— . . . At 4 came Mr. Ruskin, dear old blessed man, he was wonderfully appreciative of the 'Mad Lady' and his talk was extraordinarily lively, graceful and sensible. A Palace of Truth, unit of Believers in God

¹ Convalescent home founded by Mrs. Gladstone.

ag. atheism. Then I played, and this led to much talk on music in the abstract and its objects and melody in particular and what made it wholesome or the reverse. Wicked Edwarden brought in Bonamy Price and Mr. Wordsworth at 10 min. to 4, and I only got rid of them by telling them I was going to have a meeting at 4 in that very room. He leapt up saying, 'Oh, you must be wanting to prepare.'

OXFORD, *Sun. Dec. 7.*— . . . Bob and Edith turned up unexpectedly to luncheon, and Lord Bob Cecil and Charles Wortley, altogether rather an embarrassment. C. Wortley depressed over the Lords 'swallowing the pill whole'; Bob Cecil in great good humour over it and over a 5 o'clock tea of the P.M. at Arlington Street with his parents. Charlie played the 'Pure fool'¹ overture just like me. . . . At 4 came dear Mr. Ruskin and his ladies for tea and chapel. . . .

OXFORD, *Mon. Dec. 8.*—Floods and gales all night. Off with Ted and May to the Gymnasium at 9.15, fun watching the tribe of children doing their antics, and May and Ted enjoying it all beyond words; ran on to Ch. Ch. to say good-bye to dear H. S. H. and back by 11. Dr. Acland came to see me and Oh! trolled. Most of the dons to luncheon; lively talk on female attire, especially petticoats *v.* trousers, one leg versus two. . . . Dr. Acland's carriage fetched me to coffee at his house, where was Ruskin—farewell to him and all. . . .

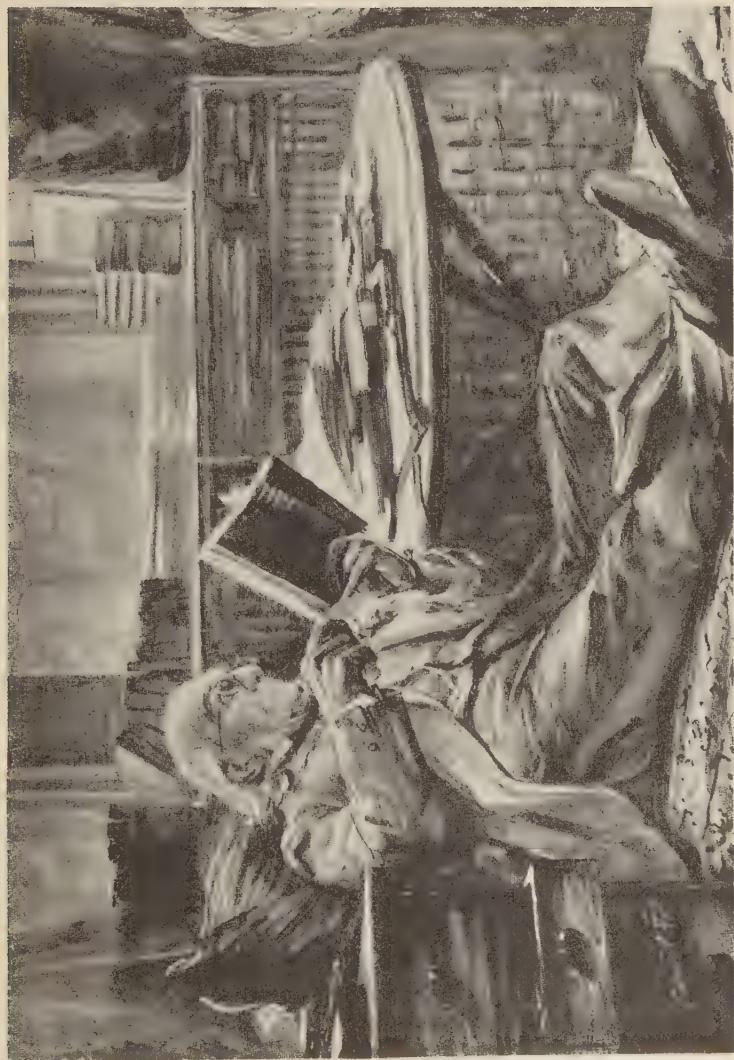
HAWARDEN, *Sun. Dec. 21.*— . . . Church morn. and even. Mr. Drew preached Dr. Liddon's last Advent sermon. Stephy [at] evening on Doubt (from the cupboard²). Had luncheon at the Rectory and happy talk with happy Stephy.³ He is writing to all his nears and dears to-day.

HAWARDEN, *Thurs. Dec. 25.*—Christmas Day. Choral celebration at 8, Lucy, Arthur, Kath., Helen and I. Stayed all through at 11. Stephy preaching (from the cupboard). Messrs. Trotter and Drew to luncheon, walked with Arthur

¹ *Parsifal*.

² Meaning a sermon preached before.

³ Just engaged to Miss Wilson.



THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE

FROM THE DRAWING BY SYDNEY P. HALL IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

and the latter in the woods and tea at Edith's¹; after, church and Arthur's sermon on humility, quite dead tired, down to the Castle after. A very happy thankful day. Frost.

HAWARDEN, *Mon. Dec. 29.*—The Great Birthday [Mr. Gladstone's]; 75—a happy thankful day. Off at peep of day to Liverpool with Mama and spent two or three hours in the nice Wilson home, a perfect flower garden of girls. Got back at 3 for a big Mothers' tea. Found telegrams, letters, flowers, presents had been streaming in all day. Lucy and Helen up to their ears in work.

HAWARDEN, *Wed. Dec. 31.*—Last day of happy, interesting, triumphant old year. Heard from Mr. Holland, delicious letter. . . .

1885

This was the year of the decline of Mr. Gladstone's Government. In Egypt the fall of Khartoum and the death of Gordon, at home the dissensions in the party on Ireland and the 'unauthorised programme' of Mr. Chamberlain, weakened and damaged its prestige. Finally the Irish and the Conservatives (in Mary's phrase the Tories and Parnellites, or Ts. and Ps.) combined to put the Liberals out. Parnell, the Irish leader, was evidently under the impression that he could get from the Conservatives those concessions that he could not get from the Liberals.

For Mary this year was the occasion of two trips abroad, both of which she enjoyed; one to Cannes and one to Norway. It was also the year in which she began to engage in the agitation aroused by Stead's articles in the *Pall Mall Gazette* entitled 'The Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon.' It was a courageous action on her part, for Stead was a disconcerting ally; and the issue, the kidnapping and prostitution of young children, was precisely the sort of 'unpleasant subject' in which many of her circle were strongly averse to

¹ Mrs. Dumaresq, a cousin.

her becoming involved. But all Mary's best qualities came into play : her courage, her energy, her shrewdness and her sanity. Her point of view can be seen from her letters ; and history and opinion have so thoroughly justified her that one can almost spare a little amused sympathy with the alarmed clergy who found her so implacably hunting their consciences.

An observant reader will also be able to guess what is going to happen. For months 'Mr. Drew,' or 'H. D.,' has occupied more and more of the narrative, even among the anxieties and hopes of a General Election. On Christmas Day, after a conference in 'the old school-room,' he and Mary became engaged to be married. At thirty-eight, after all her griefs and disappointments and public enthusiasms, Mary found love and ordinary domestic happiness.

HAWARDEN, *Thurs. Jan. 1.*— . . . Papa had to go off to London at 2 for Cabinet to-morrow.

HAWARDEN, *Fri. to Wed., Jan. 2 to 7.*—*Sunday, 2nd after Xmas.*—Mr. Drew preached beautifully a little sermon on 'Calling the child Jesus.' Walked with Annie and Sheila [Mr. Drew's dog] to get ferns. . . . Spencer, Edward and Bob all fell through for the Concert and we had to fish Mr. Birks¹ out of the woods to sing the glees with us, and I had to sing 2 duets with Edith ; very frightening, but all went finely eventually. Mr. Lloyd was the backbone of everything, and Edith worth her weight in gold ; she sang divinely and Constance played 'Cello extremely well. The people most carried away by 'O had I Jubal's lyre.' . . .

HAWARDEN, *Thurs. Jan. 8.*—Cabinet in London yesterday minus P.M. . . .²

HAWARDEN, *Sunday, Jan. 11.*— . . . The P.M. has had three good nights.

HAWARDEN, *Monday, Jan. 12.*— . . . Most delightful talk with Mr. Gore this morning till 12.30. The clerical marriage

¹ A lodge-keeper at Hawarden Castle.

² Egypt was the subject under discussion.

question, and the P.M. and his sermon and how far one knows best what is best for oneself, and how much ordinary lives are ascents or descents, etc. etc. . . . Mr. Drew walked the d.v.¹ off to Broughton at 4. . . . Only tramped in garden with the P.M.

HAWARDEN, *Thurs. Jan. 15.*— . . . P.M. much better. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Thurs. Jan. 22.*— . . . exciting letter from Alfred. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Fri. Jan. 23.*—Still more exciting letter from Alfred. . . . It is now a whole week since I wrote at Saughton and the whole world knows that those two dazzling creatures² are engaged. . . .

LONDON, *Sun. to Tues., Jan. 25 to 27.*—Quite horrid days. The same post brought Mama the news of A[lfred]'s engagement and Annie Gladstone's death—blood poisoning, most sad and tragic, and all these 3 days were passed in wretched discussion on whether the wedding³ must be postponed or not ; finally, by Aunt Louisa's wish, it was settled to be on Thursday. Forgot to say that on the top of this came all kinds of agitating news from Egypt and 3 tremendous dynamite explosions on Saturday in London—the H. of C.'s peers' gallery, Westminster Hall and the Tower. Besides this there is all the anxiety over the Bishops. . . .

LONDON, *Thurs. Jan. 29.*—Helen and I slept on bed and sofa, but never a wink had we—up at 6.30 and to St. Margaret's for 7.30 communion, meeting there Stephy and Harry. Everything so quietly and well arranged, no fuss in the house, and Annie was dressed, and I made her wreath and Constance her nosegay. She made a beautiful effect with her height and erect figure, her brilliant complexion and hair shone through the veil, and the silk gown was immensely long and soft. Bridesmaids also made a stately procession of it, on account of their long gowns. Mr. MacColl stumbled much, but altogether it was impressive ; the Church densely crowded and outside were thousands to see the P.M. It has

¹ District visitors.

² Alfred Lyttelton and Laura Tennant.

³ Stephen Gladstone's marriage to Miss Wilson.

all been an extraordinary mixture of death and life—the two Annies, the white flowers for both (Constance and I were making the funeral cross and the bridal nosegay at the same moment), and as Maggie says: ‘Who shall say which is really happiest.’ The breakfast small but immensely long and stifling. No speeches except Mr. MacColl and Stephy, he very nervous, much more from feeling it all deeply than from the other circs. We left just before the pair and saw them get in at Edgehill with their little tail of well-wishers cheering their departure. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Mon. Feb. 2.*—Temple, King and Bickersteth are Bps. of London, Lincoln and Exeter. Up to Rectory and when all were out arranged the whole library to my satisfaction. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Thurs. Feb. 5.*— . . . Am reading [illegible] George Eliot’s *Life*, in some ways most disappointing, no fun to speak of, not any rare discerning faculty and apparently no moral struggles. Anyhow if there were any they are omitted, and she sheds her early faiths and beliefs (tho’ intense in their way) with utmost ease—a jelly-like, most impressionable mind, but something like Dorothea¹ all through, pedantic and priggish—it must read to the uninitiated a strange mixture of the bluestocking and the gushing woman. Sometimes there are wonderfully good things, and of course it cannot fail to be deeply interesting.

HAWARDEN, *Fri. Feb. 6.*—On way to church was made quite sick by the wretched news of the fall of Khartoum, apparently by treachery. No knowledge of Gordon or even if he is alive. All feels most dark. Parents up to London yesterday. . . .

Hawarden Castle, Chester, 7 Feb. 85.
(*Alfred’s b’d day, bless him.*)

DST. L.,—Isn’t it a wonderful awful time for events, public and private, most bewildering, and really Khartoum gave us the most *sick* morning I remember since 7 May 1882.² . . . But barring public miseries we are so fearfully snug.

¹ In *Middlemarch*.

² Phoenix Park murders.

The long long quiet days, my sunny peaceful flowery room, no dressing, reading evenings, Geo. Eliot's *Life*. It is disappointing in many many ways—so blue she is, a prig often, and yet such a gushing woman, no fun hardly, no moral struggles visible, with what ease she casts off her youthful faiths and beliefs in spite of their intensity.

I fired my little shot to the *Pall Mall*, being so pleased when the first letter appeared there on the 'failure' of her own personal life. 'W's' letter yesterday is *excellent*. . . .

It was rather hard the papers speaking of the P.M. as if he doubted about going up to London. The telegram was to Ld. Hartington, and as he was in bed Papa never even heard the horrible news till midday and started by first train to London.¹ The *Pall Mall* is really wicked, poisoning and influencing the public mind at this moment. How do they know that it wasn't the very fact of rescue being at hand which brought matters at Khartoum to a crisis? I see Gordon's brother thinks the fall of K. no misfortune if his brother's life is safe.—Yr. lov. M. G.

HAWARDEN, *Wed. to Mon., Feb. 11 to 16.*— . . . Another battle has been fought and won, but with great loss to us. Gen. Gordon at the head. No real news of Gordon, but all think he is killed. Finished Geo. Eliot's *Life*. She is most Dorothea-like all along and one cannot discover how she crept into other people's insides from these [memoirs]—they will disappoint the world terribly from their total absence of gossip. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Tues. Feb. 17.*—Day broke in utter gloom and snow and slosh and fog. Up with Mama to Rectory at 10.30 in lowest spirits, under the dripping flags, etc., dawdled about for hours, and then got telegram announcing they² had missed their train—this was really the last straw. Heaven and earth having conspired against us, felt quite

¹ Incidentally, this entry proves that the story told by Robert Louis Stevenson in his *Life and Letters* (describing Mr. Gladstone receiving the news of Khartoum in Millais' studio) is fiction.

² Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Gladstone.

heartbroken for Sandycroft where they were to arrive and now are driving from Chester in a fly. However, after lunch at Edith's we at last laughed from very reaction and cheered up as the snow ceased falling, and at 3 up the village they slowly drove, preceded by band and volunteers and drawn by 100 men. Address presented opposite the Glynne Arms and S[tephy] replied with great feeling and earnestness; another in drive by schoolchildren, then we all went to the old folks' tea and church at 5, and after dinner to the ball, and S. spoke altogether 5 times. Annie behaved gracefully. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Thurs. Feb. 19.*—Woke at 6 and to church at 7.15; H. D. and I the only communicants. Very wonderfully quiet and such a radiant morning, felt it all day as a little green oasis in the wilderness. Breakfast at 8 with Stephy and Annie, farewell visit to Edith, to Homes, picking greens, putting by and packing, and finally Mr. Drew came to fetch away sweet Sheila [his dog] and we had a pathetic parting. Off at 10.45 with 9 servants, 40 boxes, 3 horses and 5 children. Broughton looked as if an army were embarking for Egypt there, and by 4.20 after very quiet quick journey in undisturbed possession of my thinking carriage, drove through the mob in Downing Street, finding parents at tea as usual, the P.M. deep in G. Eliot's *Life*, and seeing them off to H of C. amid a storm of hisses and groans drowned in cheers. Followed them and for two hours was baked and bored and battered and altogether made completely miserable, for the P.M.'s speech utterly failed to cheer or strengthen or comfort any human being.

LONDON, *Fri. Feb. 20.*— . . . Lord Acton and Ld. Northbourne dined. Lord A. and the P.M. on George Eliot the whole time, with here and there a dash at *Ellen Waters* and one serious digression on spiritualism. He is immensely absorbed by the book and bewildered by its teaching as compared with her works.

LONDON, *Sat. Feb. 21.*— . . . Lord Acton at 12 to read and talk over his George Eliot article.

LONDON, *Mon. Feb. 23.*— . . . then (at 5) to the House of Commons for Vote of Censure debate. Sir Stafford singularly weak and halting in proportion to his case, Mr. Morley's evacuation amendment was ineffective, and the P.M.'s strong careful speech brought a far more common-sensible atmosphere about us. . . .

LONDON, *Tues. Feb. 24.*—Such a day of interviews, but none clashed. Ag[nes] and Ed. [Wickham] arrived for the day at 11 till 5, and were a sort of running accompaniment. Laura [Tennant] from 11.30 to 1.30 told me the whole story of the last few months. At 3 Mr. Holland, up for the day from Oxford; we did jabber. At 4.15 Edward L[yttelton], at 5 Professor Stuart, at 6 Harry Cust, till dinner time, and the whole lovely day fled away without my being able to breathe it, save one dash round the enclosure with J. S. furiously discussing *Middlemarch*. . . .

LONDON, *Thurs. Feb. 26.*—Lambeth at 9 with Lucy for Celebration, a lovely little address from Archbishop. Rather broke the morning's back from its lateness. . . . Meriel came, songs with Spencer. . . . Lunch Spencer, Ld. Acton and Sir T. Acland, and N. G. L.'s dined, very lively tho' wine was a great topic, and Mama made me blush all over by assuming Ld. A. was fasting and offering him vegetables and bread sauce when he was pining for meat. . . . After to H. of C., heard Sir R. Peel's buffoonery and Sir Charles Dilke's reasonableness.

LONDON, *Fri. Feb. 27.*—We are to be kicked out to-day, so calmly discussed it at breakfast. . . . Lambeth at 5. The most beautiful address from Archbp., so practical and specially useful on relations with sin. Did not go to the House, it did not seem worth while. Maggie spent the evening, and at 3 A.M. came Harry to tell us of 14 majority on the Vote of Censure and 22 on Ld. Hamilton's, the Irish in a body swelling the Tory party and 15 Whigs.

LONDON, *Sat. Feb. 28.*—In or out? All day we know not. Cabinet sat till 6.45 and then we found we were to stay. This on the whole was a relief. . . .

LONDON, *Mon. Mar. 2.*— . . . Mr. Russell and Bright dined ; it was interesting tho' Papa abed. Old J. B. had travelled up from Brighton with Sir R. Peel, who had spoken bitterly of the betrayal of the Tory party by their leaders in helping to frame the Radical Redistribution Bill ; not more than 150 Tories would be returned, he thought, in the next Parliament. J. B. sat with the P.M. after.

LONDON, *Tues. Mar. 3.*— . . . Dinner with Spencer at 7 and to Covent Garden Circus, where we were joined later by Mr. Stuart. He was like a child over it, his little black round head nearly vanishing between his knees at the feeblest clown's jokes. But it was great fun, and the horse fell into the net, a moment of intense sensation. . . .

LONDON, *Wed. Mar. 4.*— . . . Ld. Acton at 1.30, and we walked to and from the Reay luncheon—a perfect Spring day ; very interesting G. Eliot talk, tho' Sir Richard Temple and Lady Reay seemed to vie with each other in corking remarks. Herbert Spencer in good form and quite willing to be pumped on the subject. Afterwards he and I had a talk on experience, and I fought hard against his fatalist sort of view of anything we do or say being the helpless result of 'organisms.' We also talked of suicide and wondered why it should be considered so iniquitous when done on impulse, and so praiseworthy when done slowly and deliberately (*e.g.* killing yourself with overwork). . . .

LONDON, *Thurs. Mar. 5.*—To Lambeth for early Celebration, and was there till 7 P.M. for the Quiet Day, Bp. of Truro giving the addresses ; all day they increased in beauty and came more and more home, mostly on the crisis in England's history, the awful evil and the growing hope and good, and the immense influence of women, and the women's movement. His prayer was wonderful, and there was but one contretemps in the shape of Laura's very hopeless giggles at luncheon with the 40 heavy silent females feeding. . . .

LONDON, *Sun. Mar. 8.*—To Chapel Royal. Bp. of Truro preached a sort of trumpet sermon at the peers and society in general—very striking. Abbey in evening and heard Mr.

Welldon on Death and Suffering to enormous crowd ; mention of Freddy quite overcame Lucy. . . .

LONDON, *Wed. Mar. 11.*—Agnes here. A nice sort of day. . . . Read the *Fire Giver* and was impressed. Parents to Windsor. Ld. Dalhousie, Mr. Stuart and Mr. Russell came with the 2 latter, had a Browning Society afternoon. G. R. read aloud *The Day* with much emotion, and I Mr. Holland's paper, then lifted them in brougham and had meal with Maggie before our weekly St. Mary's—The text was ' to gather together the outcasts,' and it really was ' nailing ' as Laura would say—full of humour and the most tremendous pathos, quite quiet in delivery. . . .

LONDON, *Thursday, Mar. 12.*— . . . Read some of *Nero*, a Shakespearean tragedy by one R. Bridges.¹ . . .

LONDON, *Fri. Mar. 13.*—Lovely day spite of east wind. Meriel came over with poor account of Edwarden, rather alarming. Spencer sang. . . . Tea with Papa and at 5 to Lambeth, the Archbp.'s address on Self Renouncement a little long and at one minute I fell asleep. But full of interest and carefulness. We had 5, 6 & 7 Commandments. I should have wished for clearer sound in the last. . . . Improved account of Edwarden.

LONDON, *Tues. Mar. 17.*— . . . Drove with Amy, visiting the Holman Hunt ' Flight into Egypt.' The feeling and imagination and conception altogether full of spiritual beauty and delicacy. The execution falls a little short perhaps, and the earthly Angels a little too earthy. The Child recognising the Innocents is beautiful in attitude and expression. . . .

LONDON, *Wed. Mar. 18.*—Drawing Room at 3 in black. Shook hands with 10 people making 10 curtseys—little Pss. Louise—looked very nice—Prince Eddy and Prince George also, and looked so pleased to see me. . . .

LONDON, *Fri. Mar. 20.*— . . . I ate with Frances and Amy and their husbands and Maud. Mrs. Earle there and they discussed natural bustles and figures with or without drapery.

¹ Now Poet Laureate.

LONDON, *Sat. Mar. 21.*—Ten whole quick years since May [Lyttelton] died. It is the events that have sprung upon us since that make one miss her most, Alfred's marriage especially. . . .

LONDON, *Mon. Mar. 23.*—Reading Mark Pattison [*Memoirs*], finished it with feelings sick and sad. He might have been quite nice if his best seeds had not been choked with tares. . . .

OXFORD, *Sun. Mar. 29.*—Palm Sunday. We had the celebration in E.'s [Edward Talbot's] room. I sat there first, and while he was sleeping Mr. [*illegible*] officiated, I av., A. J. B. and I congregation. Very short, quiet and holy. . . .

OXFORD, *Tues. Mar. 31.*—[Edward Talbot had] bad night. Sat in his room a good deal. Read some Bible aloud. St. Giles's at 12. Sybella¹ came. Off very low indeed at 2; children went with me to station. Just caught Lucy and with her drove up to town—scrimmage to get home and visit A. J. B. and be at 21 C. H. T. by 5.45 to swallow an egg and go to St. Paul's with Spencer, Alfred and Harry Cust. Went with latter in Victoria and sat in excellent places in the first long pew. Never felt the music more astonishing in beauty and pathos, and the special circs. deepened the impression. 'If I should e'er forsake Thee, forsake me not, O God.' The carriage did not come, so we waited nearly half-an-hour in the Cathedral, the lights going out one by one, each moment it looked more beautiful and mysterious, and each time a light disappeared the shadows varied and the great arches grew different. There is always some bathos in this world, and in this case we were 'chivied' off from place to place by stern vergers. . . .

LONDON, *Sat. Apr. 4.*—. . . At Victoria to meet the P.M. all rosy from Brighton. Cabinet. He and Lds. Selborne and Kimberley came out to eat in the middle. . . .

LONDON, *Tues. April 21.*—Glorious. With Maggie to Wapping for the breakfast to the unemployed. 300 strong men with a few exceptions, and such eager wistful expres-

¹ Sybella, Lady Lyttelton.

sions—a most plain breakfast on their laps, but they listened with avidity to the speeches and took up all the best points. Mr. Russell gave it. . . .

Here the long anxiety over Edward Talbot's health came to a crisis. He had a poisoned knee-cap and was at one time threatened with amputation. The following letter with its blend of affection, advice, and a little gossip to lighten the dark days is very characteristic :—

10 Downing Street, Whitehall, *Apr.* 23, '85.

DST. L.,— . . . Darling, you must be so low sometimes, I know how it changes the whole of life. One sees everything in the world through the atmosphere of the sickroom, and I know that you feel that at the best this illness will make the great wall that sharply divides the life before and after, that it may be a maimed life lies in front, and the past seems brilliant by contrast. Try though and not think of the future. There is no lesson one learns so completely by experience as the old 'As thy day so shall thy strength.' Strength we have always enough for the present minute. But if we overload it with thinking of tomorrow it is just too much. We cannot bear it, we are not meant to bear it. When tomorrow comes a fresh supply is provided with it, and then we discover how exactly the supply is proportioned to the demand. And then we find too, if we have let ourselves be overburdened by the thought of tomorrow, that it is all so much waste of power. It does not help, it weakens us. Besides, those things we dread most, do they ever turn out to be the things which are worst? I know you will live just in the present hour, and yet I feel it must be hard work, and indeed I do think and pray.

The Dean of St. Paul's came to breakfast and told us all about yesterday. How wretched its having been such a bad day. Lucy sent me the bulletin for the P.M.G.¹ just as the Breakfast People were arriving, but it is all right. I just

¹ *Pall Mall Gazette.*

was able to scribble a copy and send it off, so I hope it will be in.

Mary Anderson came and Laura and Maggie and G. Russell and Ld. Granville and Ld. Ripon, and Mary Anderson was quite the most dear, winning creature you ever saw. And then in the very middle of breakfast burst the explosion at the Admiralty and we saw the smoke and the people rushing. The first minute we thought it was a cannon for a Royal Anniversary till the smoke in the Ad[miralty] garden and on the roof showed us. Oh, it was so horrid, and it might so easily have been us, just exactly as easily, our garden is exactly corresponding to theirs, only theirs has a sentry outside. Poor Mr. Russell, I was so sorry for him. He is horribly nervous and I could see he was so shaken by it.

LONDON, *Fri. Apr. 24.*— . . . The Russian outlook as bad as can be. . . .

LONDON, *Mon. Apr. 27.*—Paid a visit to George, then took Laura to St. Paul's for evensong at 4. 'Why do the nations,' Mendelssohn.¹ Tea at Amen Court [Mr. Scott Holland's] after, brilliantly successful, Laura and H. S. H. went off like rockets. Dinner at 7 at Lucy's with Alfred and Laura and to Richter, also Harry Cust—all old old things but still very wonderfully enjoyable and exciting—my 2 neighbours so different in their way of appreciating music—H. C. deeply quiet and intent; Laura jumping and shrieking all through. Dashed to H. of C. at 7, immersed in the great and splendid and unique speech of the P.M. which with one magnificent sweep smashed totally all opposition to the Vote of Credit and saw it passed without a discordant word. Mr. Balfour came in very late and told me about it. H[arry] C[ust] to tea with me. Poor old boy, he is off to Australia on the 10th.

HAWARDEN, *Tues. Apr. 28.*—Off to Hawarden. Never shall get blasé of the wonderful feeling of sudden extraordinary peace, almost like life and death, reaching Sandy-

¹ One of Mary's rare mistakes in music.

croft at 6 and driving up the green quiet lane. Only Sheila welcomed me, a most mad joyous welcome it was. Mr. Drew had left her there and came after and fetched her away. Down to the Home to see dear Nurse. She looked frightfully horribly ill and could scarcely even whisper.

OXFORD, *Sat. May 2.*—Colder but bright. Up at 7 packing clothes and flowers. . . . Off at 8.15 by Saltney to Oxford, meeting Sir Harry Acland at station quite triumphant over the improvement in Edward. . . . Went up to see Edward and, tho' looking terribly ill and sunken and white, his vigour of movement and voice surprised me. Lavinia went off for a ride. In the middle of the afternoon the bleeding came on violently again, and when Sankey came he said it was the most severe loss of blood he had yet had tho' he did not seem as much exhausted as on previous occasions. Still it is very grave and serious, and felt wretchedly depressed especially after the happiness of seeing him on his couch in the morning room, which seemed the first positive step on the recovery road. Harry arrived at 6, Sankey stayed entirely, and after dinner Dr. Acland got back from London and relieved our minds a little. Went off to London at 9, hating going away at such a moment, and called on Sir James Paget on way home.

LONDON, *Fri. May 8.*— . . . Luncheon with Evelyn Rayleigh and to the Whitechapel Industrial Exhibition with her. Saw the poor little dots of girls making match boxes with lightning rapidity. Home for tea with Papa. To Roseberys' for dinner. Nobody else but Mr. Chamberlain. Very pleasant. Talked to him about G[eorge] Meredith.

LONDON, *Sat. May 9.*—Drove with Mama, fresh and beautiful with dashes of rain. Sir W. Harcourt and Ld. Rosebery at luncheon; they were all like rollicking boys before the Cabinet. Mr. Mackail to tea, also (later) G. Russell, Father and Mother Tennant, Laura and Margot, Alfred and Charles and George T[albot]. Ld. Acton dined. Very lively and pleasant altogether. Meriel and Co. came in after. The Queen ordered the G.P. to Windsor, and by

Ld. Granville's advice the P.M. told her of a 'family dinner to celebrate his nephew's marriage,' so that they were let off.

LONDON, *Wed. May 13.*—Katie's 10th birthday, bless her. Picked up Laura and with her to Amen [Corner] after St. Paul's at 4. . . . all went like a house on fire. Dined at Lambeth Palace, sat between the Dean of Westminster and Arthur Benson; much liked the latter. We talked about Harry C[ust] and *Ellen Waters*, etc. etc. After to Browning, and that was better fun than usual.

CAMBRIDGE, *Sun. May 24.*—Whit Sunday. Early at 8, matins, and Arthur's good short sermon at 10, and Mr. Stuart to luncheon and King's 3.30, 'Wilderness' (Wesley) indifferently done, but the St. Paul's Amen beautiful and the Occasional splendid. Tea with Mr. Leigh, meeting I forget who, after which sat in the Roundabout with Mr. Stuart and heard about Mrs. Butler¹ and her plans. Then to Trinity (organ loft) in time for a fine anthem of Stainer and Lohengrin Prelude. Many thoughts up there; it was crowded with Butchers, Mr. Gorst, etc. Wandered about the bowling green and other ideal corners, sun having triumphed and now caressing many objects. Helen and I dined at Trin. Coll., meeting Mr. Summers, M.P., and Professor Minto and 'Bill'—an easy pleasant evening with fair mixture of sense and nonsense. 'Bill' is sometimes killing. A moon walking home. Settled many plans for to-morrow on the strength of it.

CAMBRIDGE, *Mon. May 25.*—Plans crushed by continuous downpour, in which sallied forth with Helen after luncheon (at which were Mr. Gorst and Mr. Stuart); got the tram and visited Mrs. Stanford on the sofa (baby 3 weeks old yesterday), the house very pretty and she was in a bower of flowers and Liberty silks and cushions. To Mrs. Creighton's, she is so handsome and has a strong, direct, trustworthy face; liked her immensely but she frightened me to death.² Maggie and Helen picked me up, and I carried M. off to

¹ Josephine Butler.

² Wife of Creighton the historian, afterwards Bishop of London.

King's evensong 'How beautiful,' and it was. Dined at Newnham; great fun showing it to Maggie, who is quite the very best audience in the world. Mr. Stuart came there to coffee, and we ended at Selwyn.

CAMBRIDGE, *Tues. May 26.*—May's birthday. Had to walk and potter for ever. Started about 12, Mr. Stuart calling for us, and lionised Maggie, rain having ceased and warm mugginess followed, by the backs and Jesus College Chapel and Clare and Trinity. Luncheon with Mr. S. and 'Bill'; looked in at Mr. Goodhart's and met him in the Roundabout at 3 and talked to him till 6, including a splendid tea and muffins procured by him from a shop, and reading aloud from H. S. H.'s 'Doubt.' 'All in a Garden Fair,' indeed, and a nightingale singing a duet with me in a lilac bush at my back. An evening of ideal beauty. We did not talk after, but went straight to our respective homes till dinner at Trin. Coll., where we all met again at 7.30. Sat between Mr. Sidgwick and Mr. Chapman, the American; also there the Myers—I mean Dolly Tennant¹ and her brother-in-law. . . . Talked to Mr. Myers about Olive Schreiner, authoress of *An African Farm*; then in trio with Mr. Sidg. and Mr. Goodhart, gossip, reading letters, etc.; then in the main window with Mr. Goodhart and Mr. Chapman; then at 11 we all went out to Jink's room to gaze into the quite still moonlit Trinity evening, the most beautiful thing I ever saw, then to the bowling green into the river, a dream-like little bit, then to the Roundabout, when we went on with 'Doubt' talk, and walked twice round it and at last home.

OXFORD, *Mon. June 1.*—Glorious day. With children to Gymnasium. Ld. Acton, Hubbards, Mr. Shaw Stewart, Mr. Balfour, with whom long Margot talk, finally Mr. Drew and Sheila, who went to Cuddesdon by my train. The road to Wheatley was black with Clerics. . . .

OXFORD, *Tues. June 2.*—At 8 A.M. the Festival Celebration in the Church. Beautiful service indeed, and it was im-

¹ Afterwards Lady Stanley, wife of the explorer.

possible to help catching the thrill of it; there were about 50 young clergy in various stages of happiness and holiness, past and present Cuddesdon students, and before the 11.30 service the whole number processioned in surplices thro' the Palace gardens singing psalms. Gorgeous day. Mr. Paget preached, and everyone was ideally radiant. Afterwards came the big luncheon at wh. sat next Mr. Currie and had long Hawarden talk with him, lots of speeches, Dr. Liddon quite light-hearted, Bp. Selwyn, Mr. Paget guarding the King primrose, after over the College with Mr. Drew and sat with him and Sheila in garden, quite lovely and unique in the sort of radiance that vibrates thro' the air this day. Up to London with Canon Farrar, 3 hours' journey, very pretty line by High Wycombe, stopping every station, very hot and full, and had to scurry into low gown and go to Buck. Pal. Concert. Santley sang the *Tannhäuser* Abendstern and Inflammatus. Ch. Nilsson and the lovely Albani were very fine. . . .

LONDON, *Wed. June 3.*— . . . Dined with Maggie and to Miss White's¹ party; great fun and so pretty and beflowered. Alice Gaisford, Lady Tavistock,² Mr. Mackail; Herr Von Mullin sang the big In Mem. 'Love is and was my Lord and King' perfectly magnificently. . . .

LONDON, *Tues. June 9.*—We were smashed last night on the Budget proposal, 12 majority ag. Govt. Completely bewildered by this thunderclap, tho' perhaps absurdity is the chief element in it, we have so persistently watched the wrong rock—the Lib. abstainers (70) mostly staunch supporters and accidentally absent. Agnes up for the day. Took dear Sheila to Paddington, she is the beginning of the exodus from Downing Street and went off like an angel. . . . Went to the House; the P.M. warmly received, announced 'a communication having been made to the Queen' and adjourned the House. Dined in Abbey Gardens; sat between Canon Farrar and H. S. H. Very

¹ Maude Valérie White.

² Later Adeline, Duchess of Bedford. First woman prison visitor.

pleasant, though there was a hush at first and nobody dared mention the subject [defeat of Government] to me.

10 *Downing Street, Whitehall, 9 June '85.*

DST. L.,—I feel I must write a line tho' it is Dead of Night, you will be wondering so what we are thinking. Well, it is so very *funny*. That was my first thought when Schlüter woke me with the news this morn. We have intently been watching the wrong Rock, and find ourselves run right on to a quite fresh one. I *cannot* take it in—that this is the End of his political Life, nor can I believe it. And the worst of it is, I don't wish it not to be, and yet I know I shall mind horribly if it is. I feel it a great consolation it is not on a matter that touches one's vitals and therefore one is not hurt or angry at desertions.

The whip was very weak. Prof. Stuart only came up to vote by chance.

Well, it is all very odd. Ld. Acton can't bear it, because it makes Parnell King, which he thinks the very worst thing in the world. Papa is just what you wd. imagine—quite calm and as if being released from a heavy burden. . . .—
Yr. ever lov. M. G.

LONDON, *Wed. June 10.*—All day long I saw people. . . . A practice with Spencer; all a whirl and a wonder and very bewildering—the conflict of opinions, of rumours; the not knowing what to hope or to wish. Apparently we are to pack and the Tories are to come in. I dined with the G[eorge] Howards and hard work it was; they were all so blatant there. Went on to Lady Hayter's for the thought-reading, which was wonderful and unearthly—a professional called Mr. Capper—he never failed even when without any contact with the person who knew. On to the Admiralty; much buzzing on the crisis.

LONDON, *Fri. June 19.*—*Désœuvrée* feeling. Out with Maggie wall-papering. Ld. Acton came and we talked; Professor Stuart called twice. . . . To H. of C.—it was only

adjourned till Tuesday. A sort of Cabinet luncheon; very interesting. The situation is extremely curious. They have asked for stipulations which we cannot give. If they swallow our refusal it will be because they have gone too far in their arrangements and peerages to endure the ridicule of giving up. Quiet eve. at home, only the P.M. out.

LONDON, *Sat. June 20.*—This day we began to think we were really to stop in. Prof. Stuart looked in, parents off to Dollis Hill, Mr. Russell to tea. Egg by myself, very snug. Finished Crawford's *Zoroaster*, powerful but full of faults.

LONDON, *Mon. June 22.*—The most extraordinary day, Sir H. Ponsonby¹ trotting backwards and forwards between Downing Street and Arlington Street.² I sat dismally at the clerical cupboard³ destroying letters and sorting till about 6, when we were given to understand that Ld. S.⁴ refused to come in consequence of our refusal of his conditions. Spencer and I in this condition of mind dined with A. J. B., when we discovered that in spite of all protestations Ld. S. was taking office. It was rather amusing and curious altogether. . . .

LONDON, *Tues. June 23.*—All settled. Tories in. Got quite sick over the clerical cupboard and never left it all day. . . . We went early to H. of C. to see the P.M. received in Palace Yard. He was tremendously cheered, and the only thing they cared to see. The House merely adjourned to to-morrow, but 'twas a historic scene, the last time in this Govt. he sits on the Treasury bench. . . .

LONDON, *Wed. June 24.*—All day at the papers, helped by Prof. Stuart, G. Russell, Maggie, Agnes. . . . By 4 I finished the colossal work, and we went off to H. of C. and saw the change of sides and heard the Salisbury-Queen-Gladstone correspondence on the terms, wh. left us as much in the dark as before as to what made Ld. S. give in. Bang off to Paddington, where met Lav. and together travelled to

¹ Queen Victoria's secretary.

³ See p. 324.

² Lord Salisbury's house.

⁴ Lord Salisbury.

Oxford. Found Ed. comf., having had horrid day yesterday. Reading *Mrs. Keith's Crime*, by Mrs. Clifford. The theme of the book most impressive and unusual, but there are grave faults in the execution. . . .

OXFORD, *Thurs. June 25*.—Actually rain and chill all day. Mr. Paget preached at St. Mary's at 11 instead of Dr. Liddon (Pusey Commem.) and there was a big luncheon at Keble, all very prosperous. Tea at Pusey House, long talk with Mr. Currie in the library, Lucy came, H. S. H. dined, and we went to London by 9 o'clock train, 3rd class, undisturbed possession, and hansom to 1 Richmond Terrace, very sinking heart but looking forward to bed. Papa told me some int[eresting] things about Ld. Salisbury and the letters. Bed a fraud as it quivers with Underground trains.

LONDON, *Fri. June 26*.—Rather wretched morn. I hate the house. Had to go to Downing St. to finish packing private things. Kept knocking up against newcomers and hated them all; picked my sweet briar. To Crystal Palace at 2 for 'Israel' [in Egypt], really very striking and spontaneous reception. It was splendid the mujack and I deeply enjoyed it. . . .

LONDON, *Sat. June 27*.—A. J. B. is now Rt. Honble. Another busy D. St. morn. in Spencer's dismantled room. . . .

Dollis Hill, Kilburn, N.W., June 30, '85.

DEAREST LAVINIA,—. . . he¹ is decidedly low to-day. I think dismayed a little by the effect of his Midlothian letter. Again he rather forgot he was not Tomkins [*i.e.* a nobody] and (*I* think) did not quite estimate the immense effect of his letter. He had for the sake of unity in the party said nothing really definite and you see how differently it has rung forth to the world. My greatest aim and hope that in this visit Ed. may be able from his ill bed to impress upon him the necessity of taking a strong line on the 14 (*vide* enclosed letter) and *you* on Mama. It is such an opportunity, oh do not leave any stone unturned. I feel E., as

¹ Mr. Gladstone.

belonging *more* to the Cons. party than to ours, wd. carry all the more weight. I sometimes feel we do not any of us work hard enough at this awful subject.¹ We have not enough courage and we leave almost the whole battle to one or two nervie individuals.—Yr. lov. M. G.

HARROW, *Thurs. July 2.*— . . . Great bustle to get off by 10.20 en route for Harrow, meeting Mr. Welldon² and Sarena at Baker St. 'Speeches' and luncheon lasted from 12 to 5.30. The three headmasters, past, present and future—Vaughan, Butler and Welldon—surpassed each other and themselves in the grace and feeling of their speeches; it was wonderfully interesting and Dr. B[utler's] farewell most moving. Sat between G. Russell and Dean of Windsor. . . .

(Then comes a curious interval of quiet.)

LONDON, *Mon. July 6.*—Delicious. Not out at all, except sitting in garden and to H. of C., deeply quiet morn. . . . Parents arrived for luncheon. . . . The old Bradlaugh bother up again in H. of C. Papa spoke with a quite unhoarse voice. . . .

LONDON, *Tues. July 7.*—Lovely day with sea wind. We make the garden into a sort of club and read the papers there. . . . Mr. Welldon to see me at 3, also Laura. We dined at 7.15 and to 'Olivia'—all wept freely. It was beautiful and heartbreaking because of what it represents. . . .

LONDON, *Wed. July 8.*—Many think we have eased the Tory's burden too much; the P.M.'s speech last night in answer to Sir M. H. Beach so extraordinarily generous. . . .

LONDON, *Thurs. July 9.*— . . . Went to Mr. Knowles' ball with Maggie and Madge—rather enjoyed sitting out in garden with unlimited strawberries and cream and the flabby limp figure of Oscar Wilde mooning about. . . .

LONDON, *Sat. July 11.*— . . . After dinner we went to the Inventions [Exhibition] and sat in garden in great comfort.

¹ Maiden Tribute.

² Just appointed Headmaster of Harrow.

I think it the most beautiful intoxicating thing on a warm night. . . .

LONDON, *Mon. July 13.*—Breakfast alone in the garden, most romantic. Parents returned. . . . Talk with Alfred. The last week there have come out the most painful disclosures in the *P[all] M[all] G[azette]* of horrible, shameful wickedness of 'Modern Babylon.' It has made a tremendous stir and torn open shut eyes and will probably have great results for good. Spencer and Harry and Maud Ottley dined.

LONDON, *Tues. July 14.*— . . . A boy born in Berkeley Square¹; Gerty going on all right. . . .

Later in the year she wrote to Lavinia: 'I have ordered 15 copies of Mrs. Butler's *R[ebecca] Jarrett*²; it's the most pathetic thing almost that I ever read, and if only people will read it, it *must* do good. Do try and make Lady Salisbury read it, and one other person I am most keen shd. read it because he is so just, *Hutton*. Will you get this done? I shall try and get parents to read it, and Stephy, with whom I have had a long correspondence.'

LONDON, *Thurs. July 16.*—Fine. Heard from Ken.³ that dear Mr. Graham died this morning. R.I.P. A blessed white soul if ever there was one. Sat in garden and went to Argyll Lodge with Maggie, sitting with Amelia; talked of the *P[all] M[all] G[azette]* and then of the Duke [of Argyll] and politics, and especially his speech aimed bang at our Government; in the very middle in he marched and we talked most agreeably [on] Sir C. Dilke, Chamberlain, Mark Pattison (he didn't know who he was . . . 'There are depths of ignorance in middle-aged men,' etc.), and finally of Oxford and Cambridge and their religious condition. Quiet egg and evening by myself. . . .

¹ William G. C. Gladstone—killed in action, 1915.

² *Rebecca Jarrett*, the pamphlet by Mrs. Butler, describing the kidnapping by which Stead sought to prove his case.

³ Mr. Muir-Mackenzie.

LONDON, *Sat. July 18.*—This was such a rackets day somehow. Out to Waterloo H. with Helen. Looked in at Laura's and found her storming A. J. B. and Lady Elcho on last night's debate, the Tories having overthrown Ld. Spencer in the basest, most barefaced way. Made a cross of water-lilies and dropped it at Guildford for Frances. . . .

WELLINGTON COLLEGE, *Mon. July 20.*— . . . With the children to collect honeysuckle, out of which made a lovely cross, with 6 huge roses. Took these to Guildford, where met Jack and went up in fly to Oakdene. Nice quiet bit with Frances. The drawing room arranged like a chapel, the white coffin buried in flowers and a great, beautiful solemn Angel of Burne-Jones's guarding the whole with tender gravity. Herbert, Doll Liddell, Mr. Burne-Jones arrived later, and we had a little extempore service, large window opening on to terrace with splendid wide distant view and the sun flashing out into the solemn room. Sat about in garden after and went off by 4.28 to Ascot, meeting Maggie at station, walking to Wood End [Lady Stepney's house] and there quite collapsing on to sofa and peace. Lay down and listened to Alcy¹ singing.

WOOD END, *Wed. July 22.*— . . . At 3 to Wimbledon with Maggie, calling on Ed. and Lav. on the way, he lying out in the garden and looking really stronger—rather amusing tea at the [Volunteer] Camp, first borrowing 3s. from a bobby. In Eustace Balfour's tent, Brownlows and Salisburys and Frances. Alcy much excited over me and Lady Salisbury meeting. Back very late for dinner. The American and Professor Stuart to *Mikado*, joining Mr. Gurney and Maggie. It was delicious fun, I thought, specially as Grossmith is on the stage throughout and his actions are wonderful; also it is only two acts. Tea afterwards, and sat and walked in garden till nearly 1.

WADDESDON, *Sat. Aug. 1.*— . . . Did many odd jobs hurriedly and finally came off to Waddesdon with a large party at 4.15. Drove with Mr. Flower from Aylesbury and

¹ Lady Stepney's little girl, now Lady Howard Stepney.

found it bitter. There is a grand view from the house, which stands well perched high on rising ground. The Aylesbury people very ecstatic. To dinner with G. Russell, the Whites and Sands and Flowers here; very pleasant people all—the Whites so handsome.¹

WADDESdon, *Sun. Aug. 2.*—Chilly all day and felt much oppressed with the extreme gorgeousness and luxury. Church at 11; full service nicely done, good building, poor sermon; pottered about looking at calves, hothouses, everything laid out with immense care, some rather cockney things, rockeries and such like, a large aviary with gaudy-plumaged birds. After luncheon drove to Alice de Rothschild's place 4 miles off for tea. This quite small, but a model of comfort and everything in it a gem of its kind, the garden beautifully arranged, all the farm buildings and stables etc. perfect, but she never sleeps there and it felt a waste. In a steam launch, rather absurd, to see the tea house, up a wee stream widened by her to hold the boat. Very chilly all the time. . . .

WADDESdon, *Monday, August 3.*—Felt horrid all day, shivering and sick headache. A deputation came from Aylesbury and the ex-P.M. stood, bowed and looked unutterable things as they poured out upon him every most fervent compliment. Herbert had to speak, a horrid ordeal, and did it very well. G. Russell capital proposing Mama's health, much feeling and fun. Baron Ferdinand [Rothschild] shaking with nervousness got through all right. The pictures in his sitting-room are too beautiful, but there is not a book in the house save 20 improper French novels. . . .

There came here the famous voyage on Sir Thomas Brassey's yacht, the *Sunbeam*, across the North Sea and in the fiords of Norway. Mary was a bad sailor, the *Sunbeam* was small and lively, and a large part of the record is occu-

¹ Mr. and Mrs. H. White. He was afterwards American Ambassador in London and Paris; and in Berlin at the outbreak of the Great War.

pied by assertions whether she was or was not seasick, and an immense amount of landscape.

The diary continues :—

FASQUE, *Tues. Sep. 1.*—A wonderful scrimmage we had getting away from the *Sunbeam*, having missed the Inverness express on Tuesday, Sep. 1, partly owing to a fog in the night, partly to the great delay at Wick, where Lady Brassey landed and left us jumping about for 3 hours. However, by a sort of miracle we caught the Inverness train at Fort George and after a capital journey, which was one great, warm welcome home all along the line, we reached Fasque¹ at 4.30 . . . the very greatest delight in finding ourselves on an unwavering floor and in this great stillness, enjoying our food and our beds quite beyond words. . . . Our visit a great success. We had a mad fit of squaring words and other paper games, continuation of the *Sunbeam*. Church at 11 (full service) and 3 at the dear little Chapel—warm, muggy weather. Papa perfectly happy in his beloved old haunts of his boyhood—great fun meeting Helen here and much comfort to find Schlüter. Monday we came to Hawarden, successful 12 hours' journey, greetings at all the stations, and they sent us on to Broughton so that we got home soon after 10—found Harry and Herbert and Spencer, and mutton broth and tea. All well and comf. and everything smelling so sweet and Hawarden-like. Great jabber.

Tues. Sep. 8.— . . . George Macdonald,² a splendid old chap like a prophet, came to our carriage on the journey yesterday and shook hands. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Sat. to Tues. Sep. 12 to 15.*—These few days have really, if people knew, been the crisis as to the leadership of Lib. Party ; correspondence fast and furious, and writing of Mid-L. address, and consultations with colleagues. . . . Huge Mothers' Meeting's Tea on Monday at Rectory. Special services. Went to 8.50 H.C. Ld. Rosebery in extraordinary ' form.' Sir J. Lacaita here.

¹ The Gladstone seat in Scotland.

² The writer.

HAWARDEN, *Wed. to Wed. Sep. 16 to 23.*—During this momentous week the Midlothian Manifesto appeared, a very lengthy address written with uncommon care and thought and full of weight and breadth, ‘grand and strong and true and brave, and God’s blessing will be upon it.’ Not exactly giving the party any wild cry with which to go to the country, but full of good matter for them. Ld. Rosebery went off and Ld. Wolverton flew here. . . . Albert [Lyttelton]¹ came and we received him with flags and little crowds. I stood with all the orphans cheering at the top of Sandycroft lane, and Mama drove up after him dancing a Union Jack in the air. He preached on Sunday morn so exactly the identical same as of old that one lost sight of the 5 years’ interval. Read *Villette*² at the work party with great delight. . . . Maggie came on Monday for 2 nights, we sat up till near 2 both times to catch up each other in all that had happened since Greenhithe. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Wed. to Sun. Oct. 7 to 11.*—Six Brasseys being here felt like a house full of guests, and it was extremely difficult to amalgamate the 2 sets of children. Reading *The Runaway* aloud, however, a great success. Who should come on Wed.—for one night—but Our Joe³; very exciting. I sat next him at dinner, and we talked about everything in the world except politics—getting into other people’s insides, how much you know about each other. He gave me a glowing account of Jesse Collings the man—dragged his leg over the barren period that is just upon us in literature, art and politics. No great light come or even coming, as he thinks. He brought loads of orchids and was altogether very pleasant. Much amused at the ‘political wrestlers,’ a new Liberal toy sent to Papa.

Thurs.—Went over to Eaton with the children and ‘Tab,’ nice peep at Katie and Sibell,⁴ while the children, etc., lionised house and horses. Very jolly drive back. . . .

¹ He had been in South Africa.

² By C. Brontë.

³ Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain.

⁴ Katherine, Duchess of Westminster, and Lady Grosvenor.

Friday.—They all melted away like snow, and I got through many a neglected job, letters and Sandycroft visits.

Saturday.—Mr. Holland flew here like a true ‘Holländer’ for 2 brief hours; went to meet him at Broughton and took him back there at 12.30. We had a great Stead talk, very helpful to me and throwing much light. Evening to a conjuring, thought-reading entertainment, taking May and Ted [Talbot]; nearly beside themselves with joy; the dark, the rain, and its being 10 o’clock as we came home formed the great and triumphant climax to their glee. We all enjoyed the performance.

Hawarden Castle, Oct. 85.

DST. L.,—. . . Only imagine who comes today—*Chamberlain*. It all arose out of Mr. Russell’s saying the day before yesterday, what a pity it was we didn’t have him here, and make an impression on him that no amount of letter-writing cd. give. Well, Mama then persuaded Papa to let her telegraph to ask him to meet Sir T. Brassey, and he telegraphed Yes. It is rather curious and interesting. I think Fräulein rather alarmed, looking upon him as a kind of Robespierre.

6 o’clock. ‘Our Joe’ just come, loaded with lovely orchids. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Mon. to Mon. Oct. 12 to 19.*—Took children to tea with Mr. Drew. . . . May [Talbot] fell down the back stairs at Edith’s and actually broke her dear little wrist; never before had experienced a child in great pain—holding her still while Dr. B[urlingham] examined and had to hurt, was quite horrible. A biggish oak cut down, watched by the whole luncheon party, Ct. Munster and Sir R. Morier, etc. . . . Thurs. arrived Alfred and Laura, a great excitement; they only stopped till Monday and were such ‘turtles.’ L[aura] read her capital novel; the one bit she had writ. is first-rate, so racy, humorous and pathetic; now and then a

really brilliant flash of wit, and full of true poetry. Sunday we went to 8 o'clock. Celebration, Mr. Drew's anniv. of Ordination, and I spent aft. and even. at Sandycroft for Harvest, having decorated it on Sat. Tea with . . . Mr. Drew, and we all walked up across the fields with everything veiled in mystery, a moon somewhere behind a lovely white fleece of mist. . . . Mr. Bright here 2 nights, and Ld. Dalhousie; the former read aloud *Childe Harold*, not specially striking though, and the poem strikes no spark in me now save one verse here and there. Dawdled about with Laura, old Castle, precipices, etc., finding her intensely worthy. In March a little Laura or A[lfred] is to appear. . . .

EDINBURGH, *Mon. Nov. 9.*—We left Hawarden at 8.30 and had a journey of continued and increasing triumph till the climax at Edinburgh. Maggie joined us at Carlisle with immense difficulty, being simply swamped in the excited crowd. Speeches were made at the principal stations in answer to addresses, and inside the saloon flowers in heaps, and the most enthusiastic receptions everywhere. At Edinburgh just the same as other years, the most passionate welcome as we emerged from the station and drove through the streets, a short speech to the Committee at the Albert Hall on Unity and Ireland, and we reached Dalmeny about 6, wonderfully fresh and prosperous, and the Voice in capital order. Quite fun having Maggie; she drove in the carriage with us and thought it all beyond thrilling. . . .

DALMENY, *Wed. Nov. 11.*—We drove into Edinburgh after an early luncheon, triumphal entry as ever. The whole way well sprinkled with carriages, and spectators, and the streets full. The speech lasted an hour and $\frac{1}{4}$, and was almost wholly devoted to Establishment and its present bearing on political affairs. Quite excellent, I thought, clear and strong and no shilly-shallying, his voice lasting capitally, and we being in front of him I was greatly struck with his fine actions—an enthusiastic meeting. Mr. Goschen was there and Costello, who is fighting him. Home by 6.30. . . .

Mary writes to Lavinia :—

. . . Just imagine doing a thing for the 4th time, and exactly the same, the same carriage and 4 horses, the same routes, the same people. And yet as we drive to Edinburgh you wd. think it was the first time it ever happened, the 7 miles of road with its frantic little groups, the decorated cottages, the carriages, bicycles, traps of all descriptions lining the way, the gradual increase of people as you get nearer Edinburgh, the crowds in the streets, the eager faces cramming every window high and low ; it is all *exactly* the same as before.

I was so glad Maggie was with us actually in the carriage for the arrival, for there is nothing in the world that I have ever seen to compare to that mighty, passionate outburst as we emerge from the station—and the scene is tremendous. She won't forget it in a hurry.

I don't feel a bit confident about general victory. Of course this election is a foregone conclusion (poor Mr. Dalrymple,¹ as you say, it is indeed most plucky of him to go on). He has now had 50 meetings, which ended with rapturous 'cheers for Gladstone.' He with such good heart says, 'One cheer more,' wh. is still more enthusiastically responded to. All the Conservative meetings are like that, and I notice the speakers never mention the name of Gladstone, it being a signal for rounds of cheers, but always refer to the Lib. party as 'the party led by Chamberlain and Bradlaugh' or some such words.

Poor Ld. Elcho has been very hardly used in the same way, and I don't suppose has known what a peaceful meeting means. It has been so striking here, the way the Scotch Dis[establishment] people have given up their favourite doctrine, and though the meeting must have been much more than half composed of them, they yet received the Dis. *Speech* with perfect resignation and *him* with unalloyed enthusiasm. This is the more striking when one knows that

¹ Mr. Gladstone's opponent.

in Scot. the Dis. people are largely the majority of the Lib. party in Scot. and therefore its backbone. I was quite thankful your letter was ever free of the word. Even Mr. Holland wrote me a letter simply screaming with sobs, not his own so much (tho' some were his), but the sobs he hears in the air all round him. Still I was glad he wrote, one is apt to get too much in a fool's paradise, and I thought the speech had made everybody quite happy. I wrote very fully to him, and just at the end Spencer came in and I read it to him, wh. made me think it a better letter than I should otherwise, so I told him to show it anyone he liked, and I shd. rather like Ed. to see it.

DALMENY, *Nov. 16.*—Monday eve. came Lt. Greely, hero of the American Arctic expedition. He told me at dinner a good deal about it, and I felt awed and appalled sitting at a luxurious dinner table with a man who with 25 others had starved in freezing darkness for 10 months and seen 18 of his companions die of hunger and cold. They had only 1 suit of clothes each and slept 3 in each bag, so tight they could not move, so cold that the bag froze to the ground when they got out of it. He declared that all his emotions were sharpened instead of numbed by personal physical suffering, but that living was a question of will, not of constitution; he could only live by feeling these men were dependent on him. It is an awful story—his wife heard not a word of him for 3 years; his hair turned white with suffering, but now has come back black. Went in to West Calder by train; the place beautifully decorated, the enthusiasm frantic, the meeting tip-top and the speech 1 hour and $\frac{1}{4}$ admirable, voice in first-rate order. He went over much ground, a good deal on the past. Home at 6.30. . . .

DALMENY, *Wed. to Fri. Nov. 18 to 20.*—Three days of complete cessation from meetings. One long, quick walk with Spencer, one by myself towards Cramond, one with Ld. Rosebery to Cramond in the dark. Finished Vol. III of Greville; it is cheering because always bewailing and fore-

telling evils that turned out bugbears ; very little mention of the P.M., as it shuts up at '52. His character-drawing careful, elaborate and impressive, no literary tastes, and politics and horse-racing are treated as about equally engrossing and important. Also read *Ivan the Terrible* by same man ¹ as *Paix et Guerre*—very different tho' also historical, characters more heroic generally, though in a devilish period. Ivan the most extraordinary portrait. Lt. Greely left. They lived by eating the skin bags they slept in as gradually their occupants fell victims to starvation. They had one bag left when discovered. He lectured at Edinburgh the same evening as we drove in (Thurs.) for A. Thomas's bright and fascinating opera *Nadeshda*, story by Julian Sturgis. My opinion company excellent. Marie Dixon came to luncheon and sang on and off through a dismal afternoon. Caught cold Thurs., but checked it by not drinking, and eating lots of aconite pills, resulting in bad head, which gave me delightful excuse for shirking Friday's banquet and enjoying a light meal snug in my room.

DALKEITH, *Sat. Nov. 21.*— . . . By train from Dalmeny station, reaching Dalkeith at 3, and rousing, magnificent and prolonged reception all through the decorated street to the Hall ; about 3000 people and fearful heat, but voice stood the strain famously, the subjects mostly very dry and technical—hypothec, mortmain duties, etc., but they listened in profound silence. . . .

EDINBURGH, *Sun. Nov. 22.*—Drove in to Edin. and attended Cathedral service, most satisfactory congregational singing, full service, the G.O.M.² knelt bolt upright for 3-quarters of an hour without flinching. Liddon sermon.

EDINBURGH, *Mon. Nov. 23.*—My aged b'day. Many delightful heart-warming letters for it. Agnes, Stepby, Helen, Ellie H., Maud Ottley, Maggie, Mr. Stuart, Mr. Drew, Schleit, Lav. Ld. R. gave me a lovely edition of Lamb's *Essays*. A historic b'day in the last Midlothian campaign. We drove in to Edinburgh in drizzling gloom, luckily clearing

¹ Tolstoy.

² Mary's first use of the famous phrase.

as we entered the city, and drove through about 100,000 enthusiastic people to the old Market Place, where the Cross,¹ restored by the M.P. for Midlothian, was by him unveiled. At the same spot, for the 1st time for 130 years, the gaudily-clad heralds proclaimed the Dissolution of the Parl^t of 1880, a most interesting spectacle, the trumpets, the civic costumes, the heralds, the bands and flags and gigantic mass of spectators, and the x-P.M.'s voice as he blessed the Ld. Provost and the City of Edinburgh rose as clear as a bell thro' the air. Afterwards he made a speech of great interest in the Council Chamber, with a glowing tribute to Sir Walter Scott, and we finally were entertained at a pompous Ld. Provost luncheon with another speech, not getting home (Harry and I walking from lodge) till near 5, having left at 10.30. Sat by Mr. Mitchell, the architect of the cross, and much liked him, tho' so silent; I worked away and found how much we agreed on various points.

EDINBURGH, *Tues. Nov. 24.*—Another meeting at Edinburgh. This speech was the only rattling fighting speech he has made on 3 points: the divided Lib. contests in N.B., Parnell's hostile Manifesto ordering all Irish to vote Tory, and Ld. Salisbury's Manifesto making Church Est. the test question. He spoke with immense fire throughout, and of Ireland with deep emotion. It made a huge impression on the big audience. The election telegrams began coming in at 11, horrible excitement and suspense. As I write they are arriving—the first good, the next 2 bad. Harry is to come at 12. He came at 1, and we waited till 2, when the telegraph man went to bed, and certainly the results were not cheering—we had lost about 6 seats.

DALMENY, *Wed. Nov. 25.*—... The results of the elections yesterday leave us with 40 seats, including 2 of the feeblest Liberals, Tories 36, Parnellites 4. We have won all 8 B'ham seats. Gloomy days with howling wind, waves dashing up over the wall on to the grass. Ended Vol. 1 of *Anna Karenina*, very clever and exciting, but—— A most

¹ Mercat Cross, restored by Mr. Gladstone.

snug evening, nobody here and we did what we liked. By 11.30 a whole batch of horrible telegrams had come in: 3 Leeds seats gone, bringing in Gerald Balfour; we lose Childers, Sir A. Hayter, S. Smith at Liverpool, a great blow, Barran. Very grubous.¹ Harry came in about 1.30 bringing comfort. We win the 4 Edinburgh seats and Dundee.

DALMENY, *Thurs. Nov. 26.*—The calculations bring it to 94 Lib. seats, 86 Tories and 9 Parnellites. A fierce cold morning, drove in to Edinburgh with Mama, and Sir H. Oakley played delightfully to us on the organ. . . . One Manchester seat we win and both Halifax, Chester and Darlington. Mr. Stuart in and G. Russell out, a great blow; wrote to both of them. Herbert over 2000 majority; 6 of the late Govt. are beaten.

DALMENY, *Fri. Nov. 27.*—The Mid-L. election. Ld. R. drove him into Edinburgh. I wandered along the sands as usual towards Cramond, hoping for big waves but the wind had gone bang round and the sea calmed. . . . Harry came in at 1.30 asking me how much majority would content me. I said 2000. Well, it was 4600—quite splendid, and may turn the tide.² Ld. Hartington has also a great Lancashire victory.

EDINBURGH, *Sat. Nov. 28.*—Our very last day, late breakfast, early luncheon, and off in 4 hours and Ld. R. to Edinburgh—touching little groups all along and the enthusiasm in Edin. itself was tremendous. At the Rosebery Club the students gave an address, Ld. R. made most touching little speech, and the answer was impressive tho' depressed in manner. . . . At the Corn Exchange after and the speech was grand, ditto Ld. R.'s, wh. was a passionate appeal to the constituencies; about 4000 people quite quiet, loads of addresses presented, and at 5.30 we finally drove thro' the streets amid ardent farewell cheers and at the station had tea in a room decorated with flowers. Said good-bye here to all the party. The platform was densely crowded, but

¹ 'Dingy, dirt-coloured, mud-and-water-like' (Glynnese).

² Polling at that date took place on different days.

we got off punctually and the whole journey was one series of impassioned good-byes—it beat anything I had ever seen in 1879/80 ; even at the larger stations at which our train did not stop we were thrilled by the cheers that rang thro' the darkness as we rushed thro' at 50 miles an hour. Each platform was one swaying mass of thousands, fighting desperately to get up to the carriage—each train was used as a means of seeing better, and its top swarming with people. Reached Chester soon after 12, a rapturous reception, and at Broughton even was a small crowd and at the lodge, and the Orphanage all illuminated and the children in the yard with fireworks and singing Auld Lang Syne: . . .

HAWARDEN, *Sun. Nov. 29.*—Woke as if we had never been away, only so sleepy and all night the cheers rang in my head. Full service, being Advent Sunday—tea with Gerty and talk and evensong. Mr. Drew morn. and Stephy even. ; both excellent, the first little and the other big.

HAWARDEN, *Tues. to Thurs. Dec. 1 to 3.*—The most exciting time I ever remember and so protracted. From Monday onwards we steadily gained and now, Thursday, are only 6 short of Tories and Parnellites combined, telegrams and newspapers dropping in all day and greedily devoured. Tues. was our Flintshire election, and all our carriages went to and fro and all Hawarden nearly turned out yellow (Liberal). D. V. M. in the middle of it all, and Wed. Advent Service, Mr. Drew preaching on Death, and prayers on it after. . . . Ld. Richard [Grosvenor] staying here, won by 1600 ; a crowd came down late and cheered vehemently. . . . Fin[ished] *Anna Karenina* (by author of *Paix et Guerre*) a wretchedly melancholy tragic novel with marvellously delicate human insight but surely, I earnestly trust, with too low a view of our nature. While the x-P.M. was writing to a German Professor on his Réville article came a message from Ld. R. G[rosvenor] to ask him to write something in the nature of a Manifesto. At once he dashed off a letter of thanks to Mid-L. electors, including an impassioned appeal to the county constituencies, a great *tour de force* as he wrote

it and had it telegraphed straight off. By Liv[erpool] evening paper, we were 2 ahead of Tories and Parnellites at 4.

HAWARDEN, *Fri. Dec. 4.*— . . . We are to-day 5 behind the lot. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Sat. Dec. 5.*—Mr. Kerry and Mr. Drew to luncheon and works. Out with Papa. To see Gerty and did altar flowers. . . . Ld. Granville came for 2 nights.

HAWARDEN, *Sun. Dec. 6.*—2nd in Advent. Stephy's baby christened—a year ago to-day he had not proposed. He all but broke down in christening her and she stretched out her arms—[christened] Catherine. . . . All the school-children present. Visited Molly, supped at Red House, also Mr. Drew, who walked partly home with me.

HAWARDEN, *Mon. Dec. 7.*—We are 5 behind T's. and P's.

OXFORD, *Dec. 10 to 15.*—This journal is awe-inspiring to begin,¹ for various occult reasons, private and public. My visit here has been nightmarish, apparently because of a distracting toothache, wh. started on Fri. evening after a fine day of skating on the floods. The physical enjoyment was great, tho' I once all but fainted, having strained my wrist by 2 falls on it. The end, when I was swept all round between Mr. Holland and Mr. Ottley (Bob), a heavenly sensation. Tea at Ch. Ch. and bracing talk with Liddells. Service at Cath[edral]. Spencer arrived here same day as me, a deal of political talking. Mr. Holland staying in the house till Sat., quite ill, but no appearance of it outwardly. Letters daily to and from Hawarden. . . .

Left Keble at 11, rather blue over E. [Talbot]. So long and wearying and perpetually disappointing is this terrible illness. My own nightmare reached a climax this morn. and only began fading when I was in the train, spinning towards Hawarden, Chils. [*i.e.* children] having accompanied me to station to greet the 5 Wickhams. Slept a bit and we reached Saltney at 4, flew merrily along to Broughton, and then

¹ Mary is starting a new book. On the flyleaf she wrote later: 'Mary Gladstone, Dec. 1885, became Drew, Feb. 1886.'

suddenly crash went everything, axle-tree broke, Frederick [coachman] thrown off box on to the ground, luckily clung to reins, Rector [horse] did not bolt. Kate and I scrambled selves and children and dolls out in one second, and all were safe and sound. After pushing the remains on one side, we all started walking; such a caravan, carrying bags, parcels, etc. Luckily Broughton trap met us and took us home. All kinds of events have happened since I went. Evening Mr. Drew came.

HAWARDEN, *Thurs. Dec. 17.*—Fog and cold. Not out except to go to Chester for tooth. The nerve is dead and it will take 8 or 9 visits to clear him out. The *Standard* to-day fires away an Irish Parlt. scheme, purporting to come from x-P.M. Great hubbub all round and everywhere. General confusion, telegrams without end, copying long letters, and in the midst of it all he [Mr. Gladstone] despatched another 'Dawn' article¹ to *19th Century*. Wrote lengthily to Ld. Acton.

HAWARDEN, *Fri. 18 Dec.*—To Sandycroft for visits with Sheila [dog]. Lost her. Morn. church, very raw and cold. Read loud to Chils. [children]. Mr. Drew came for S[heila]. More hubbub. Copying 3 letters on Ireland. Lds. G[ranville] and H[artington] and Mr. Chamberlain. Helen arrived 9.30.

HAWARDEN, *Sun. Dec. 20. 4 Advent.*—Murky day. Long lie. Mr. Trotter preached. Mr. Drew came to coffee. I went to play harmonium at Sandycroft service, he preaching on Heaven. Rather muggy day. Walked there and back with him.

Hawarden Castle, Chester, Xmas '85.

DARLING L.,—Think of yr. letters only coming by 2nd post. I shall be worn to fiddlestrings if they all make me cry so hopelessly as do yours and E[dward]'s and Lucy's and Spencer's, but all the same I love them fearfully, and think

¹ 'Dawn of Creation and of Worship,' in *Nineteenth Century*, January 1886.

one of the most wonderful things in this most wonderful condition of things is the extraordinary love and sympathy wh. pours out upon one, and wh. makes one feel, as Mr. Holland once said, quite like the Hundredth Sheep. How unselfish and good I do think everybody about it I cannot, cannot say. Spencer's letter wh. I got this morn. broke my heart dreadfully, and he is coming to see me and say Good-bye on Friday. I wrote to Alice to-day at Whittingehame, so do tell A. J. B. . . . Only don't let him ever try to marry without the real loving. It gives me far more creep now to think of what it wd. be, than when I knew nothing practically of what it wd. be *with* the real thing. Parents want it not to be public before Thurs., but I can't stop the people I wrote to yesterday. There are about six who, as I said in one letter, each think I am specially dedicated to them in a sort of sacramental friendship. I am afraid it must be rather horrid for them. I wish I cd. write to both of you. I love Edward's letter, but I can't. You know I always said I shd. like to try and live on £300 a year. I don't know what May wd. have thought, but I know she wd. have loved him.—Yr. most lov.

M. G.

I can make it far more intelligible to you when I see you, my not being able to speak at Oxford. I really was another person, not myself at all.

CHAPTER V

MARRIED LIFE AND WIDOWHOOD

MARY was married to the Rev. Harry Drew early in the year in London. (Her wedding gown and the bridesmaids' dresses were muslin, because she thought it unsuitable for a clergyman's wife to be too smart.)

The man for whose sake she gave up her full and influential life with her father was thirty years old and of a reserved nature. 'My only anxiety,' Mary wrote in a letter, 'is that my family should find him too sad and dreamy.' Alongside this trait there ran, however, considerable powers as an organiser and administrator and an unusual gift for personal relationships. More than one observer testifies to his power as a 'shepherd of souls.' Casual acquaintances were also made aware of the more mundane quality of a great personal beauty. 'One seldom sees so fine a face. The outline was straight and clean-cut, the nose fine and pointed, the mouth rather firmly compressed,' wrote George Russell of him after his death. 'His appearance was unusual; blue eyes set in black lashes and a complexion almost Italian in colouring.' 'The ideal of beauty and fun,' wrote one contemporary, and another speaks of his 'subtle, delicate humour which tinged everything with delight.'

As so often happens with a clergyman, Harry Drew's sense of humour was entirely concealed in the biography that was written of him after his death. 'I wd. have loved,' writes poor Mary, 'some little realisation of his fun, his glorious giggles and dry humour and animal spirits, the vivid contrasts that really constituted his charm.' 'He had almost always a twinkle in his eye,' writes his daughter, Mrs. Parish. Nor does she forget the graver side of him. 'He was the

most Christ-like person I have ever known. I say this without any hesitation and with all my critical faculties alive.'

The young couple began their married life as inmates of Hawarden Castle ; not an easy state of affairs for the son-in-law of Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Drew, however, maintained to the full what may be called his personal autonomy and his control of his time ; assisted, it should be said, by the total absence on Mr. Gladstone's part of any attempt to encroach on either, and by his great respect for the calling of a clergyman. A strong bond of union with his family-in-law was ' H. D.'s ' whole-hearted Liberalism ; and he shared to the full all Mary's agitation over the first Home Rule Bills.

1886

It will be noticed that there is a gap in the diary between August and November. This is filled up by Mary's dangerous illness, during which the entries are put in by other hands. I have not thought it necessary to publish all these medical details. A great grief was the death of Laura Lyttelton in the first year of her marriage with Alfred.

Meanwhile, behind these events, the brief-lived Conservative Government attempted to settle between the parties the question of Irish self-government, failed, were turned out, and Mr. Gladstone brought in the first Home Rule Bill ; but Mr. Chamberlain broke away from the party with a group of followers and the bill was defeated by 30.

WOOD END, *Jan.* 24.—All this time I have been unable to write anything, for it has been the great crisis of my life, and it was too absorbing, too full of wonderings, misgivings, doubts, fears, hopes, to write about. Now it is just the last 10 days of my maiden life and I am stopping still at Maggie's and thinking it all over. After that 4th Sunday in Advent came the Xmas decorations, during which we had reading aloud of *Old Town Folks*¹ by H. D., and on Thurs. evening he

¹ By Mrs. H. B. Stowe.



MARY GLADSTONE
ABOUT 1880

and I had a long *tête-à-tête* in the Rectory dining-room after tea, Xmas Eve. Then came Xmas Day, and it was too perfect a day to pass over and I kicked away the only barrier that remained and in the evening after dinner up in the schoolroom I was engaged to Mr. Drew. I had been to 8 o'clock H.C., 11 o'clock and evensong, and it had been a very happy day, and it ended quite perfectly. I sat up with Agnes and Helen talking it all over and trying to believe it was true.

The next fortnight was very radiant, mostly spent in writing endless letters either announcing or thanking friends, and being quite overwhelmed by the warmth and love and interest poured out on all sides. The birthdays, Papa's and Mama's, and the New Year all seemed rather lost in the new condition of things touching me personally. Maggie came and was the greatest break and delight; the Flowers and Ponsonbys from Eaton all most cordial and kind, and I had astonishing letters from Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Welldon, Mr. Holland, Mr. Burne-Jones, Prof. Stuart, Alfred and Laura, Mr. I[llingworth], Edwarden, Frances, besides loads of dear ones from Lav., Arthur, Spencer and Kathleen, Lucy, Edward L., Mr. Furse, etc. etc. etc. An engagement time is not quite what my dreams had pictured it, so much more anxious, and at one time I lost sleep and eating and worked myself up into a fright. Saw nice bits of Harry both at the Cot and in the schoolroom, dear little snug *tête-à-têtes*, and we were very happy. Dear brother Harry went off to India with Spencer on the 15, and parents to London just before. Lavinia came for 3 nights, most snug, and after I went up to the Red House for nearly a week, where was much braced and strengthened. Helen back to Cambridge. She and Agnes were wonderful props and tonics, and besides that Dr. Dobie gave me a real tonic wh. did no end of good. We had a darling little farewell bit on Thurs. even., and then Harry came down on Fri. morn. till I left, and Agnes and I travelled together, she getting out at Oxford.

LONDON, *Sunday, 24 Jan.*—A nice little service in the

log Church. We are so quiet and it is blessed to feel nobody clawing at one and lots of time. Snow so thick and wet we didn't go out again. The x-P.M. made a grand speech on the opening. The Queen's speech very vague, the condition of the Govt. most curious and ambiguous.

LONDON, *Tues. 26 Jan.*—Yesterday quite quiet again. Letter daily fr. H. Up to Pandemonium to-day, received by Agnes on her way from Oxford. Mama came in presently and showed me my presents—some real breaks, lovely pearl and diamond bracelet fr. the Derbys. Govt. to be smashed to-night on Jesse Collings' 'bill.' Ld. Hartington is voting ag. us. Dinner with Alfred and Laura, exciting seeing their house and realising their ménage, and very snug trio talk all of us lying on the big sofa—but all felt rather dreamlike to me.

LONDON, *Wed. 27 Jan. to Sat. 30.*—Govt. defeated by 70. Irish ag. them. Perpetual stream of friends, reporters, wedding presents and officials. Mr. Stuart and Mr. Russell and Mary West and Mary Talbot and crowds more all day. These days were altogether mad and extraordinary, the 2 crises conflicting each time anybody entered the room. You never knew till he spoke to wh. of the 2 he referred. Did all my shopping with Maggie, *i.e.* choosing pianoforte fr. Ld. Wolverton, getting hat, ulster, etc. Helen did wonders, arranging the presents and lionising people round them. Mr. Russell and Arnold Morley dined Fri. night, and shortly after midnight came Sir H. Ponsonby with a commission from the Queen to the x-P.M. to form a Govt. *unconditionally*, so all rumours turn out false. Ld. S[alisbury] resigned Wed.

LONDON, *Sat. 30 Jan.*—More shopping with Maggie, more political fuss, more farewell friends, more avalanches of Presents. Dressed at 5 to be ready for H. D. and we had a Wee Bit before Dinner and *Faust*. Ellen Terry failed—a blow, but perhaps Marguerite gained in the girlishness and simplicity of her substitute, Miss Emery.¹ Irving's Mephisto

¹ Later Mrs. Cyril Maude.

carries one right off one's feet as he never has before. It's the subtle sardonic humour wh. is so astonishing. The whole management of scenery etc. is A1, and the gt. climax when Gretchen spurns Mephisto and flings herself on the Cross and the Angels float over her is very overpowering. . . .

LONDON, *Mon. Feb. 1.*—The very last of M. G. It was luck for her that private events shd. be so swamped by public. The P.M. was all day at Osborne, and only back late for dinner, weary and harassed and having interviews most of the evening. All the same his difficulties after seeming almost insurmountable are now melting, and he will get together a strong Govt. even tho' deserted by Ld. Hartington. John Morley is to be Chief Secy. at Dublin, wh. is all-important. Drove with H[arry] to Mendelssohn's, where we had sittings most of the morn. Crowds dropped in all day long, . . . and presents still poured more than ever, and letters had to be partially scribbled at every possible odd moment. Flowers too in profusion, and the whole evening we were making bridesmaids' nosegays and arranging flowers, no time for lumps in throats or goodbye feelings, or even *any* feelings of realisation whatever. I took a large dose of Bromhide [*sic*].

LONDON, *Tues. Feb. 2.*—Purification of B.V.M. I slept sound, and only woke just in time for St. Paul's. Drove there with Helen, we persuaded Mama not to come. Inside the little chapel we met Harry, Stephy, Agnes, Maggie, E. B. O., Edith and Lavinia, a blessed little service, and to it I felt I owed most of the astonishing calmness which saturated me all day.

I dressed quite quietly after breakfast, having first walked and bus'd home with Harry, and eaten bacon and drunk coffee as if I was only going to ordinary Sunday Church. We arrived at St. Margaret's exactly at 11.30, I driving there with parents thro' large and cheering crowds near the house and again in Westminster. Was only conscious of Mr. Stanton's face with his wonderful dark colouring, and then of the white-robed procession, and lastly of my little sweet

bridesmaids, all arrayed like me in plain white muslin and snowdrops. The slow marching up the Church, the choir singing 'Come, gracious Spirit.' I tried to join, but it was not quite easy, with my vast snowdrop nosegay and holding Papa's arm, to see the paper. Next I saw Harry, and rather faltered at the Lectern, not knowing quite where we had to stand. We moved on about $\frac{1}{2}$ way up the Chancel, and there Stephy married us, and we said the words which were to bind us to each other for all our lives. We both felt quite peaceful all through and quite untroubled, only conscious of the mass of people behind us as so many loving prayers rising up for us. 'Thine for ever' I sang quite unfalteringly. Albert had read the opening, and Mr. Furse read Edwarden's Heringham address on 'Sacrifice in Marriage.' Stephy was much firmer than I expected—in fact everybody showed great quietness and presence of mind; hardly anybody in the vestry as the Prince and Princess of Wales signed. We walked down the Church so firm and quick that nobody shook hands. (Herbert Potter¹ in the choir.) Had a warm reception from the crowd outside—Sibell's darling little face was the first to come in with a kiss—then telegrams from Hawarden—then about twenty relations came in besides the P. & Pss. & P. George (they gave me a diamond crescent, so did A. J. B.). We ate soup and chicken as if nothing was happening. I took off my snowdrift muslin—had my snowdrop nosegay pulled to pieces by loving friends and my real orange flower out of the myrtle wreath which Helen had made; and Frances and Amy, Maggie and Lavinia and Kathleen and Arthur and Mr. Stuart and Mr. Russell and Edward and Alfred and Laura and all my most nears and dears were close by me to-day, except Spencer and Mr. Holland and brother Harry. Two of the little bridesmaids were nearly sick. We got off at 2 and had a quiet little time with Mama in Harley St., and reached Berkhamsted at 4.30, finding Adelaide's dainty little P[ony] Carriage and a small, kind crowd, and the most splendid sunset was going on as we

¹ A Hawarden boy. It was characteristic of Mary to notice him.

drove up the hill. A gt. gold glow and fat clouds. Tea, the snuggest and best in the world, waiting for us, flowers—books—fires—everything smiling upon us, and still the great wonder was to feel it all so natural and to feel I was I when I thought I was going to be somebody else.

ASHRIDGE,¹ *Wed. Feb. 3.*—Adelaide loaded us with flowers. I think we were quite happy from the first to the last, and never felt bored for one minute. We tried to read a good many books and got on with *Amiel's Journal*, only it is so cram with things to discuss. We were always disgracefully late—there was seldom time A.M. to do much more than eat breakfast, read our letters, the *P[all] M[all] G[azette]* and *Daily News*, about 4 chaps. of Job, with shave and talk. Sheila [dog] joined us the 2nd day and was a grand success, enjoying her funny moon² quite as much as we. Some lovely, brilliant, frosty days, snow always lying on the ground—drives in A[delaide]'s pony carriage. . . .

ASHRIDGE, *Mon. 8 Feb.*—Mama came over from Mentmore, our first visitor; she was enchanted with everything. The Cabinet is formed and all looks brighter as to political outlook. Herbert is Fin[ancial] War Sec. Capital.

ASHRIDGE, *Tues. Feb. 16.*— . . . Horribly sentimental over its being Positively our very last day. Adelaide to tea, full of beam and affection and interest, pelting us with questions in the old style, and starting any number of hares without pursuing one, except the unemployed, wh. we really did discuss. Happy last evening. . . .

LONDON, *Wed. Feb. 17.*—A bustle leaving by 10 train, finding a stole gone unpacked after all our things had left. Stuffed it into Harry's rugs. At the station met Adelaide. Pleasant journey up. Maggie met me at Euston and drove me home. Welcome from Lucy, parents, Herbert, Eddie Hamilton. Everything in Downing St. absolutely unchanged. I found the box of oat cake in the corner of the

¹ Lady Brownlow had lent them a house close to Ashridge for the honeymoon.

² Mary's usual name for honeymoon.

dining-room where I had left it in Jan. It shd. be styled *Thro' One Administration*.¹ Mama mistook time for ordering carriage, in consequence of wh. we missed our train at Paddington by 2 minutes. Dreary waiting [at station] from 3 to 5, broken by nasty tea and welcoming the P.M. etc. back from Windsor and seeing Mama again as she had come to meet him. Also there Ld. Spencer and Mr. Chamberlain, etc. Long tiring journey in full 3rd class, but we really behaved rather well and didn't mind much. . . .

OXFORD, *Mon. 22 Feb.*—After luncheon we went off to Dorchester, a wonderful old place with magnificent ancient abbey, close to wh. is the Men's Coll. of wh. Mr. Currie has charge. We lionized it and then supped with his young men. It is hideously cold and he looks starved, as also does his Vice [Principal]. Both are refreshing Liberals to the core and sterling Gladstonians. Felt very queer in this Monastery and quite improper. Compline in the dear little lady chapel.

LONDON, *Fri. 26 Feb.*— . . . and went in to Albert Hall for a bit of *Mors et Vita*. Gigantic audience. Noticed by the Queen. Thought it washy poor stuff but not without very pretty effects, and the 4 crack singers did it more than justice. Met Alice Balfour at Maggie's—Mama in bed wretched with toothache and quite knocked up. Helen back to Cambridge. Quiet at home, the P.M. is in grand form.

LONDON, *Thurs. March 4.*—Walked with Harry to see Mr. Furse and the whole family at George St., then with Maggie to Co-op. to buy shoes and gloves for Drawing-Room at 2.30 ; showed off my wedding gown, enhanced by satin train covered with Mama's lace, and all my diamonds, to Talbots, Spencer etc. Bitter cold day but bright, and it went off all right. Kissed the small, soft, red hand, all shook hands cordially, but there was a great flatness with no pretty Princess. Lady Randolph Churchill in marvellous unrelieved orange velvet ; Vita Leveson-Gower² looked the nicest,

¹ By Mrs. Hodgson Burnett.

² Now Lady Victoria Russell.

her complexion like the inside pink of a delicate shell. Home before 4, startling Harry; Maggie and Alcy and Sarena and Laura and her mother all came to behold, and Margaret Talbot tore off my toggery and net; with the latter an hour, very nice talk. Then to H. of C., when came in for the fag end of Mr. Holmes' boring Irish speech. Its object was to try and drag something definite fr. the Govt. or failing that to show it up to the world. It was an utter smash in both objects and only gave the P.M. a fine opportunity for settling himself more firmly in his saddle, preparatory to the great Irish leap. Harry enjoyed it immensely. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Fri. March 5*.—Maggie came faithfully to lift us to station; horrible saying goodbye to Mama—this felt the most real goodbye tho' not home-leaving, because of Hawarden at the other end. We had the most rapid journey in our 3rd to ourselves, we quite enjoyed it, and ran thro' Chester to Cath[edral] service, getting to Sandycroft at 5.30. Here M[ary] R[igby] and Victor met us in deep snow, and many hearty greetings from the cottages all the way up the Moor Lane, all the orphans in the yard singing 'Home, Sweet Home.' The bells ringing and Edith and her children and Willy to give us a loving welcome. They had arranged the furniture and presents with perfect taste and understanding, and Agnes had put flowers, and the sitting room was really dazzling in its beauty and snugness and brightness. We were so energetic that the moment they were gone, after tea, we set to work settling down, carrying Harry's table below and Mr. Furse's up, etc. etc. Felt wonderfully happy and content over the strange blending of old and new fresh life.

Henceforward the vast bulk of the diary for this year consists of entries like this:—

HAWARDEN, *Sat. & Sun. Mar. 6 & 7*.—The Rector is away. Midday dinner at Red House both these days and immense talks with Gerty. Visited baby and Mrs. Ball, such a success

finding her. Mrs. Potter ¹ came up. All is so snug. Full service Sun. morning, Harry preaching dear little sermon on life out of death, foreshadowing Lent. We supped with Edith as of old.

HAWARDEN, *Mon. & Tues. Mar. 8 & 9.*—The Young Men's Entertainment on Monday was a real success, as was Harry's lively speech to them. The Military Ball on Tues. rather boring as not a Hawarden soul was there, scarcely. All Chester Swells, and the Boys' School transmogrified. A lot to do at home, hanging pictures, settling old possessions etc. and many letters yet unanswered, wedding ones I mean.

HAWARDEN, *Sat. Mar. 20.*— . . Have had this letter from an Italian :—

Respectable Mrs. Mary, I have read with pleasure your marriage with Sir Drew, and I am very pleased of the honours and rich presents maked to you excellent daughter of noble english minister, Lord Gladstone.

How I should have delight, if I should have the fortune and the honour to assist so stately and sumptuous nuptials and specially at that of the English young ladies, for whom I have a great simpathy, as for all the English people. Being not possible to attain it personally I congratulate myself whit mind.

I wish you by most heartily with your illustrious spouse, all felicity than you wish.

May God bless you !

Accept it for my sake because I offer it you freely.

I 'm a young man italian be fond young english ladies, who are well-bred.

Believe me to be

Yours downright admirer

FEDERIG SPARANS.

Eligible under secretary of Salerno tribunal.

HAWARDEN, *Sat. 3 Ap.*—The plot thickens. The Scotch attitude extremely fishy. $\frac{1}{2}$ the world seems ag. Home Rule

¹ Their old French nurse.

and the other $\frac{1}{2}$ ag. Land Purchase. Drove with Harry to Broughton. . . .

And now comes Mary's account of the introduction of the Home Rule Bill :—

LONDON, *Thurs.* 8 *Ap.*—*Punch* came and brought a great lump in my throat with its noble but pathetic Cartoon and poem *Sink or Swim*.¹ Breakfast as usual. . . . to Downing St. at 3.30. Excitement rather its highest pitch as we threaded the waiting crowds, and I found Helen, Agnes and Mama all more or less quaking. Edward L[yttelton] was in the little blue room, such a break, and we all went together to Palace Yard to see the reception outside the House. The rain came down in torrents, but above the storm and above the roar of London thrilled the cheers, all the way fr. D. St. we heard them, and we stared and stared as if we had never seen him before, or as if he wd. look quite different, and then we flew up the 200 steps to the gallery and saw the splendid reception there. The starting to their feet of the M.P.'s, the wonderful cheers. Every spot was covered. The floor had seats up to the table like the free seats in a church—the air tingled with excitement and emotion, and when he began his speech we wondered to see that it was really the same familiar face—familiar voice. For 3 hours and $\frac{1}{2}$ he spoke—the most quiet earnest pleading, explaining, analysing, showing a mastery of detail and a grip and grasp such as has never been surpassed. Not a sound was heard, not a cough even, only cheers breaking out here and there—a tremendous feat at his age. His voice never failed—we cd. not judge of the effect yet, only that deep and anxious attention and interest were shown throughout and the end was grandly cheered. I think really the scheme goes further than people thought. It is astonishing its faith and courage. . . . The P.M. had dinner quietly so as not to talk, but was none the worse. Lucy was present, the first time since '82. . . .

¹ Mr. Gladstone as a diver about to throw a life-line to the sinking ship *Hibernia*.

LONDON, *Fri. 9 Ap.*—Good night. The P.M. none the worse, not specially hoarse and having slept and eaten famously. Mama and I went to Mr. Forster's funeral. (I forgot to say he died last Sat. So curious at this moment ; he was unbaptised.) . . . Shopped and visited Laura in bed reading speech . . . we had tea and went to House for Mr. Chamberlain's explaining speech—some of it impressed me a good deal, but a misunderstanding between him and the P.M. as to what points he was to deal with was most disagreeable. He brought Land Purchase into his speech, and let A cat out of the Bag as to the sum required—it was a curious anomaly to see him vehemently cheered by Tories and Whigs ; he took the opportunity to pronounce a stirring panegyric on the Orangemen ! Healy answered with a good deal of suppressed passion. It was very stirring and eloquent and it was extraordinary to hear from his lips such words of blessing on the P.M. and Ld. Spencer. Went back and arranged flowers for dinner . . . and a very interesting lively dinner it was. Nobody in greater form than the P.M. The others returned to H. of C., I staying with Maggie for a good troll. The papers are all standing on their hind legs, it is difficult to judge as yet of the impression made.

LONDON, *Sat. Ap. 10.*—Everyone more depressed this morn., Ld. Hartington's speech having been as weighty as John Morley's was unstatesmanlike. . . . Helen came with me to Euston and I was packed with a ham and $\frac{1}{2}$ a cake and Millais' print and a huge bowl into a 3rd class, besides Mr. Murray's grand present of books—journey good and pleasant as far as Stafford, reading Morley and Rousseau. *Most* interesting and with here and there a rare jewel amidst much mud. At Stafford the 4 corners of our carriage were occupied by a young lady of the Edith type, pale and pure, knitting, a young man in long Ulster, might have just come down from Oxford, and opposite me a big burly-looking fellow with some brandy atmosphere about him. The train had hardly started when my *vis-à-vis* gave me a dig

on the knee and in broken English expressed his admiration for the knitter and went on to say he wd. like to make her his 2nd wife. The Ulster smiled and later we had a regular scene, the Welshman working himself up into rampant fury with the young man. Never felt so thankful not to be alone and glad to change at Crewe, only I want to know what happened next. I long to advertise. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Sun. Ap. 11.*—Went to 8 o'clock H.C. and almost thought London a dream. Stephy preaching morning, still excellently—dealing with the question how far the prod. son's reward and easy forgiveness was a premium on sin. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Sat. 17 Ap.*— . . . and I got my letters, one fr. Alfred telling of a boy's birth at 11 P.M. last night. Both greatly exhausted, but all prosperous and he full of thankfulness.

HAWARDEN, *Mon. Ap. 19.*—A week of horrible anxiety over darling little Laura. Got 2 bad telegrams fr. Spencer on Tuesday, Wed. and Thursday. . . . Fri. morn.—Good Friday at 4 she sank again into unconsciousness and Sat. morn. Easter Eve she died. Impossible to exaggerate the tragedy and pathos of this event. I shd. imagine that not the death of any single person in the whole world could so deeply cut into the hearts and lives of so many people. The telegram which gave up hope reached us about 10, and I went to the Cot and stayed with Harry, while I felt her precious life ebbing and about 11 the final news came, and we went into the park and gathered primroses. All day was decorating, weighed down by indescribable sadness—this marriage of two so beloved, such 'glittering souls, fit for God's highest service,' and what a crushing of hopes, what a light gone from a shady place. And all day long I was touching things full of life and promise and spring flowers for Easter joys, and the whole place was over-run with happy, careless, holiday seekers. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Mon. Ap. 26.*—A telegram from Ld. R[ibblesdale] saying I was to come to Glen for the funeral. A quiet

day. Harry has a holiday this week from visiting. We sauntered about the garden. Vast crowds all these days, to-day from Yorkshire, Sat. from Burnley, 4000 Libs. to protest ag. their M.P., Mr. Rylands' Coalition with Ld. Salisbury. Each day shows more clearly how sound the country is in standing by Father. Herbert had his hand one mass of broken blisters from getting it enthusiastically shaken.

HAWARDEN, *Sunday, 16 May to Monday, June 7.*—I have left off shockingly, and actually was deluded enough to think after marriage my journal wd. swim because we shd both jot down events. Well, this 3 weeks was deeply quiet here, while the stir in the country and excitement in London grew daily and hourly. The fluctuations were extraordinary, and after a meeting of the Lib. party at Foreign Office, Chamberlainites seemed all veering our way, but now at this moment nobody knows what is to be the issue of to-night's momentous Division. Harry is gone to London and I have this moment received a telegram fr. Maggie (5.30 P.M.), 'Have just seen arrival at House. Splendid cheers.' A letter by 2nd post from D. St. says the betting is even. Mr. Holland has written to me most solemnly. Meanwhile there has been the usual routine, varied by a tea we gave to our district mothers at Pentre on May 24, such a success, 60 of them. Our Sat. teas have done famously. Two last Sundays I have had Annie's class. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Tues. June 8.*—Woke early and wondered. At 8 came letters, one from the P.M. ending with these fateful words: 'To-night is a great night. The odds are against our bill. The loss of it, if it comes, will be an un-mixed mischief, postponing, not altering, the final issue.' At 8.30 Schlüter came and told me the Bill was lost, 30 majority against, and later came a telegram from Harry confirming the news. . . . Day began gloomily, ended with sunshine. This seems typical. . . . At 5 met Harry and we talked without drawing rein tho' he was very tired. He was tremendously excited, the scene in the House quite

wonderful, the P.M.'s speech gorgeous, marvellous thrilling wind up, much like the Reform of /66. I forgot breakfast this morning altogether!

MANCHESTER, *Fri. June 25*.—Settled all sorts of things this morn., ending with early luncheon, and start from Sandycroft (Special) at 1.15. A brilliant journey to Manchester,¹ with flowers and fruit thrust in at every station. Miss Mather gave me a glorious nosegay entirely of roses at Warrington. The drive from the station to the Free Trade Hall was about 2 miles of gigantic crowds all on tiptoe of excited rapture. Quite frightened by the heat inside the Hall. It has no windows, only skylights that can neither open nor be broken, and in each ventilation shaft was stuffed a coat, with a man seated on the top. It seemed impossible to breathe, as hot as hottest hot-house, only human instead of grape atmosphere. The perspiration began to pour off his head before he began. The enthusiasm was simply frantic. He spoke over an hour and $\frac{1}{4}$ with immense vigour. The matter quite as I thought on a par with the manner. Had to part with Harry who returned to Hawarden till Monday; we drove through 4 miles of fresh crowds to Mr. Agnew's,² Summerhill, Salford, a very grimy poor population all out in their thousands. . . .

MANCHESTER, *Sat. June 26*.—Scarcely closed an eye because of the broad daylight that relentlessly streamed into my room. Tried my parasol with little success and tried tying a shawl over my eyes. . . . 26 to breakfast. Papa had it alone, but came into garden after and spoke most feelingly to them. We departed at 2 driving through 6 miles of enthusiasm, the cheering for an hour and $\frac{1}{2}$ without cessation nearly deafened me. We called on the Mayor in the gorgeous Gothic Town Hall, wh. inside resembles a cathedral, and left Manchester at 4, making Court Hey soon after 5. First-rate tea and glad of the repose, quiet eve. and very early bed.

¹ For Mr. Gladstone's speech at the Free Trade Hall.

² The art-dealer.

Sunday, 27 June.—Schlüt's b.day. Church at Childwall, 'God is a Spirit' ideally sung. Can never forget how the treble rang out the G. The sing. was immense, and a growing crowd in churchyard taking turns to peep in at the window opposite us and watch the P.M. Coming out was a struggle for life, there being only about $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen police and the carriage wedged between a tight mass of people. They were like bees, on the top even, clinging to the horse. Afternoon it was better managed and we got away comfortably but were unable to walk because of the crowds. 'As pants the hart' was simply divine and made the tears rush to my eyes. . . . Telegrams all day. We sang hymns the whole evening. The place is looking quite pretty in this sunshine.

LIVERPOOL, *Monday, 28 June.*—First day of our legitimate holiday. Very hot. Stephy's baby spent the morning here, and we were photoed. Harry arrived carrying his bag, nearly melted, at 12. . . . We drove into Liverpool about 7.30. . . . The crowds not well managed and the streets very disorderly. But the meeting was magnificent. About 6000 in Hengler's Circus. They had been there 2 hours already. The storm of mad enthusiasm was quite overwhelming. Plenty of windows were broken and it was much less hot than last Friday. It was almost the biggest speech of the kind I ever heard for sustained power, and he held the vast audience in his hand and affected them as he liked. Once or twice 'By love we want to bind her,' the whole multitude sprang to its feet and the air shook and thrilled with frantic cheers. Drove down to the landing stage, then we saw them off for Hawarden via Birkenhead and then drove back to Court Hey wrapped in the coachman's great coat, it had turned so cold and I had nothing on but my pocky handky gown. A nice comfy evening.

LONDON, *Tuesday 6th July.*— . . . Elections going fearfully.

LONDON, *Friday 9th July.*— . . . to B.-J.'s garden party. Very picturesque and pretty it was, in spite of rather dearth

of female beauty. The Hungarian band—they danced under the trees. Mrs. [William] Morris was there, a glorious wreck, and the beautiful Mrs. Stillman¹ and Violet Manners.² A great rush going home. . . .

LONDON, *Sat. 10 July.*— . . . To Marlborough House with Harry for garden party. Only stayed very short. Heard the Russian singers. Saw . . . 2 royalties to speak to. Lady A.³ tramped about like an old prophetess declaring the ruin to come out of the refusal to Home Rule. Have nearly ceased looking at the elections, they are going so fatally crooked. . . .

WELLINGTON COLLEGE, *Tues. 13 July.* . . . Walked to Ascot and reached Well. Coll. at 1.45, the 5 children huddled under the porch, a radiant sight. Little Ed. burst into tears from pure excitement. Sat out all afternoon watching a cricket match, the school *v.* Prince Xian's [Christian's] eleven. It was rather hot work for us seated with P. and Pss. Xian watching the long and successful innings of the school and the wickets in Prince Christian's 11 falling like ninepins. However he himself made a capital stand, going in with score at 40 and carrying his bat out for 120 full score. . . .

Selwyn College Lodge, Cambridge, 25 July 86.

DST. L.,— . . . Was *greatly* struck with him [Mr. Gladstone] the Wed. night he arrived in London fr. Hawarden with Mama and Helen. You should have seen the blithe way with which he stepped into Downing St., the spirit and serenity of manner. 'Well, Herbert, my dear old boy, we *have* had a drubbing and no mistake.' All those letters and telegrams from Hawarden I think gave the whole world (and no wonder) a mistaken impression as to his condition of mind. Nobody thinks more strongly than he does that it was a mistake writing those, but you see he had no Secretaries, each was dashed off without reflection in the rush of the moment. . . . Yr. lov. M. D.

¹ One of Rossetti's models.

² Now Violet, Duchess of Rutland.

³ The choice is between Lady Acton and Lady Ailesbury.

LONDON, *Wed. 14 July.*— . . . Up to London at 7, parents coming at 9, a small but rapturous crowd in Downing St. He [Mr. Gladstone] entered like the conquering hero, not a bit cast down, and all thro. dinner and evening was in tip-top force.

LONDON, *Tues. 27 July.*— . . . Ld. Acton came to see me and was here when we heard of Ld. Randolph being appointed Leader of H. of C. and Ch. of the Ex., an insult to Parlt. . . .

LONDON, *Fri. 30 July.*— . . . The P.M. all day at Osborne.

LONDON, *Sat. 31 July.*—The house¹ grew perfectly grisly as pictures, books, photos etc. disappeared. Maggie came and groaned over it with us. At 5.30 we drove off from garden door, a small crowd of admirers cheering and calling 'Back again soon' and such like. Wild stormy day. Reached Coombe Wood (Ld. Wolverton's) about 6.30. Ld. Granville here, nobody else.

COOMBE WOOD, *Mon. Aug. 2.*—Bank Holiday started in dismal weather. Cleared at 12 for arrival of 300 jolly little telegraph boys who spent the day in feasting and sports here. I went up to London after luncheon in Lucy's Victoria; mind enjoying the beautiful freshness on Wimbledon Common and the happy holiday faces on every imaginable kind of trap and bicycle. Tea with Maggie and a feeding of the Square Cats. Visited Lady and Miss C—— and was quite hot at my reception. Dined with Ld. Acton etc. meeting Dr. Liddon and Mr. Russell. Very agreeable. Dr. L. in good form, immersed in Egyptian memories. Wore Maggie's grand black satin and slept with her.

On August 12 Mary was taken seriously ill and was obliged to have an operation early in September.

Thursday, 25 Nov.—Now I once more take up the pen after all these long dream-like weeks. Very hard to realize it's not somebody else but M. D. has been ill. I feel so well

¹ 10 Downing Street.



TREE-FELLING AT HAWARDEN CASTLE

OCTOBER, 1886

now, tho' still in bed or on sofa. A famous appetite I have and last night slept like top after 3 rather thin nights. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Thurs. 23 Dec.*—Got on by quite big steps. Great event Thurs. morn. telegram announcing resignation of Ld. Randolph Churchill. Father came up and makes 2 great points out of it. 1. The advantage to the public purse of a Minister resigning on its protection (Ld. R. C. won't grant millions for army and navy). 2. The advantage to Ireland. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Wed. Dec. 29.*—The x-P.M.'s 77 b.day. At 9 we had a celebration [of Holy Communion] in my room, parents, Agnes, Helen and Schlüt, a thankful happy day in every possible sense. Letters, telegrams and gifts simply streamed in from morn till night. Harry Cust came to see me for 4 or 5 hours, and we talked desperately. He is very ill I think and makes me rather wretched. A Children's party. I came down and freely used the squirts, to their intense delight. The political crisis remains at statu quo, but the Tories are said to be kicking at a Coalition Gvt.

HAWARDEN, *Thurs. 30 Dec.*—Ld. Hartington refuses but Mr. Goschen may join. Papa wrote *XIX Century* Article on Tennyson's new *Locksley Hall*, in wh. tho' tender with the Poet, he brings the heaviest artillery to bear on the Prophet—as poetry it certainly has a grand rush and vigour such as he has never surpassed. . . .

1887

The Drews still lived at Hawarden Castle, the 'Great People' coming and going. It had become an unusual experience for Mr. Gladstone not to be living in Downing Street and not to be in office.

HAWARDEN, *Sat. 1 Jan. 1887.*—I was awake at midnight, but did not hear the 'sink bells' as Maggie calls them. No year in my life has been so strange a mixture of feelings and

emotions ; my marriage and illness, Laura's death and the great anxiety about Edward [Talbot], but perhaps thankfulness is the predominating state of mind. Lots of snow and hard frost and they got some tolerable skating.

HAWARDEN, *Wed. 12 Jan.*—All the world shocked and taken out of by Ld. Iddesleigh's¹ tragic death—and tragic because of time and place, not so much in the fact of its suddenness, as he was known to have heart disease, but because it was actually in Downing St. anteroom, the spot so familiar to us. Just as he was waiting to see Ld. Salisbury. The latter is much to be felt for as he has so lately shunted Ld. I., perhaps a *little* roughly. The X[P.M.] dreadfully taken out of,² quite poorly in consequence. . . .

PENMAENMAWR, *Tues. Feb. 15.*—Calm grey weather till Wed. wh. burst into radiant sunshine to greet Harry. Went to meet him at station and we walked on sands and he went up Penmaenmawr afternoon and quite enjoyed his dear self in this blessed old happy place. Got stronger every day. We read Dowden's *Life of Shelley* aloud, also read *Vendetta* by M. Corelli, goodish plot but rot rather otherwise. Walked quite a lot on Friday. . . .

Hawarden Castle, Chester, 16 Feb. 1887.

DST. L.,—. . . I sometimes think nobody but the Cavadishes really love a still life as much as I do. I suppose it is because I have deceived people always a little, and they have never discovered how before everything I am a born lazybones. It was just exactly what I wanted at Holker, no cares, no responsibilities or anxieties—good air, Lucy, and a healthy peaceful life. Every evening at 7 we had a tiny Mission service and every morn.—while I was at breakfast (in bed)—Lucy used to come to hear or read the Hawarden letters. At 11 I joined in the Bible reading with the children, and in the evening I used to read Tit Bits to Lucy . . .

¹ Formerly Sir Stafford Northcote, at one time Mr. Gladstone's secretary. Afterwards became Conservative leader of the House of Commons.

² Glynnese for 'troubled.'

(*Creed and Character*,¹ for instance, *not* that I yet think it as great as a set of sermons as *Logic and Life*). Delicious drives every day with Lucy or Lady L[ouisa Egerton] and evenings spent in deep armchairs and silence. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Tues. March 29*.—Tues. 29 went to a Retreat at Eastham. The Retreat was one whole day and part of 2 others and was conducted by Mr. Congreve of Cowley. A darling little chapel, and all the arrangements perfect. . . . I began by missing train at Chester. However it didn't matter—Carlett Park belongs to a Mr. and Mrs. Torr (he a Squire parson) and they arranged the whole thing for the benefit of the retreatants. This thoughtful kindness is wonderful. Mr. Congreve, a little, fair, weak, spiritual man, too delicate almost to breathe, and one could only just hear him. There were 6 addresses, which I took notes of. . . . A heavenly peaceful atmosphere outside of still sunshine. All most harmonious and not a bit over-straining. Got back Thurs. 31st. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Fri. Ap. 1*.—The Closure was applied—an extraordinary historic scene from all accounts, the x-P.M. the marked figure of the whole; he marched out and the odious bill² was read a first time.

HAWARDEN, *Sunday 17th Ap.*—Sunday 17 to H.C. 8, first time since have been at Castle. Nearly a hundred of the newly confirmed. Most moving sight and beautifully managed. Stephy gently explaining from pulpit as service went on. Edward preached extempore morn. and finely on the connection between sin and suffering. He reminds me of Uncle Billy much. We sat out. A scene in H. of C. on Fri. and Healy suspended for calling Sanderson a liar, who had virtually called him a murderer. Sexton did it too in an aggravated form and was not suspended. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Mon. Ap. 18*.—. . . Saw lots of folk I thought long dead and buried.³ . . . An undisguised look of triumph

¹ Sermons by Scott Holland.

² Coercion for Ireland.

³ At Eaton Hall (Duke of Westminster's).

on faces to-day, the *Times* having published a facsimile of letter purporting to be Parnell's, backing up Burke's murder. A forgery probably, and anyhow does it affect the question? though I fear it may do mischief in the country. Heavenly drive home alone, having shed Edward.

DOLLIS HILL,¹ *Thurs.* 21 *Apr.*—Drove to London at 1. The x-P.M. counts the buses all the way with utmost gravity. Parnell's letter declared by him to be a shameful forgery. There is no weapon too mean for his foes to use. . . .

DOLLIS HILL, *Sat.* 23 *Apr.*—The little picnic breakfasts in drawing room are such a success—the waking in good air, amidst green trees and birds singing and sun always seems to shine here. Stopped all day and received visitors afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. John Morley (she a quiet unremarkable-looking woman, quite the reverse to a heroine of romance), Lord Granville, Mr. and Miss Holiday (who brought me lovely wedding present), Spencer . . . Margot . . . etc. Margot ran about in the shafts of Ld. Granville's tricycle, the x-P.M. pushing and Helen Godley perched aloft. The lightest carriage ever made. Very pleasant, tho' I did not get any amusing talk. . . .

Hawarden Castle, Chester, May 1887.

DST. L.,—. . . Papa at great sacrifice to himself has endowed it.² He has handed over to it and Seaforth nearly as much as a whole daughter's dowry. How little people know these sort of things about him. If he had a few more luxuries, an extra horse or so, a London house, he cd. not do them. . . . Yr. lov. M. D.

HAWARDEN, *Sat.* 7 *May.*—. . . Did vases and went to evensong. Harry horribly late. 5 figures visible in park at 11 P.M. Telephoned to Stephy who (out of his bath) and John Ricketts (out of his bed) came down at once, unearthing the Bobby on their way—naught to be seen,

¹ Lord Aberdeen's house near Willesden, which he sometimes lent to Mr. Gladstone.

² A Liverpool parish.

and finally discovered to be Moonlighters (not Irish) visiting old Castle. Govt. have defeated Papa's proposal for select Committee by 89, a scandalous proceeding. The truth is they don't dare run the risk of Parnellites being proved innocent, their whole existence depending on the charges ag. them. A dirty bit of work as ever was done by Britishers calling themselves gents. Wicked and immoral gents often are, but such *bad taste* they seldom showed as shirking a fair fight.

HAWARDEN, *Thurs. 12 May*.—. . . Drove to Eaton and saw 'Bend Or'¹ and the Yearlings and 'Shotover' and other famed horses. 'Bend Or' lives like a king and is walked 100 miles a week, and, as Frances said, wives and concubines are brought to him fr. the North and fr. the South and the East and West. One from the Queen was resting in the paddock and another arrived while we were there. He has 30 wives per year. F. said 'I wonder if he knows what a swell he is.' 'No, ma'am,' the groom said gravely, 'he don't know he's Bend Or—if he did, likely he'd kick the stable down.' The Duke refused £15,000 for him the other day. . . .

LONDON, *Mon. July 11*.—. . . Mon. morn. great discussion with Lucy, Marriage *v.* Celibacy.² . . . I for latter. Oh, we have won Coventry and reduced Padd.³ majority by 500. . . . Harry arrived at 3.30, with him to . . . early din. and Buffalo Bill, such delicious fun. A wonderful sight the scores of horses training in dim light across the vast circus. Enjoyed it frightfully in spite of great tire and went in the switchback and tobogganed and screamed. . . .

DARTMOOR, *Tues. 9 Aug.* . . . Early luncheon, and we drove right across Dartmoor to Princetown, 28 miles. Cdn't see the prison, but the poor convicts were working about a ghastly place filled with the most ironical sunshine. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Thurs. Sept. 1*.—. . . Jubilee Dinner a great success spite of heavy persevering rain. The X spoke long

¹ Derby winner.

² For the clergy.

³ Bye-elections.

and excellently to them on the benefits of the reign. . . . An old man said to Miss Smith (Helen's Newnham friend) 'God bless 'em all. They treat us as if we were their equals. If there was more did that, there 'd be less wickedness in the world and the poor wdn't envy the rich.'

HAWARDEN, *Mon.* 31 *Oct.*— . . . Mr. Holl ¹ began portrait [of Mr. Gladstone] to-day. He is nice tho' exceeding commonplace in looks.

1888

Mary's happy but uneventful life, punctuated by occasional visits to London, continued throughout the year. She went abroad for a 'cure' at Schwalbach, and attended a Church Congress at Manchester. Meanwhile the Conservative Government continued, and we hear the beginning of the events that led to the Parnell Commission.

LONDON, *Thurs.* 16 *Feb.*— . . . Luncheon at C. G. with Alice and Evelyn and good and interesting talk after, a million miles off politics. . . . afterwards [with] Maggie, who lifted me to the House. O'Brien rose about 5 and a greater revolution cd. not be imagined than that brought about in 2 years. House crammed, press fighting for seats, extraordinary reception on rising, a kind of awe-inspired silence, save when the cheers rang wildly from our side. His manner is sensational, very like [illegible] but extraordinarily dramatic and the impression created by his very fine speech was unmistakable. He seemed like a lion face to face with his foes disdaining to tear them to shreds, but holding them up in bitter and withering contempt. Much consternation and sense of Govt. collapse, caused by A. J. B.'s failure to answer him on the spot, in spite of repeated calls, and no doubt it gave us a great advantage. . . .

LONDON, *Fri.* 17 *Feb.*— . . . A very pretty domestic

¹ Frank Holl, R.A.

[luncheon] with B.-J. and Mrs. and Phil and Margaret [Burne-Jones]. She looked a dream of loveliness and love in a big armchair at head of table, clad in blue with daffodils in front. A happy merry luncheon, very lively and amusing, and found a wonderfully interested audience to my account of last night in the House. Sat with B.-J. in his study as he painted and he told me about the engagement of Margaret to Mr. Mackail.¹ . . . Afterwards to H. of C., coming in at end of A. J. B.'s speech, the X rising 6.45 and making one of the most magnificent even he has ever spoken. It was simply pulverising and his voice rang like a trumpet, clear and glorious, and the level all through was very high. . . .

LONDON, *Sat. 18 Feb.*— . . . Our victory at Southwark² (1200 majority instead of 100 at last election) reached the House at the moment Goschen was asking in what sense the words 'Remember Mitchelstown'³ cd. be considered, as the X declared, fruitful? The answer came in thunders of frantic cheers, as Mr. Morley advanced with telegram in hand—Goschen was certainly routed and flustered and never recovered. Govt. only won by 88 in division on Parnell's amendment. . . .

LONDON, *Sunday, 19th Feb.*— . . . Dined with Alfred, Lucy and Spencer, delicious mutton broth, and after in snow and cold hansom to Sir J. Paget's where Mr. Holland had arranged for me to come. Hear Janotha.⁴ She is, besides her playing, a most impressive creature and her steady gaze out of unwinking grey eyes is quite unique. Her quiet repose of manner and steadfastness of expression and then suddenly the passionate outburst on the Pianoforte or the wistful pleading notes. It was wonderful and by itself and never to be forgotten. She loved and revered Jenny Lind so, that she came from Berlin to Wimbledon to kiss her in her coffin. . . .

¹ Afterwards Professor of Poetry at Oxford. Translator of Vergil and Homer.

² Bye-election.

³ A collision with the mob and the police that is remembered in Ireland to this day.

⁴ Janotha was Court pianist at Berlin.

Hawarden Castle, Chester, 24 Feb. 1888.

DEAREST L.,— . . . I felt more than ever how little fitted I ever was to London Society. It gives me such a dreadful uncomfortable feeling of superiority and I like being humbled so much better, as I am every day, by the poorer and simpler lives I live among. And perhaps if I could really see inside, I shd. find them all ever so much better than me. It was the luckiest week to be in London publicly or privately. So satisfactory settling parents down in cosy little pretty airy bright warm James Sq., so handy for everywhere, so quiet, and so uncommon. And in public things I cd.nt have hit upon a more dramatic week. O'Brien speech an epoch in one's life, the X[P.M.] a glorious one, the Southwark victory, the great Irish 50,000 procession and sympathy of London bystanders, Herbert's *beautiful* speech. He really has the most wonderful gift, such perfect grace and modesty of manner, yet all the confidence and dignity growing out of belief in a great cause, wording clear and excellent, voice beautiful, and the matter so good. We had quite endless rebounds. John Morley so impressed. Only the 2nd time he has spoken in H. of C. these 8 years. . . . Yr. ever lov.

M. D.

HAWARDEN, *Thurs. 9th March*.—The German Emperor¹ died yesterday, a mighty European event. Walked with Harry to new railway, wh. is making ten-leagued-boots progress. . . .

SCHWALBACH, *Fri. 15 June*.— . . . Hopeless account of the Emperor.² . . . The splendid Kaiser died at 11. Never was a more pathetic tragedy. . . .

SCHWALBACH, *Mon. 18th June*.—Dragged Helen a muddy walk on Monday to try and get warm. Bought black clothes for warmth and mourning. Ulster and petticoat. Funeral service 4 on Monday. No music anywhere, nothing but bell tolling and rain and mourning flags.

¹ William I.

² Frederick, William I.'s successor. He had cancer in the throat at his accession.

LONDON, *Mon. 23 July*.—Out to Co-op. to get my Petz [the dog] from Eaton Pl. and to see G. Russell. . . . With Papa to H. of C., after to visit dear little Posie Duff¹ at Grovr. Sq., she did remind me of Laura. . . . With Spencer to *Mikado*. Bad news fr. Ireland, the Tullamore Doctor has committed suicide and a warder has given evidence of disgraceful treatment of Mandeville.² . . .

LONDON, *Tues. 24 July*.—. . . To H. of C. afternoon. Herbert had been to luncheon and Weigall putting finishing touches to excellent picture of the X. Heard Mr. Whitbread's capital speech—Mr. Chamberlain's clever rather useful one. The Bill for appointing Commission of 3 Judges on the *Times* Charges read a 2nd time without division. . . .

LONDON, *Wed. 25 July*.—. . . The 50th wedding day of our parents.³ *D[ei] G[ratia]*. At 12 we went to Spencer House for the presentation of portraits, his to her and hers to him, by 130 friends and followers. The address (Mr. Morley) beautiful and Ld. G[ranville]'s speech moving from its quiet earnestness and feeling. Papa's was perfect and Mama also thanked them in one admirable sentence. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Mon. July 30*.—. . . The Mandeville inquest over—the verdict is practically one of murder by the prison authorities.

HAWARDEN, *Sun. 26th Aug.*—. . . Burslem people presented the X with lovely vase, and he made 2 speeches, one on china, the other political. Impassioned and likely to give rise to much misinterpretation.

Here follows the account of the Church Congress. There seems a certain sameness in the programme of Church Congresses.

MANCHESTER, *Tues. Oct. 2*.—. . . Got to Deanery, Manchester, after 6. High tea and off to Free Trade Hall.

¹ *Née* Tennant.

² An Irish prisoner.

³ It was the beginning of the fiftieth year of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone's married life, but the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding was not until July 25, 1889.

A. J. B. got a great reception, really a pol. demonstration. His speech on the needs of humanity as fitted to Xianity was thin, but I cld. have more loved it had it not been for his totally unchristian speech at Glasgow yesterday on Mandeville. He never used the word Xianity, only religion, but made one good point as to the cause of change in science, and the changelessness of the fundamentals of religion. Bp. Boyd Carpenter wound up magnificently. Dean of Armagh good tho' a bit clap-trap. Canon Knox Little was sensational, but marvellous voice and gift of eloquence and acting. Home very tired at 10. Had to sit on floor, so crowded. The 100th Psalm very impressive.

MANCHESTER, *Wed. Oct. 3.*—A rapid walk in sunshine with Mr. Holland. Put life into my freezing veins. After early luncheon with him to Free Trade Hall. Heard Canon Wace, Bp. of Peterborough, Prof. Momerie on Pessimism, Altruism, etc., and a stirring paper of Mr. Hutton's read aloud. Bp. Magee railing Father Benson at luncheon. Evening with Mrs. Oakley to the Purity meeting. Mr. Holland's outburst on marriage the finest, most moving thing I ever heard. Specially the way he brought in the White-chapel murders.¹ 6 poor girls have now been butchered, but he asked which was the worst, the murder and mutilation of their lives in past years or this present murder? Which shd. be the greatest burden on our consciences? A Doctor spoke usefully as to educating and plain speaking.

MANCHESTER, *Thurs. 4 Oct.*—Went in after luncheon, bitter cold and icy showers, to the Town Hall for the Democracy meeting. Nobody said anything sensible or good except Mr. Shuttleworth, tho' Mr. Stubbs' paper was excellent. . . . To the Working Men's meeting at the Free Trade Hall. Arthur's speech on population was exceedingly good, so strong and straight. . . . Some working men spoke and it was the most interesting and striking meeting of all I have been to.

MANCHESTER, *Fri. 5 Oct.*—In at 10 to the Worship meet-

¹ The ' Jack the Ripper ' murders.

ing. All the papers good. Bitter cold. Went in again for Lay Work, but it was rather dull. . . . The extraordinary event was this aft. on Eschatology, when the Town Hall overflowed into the Assembly Room and swept out the meeting in the Free Trade Hall and flooded all over it themselves.

COURT HEY, *Sat. 13 Oct.*— . . . Mary Anderson came to luncheon and we all loved her, including old Minny.¹ Particularly nice talk with her. . . . Dinner $\frac{1}{4}$ to 6 and drove in after to see Mary in *Pygmalion and Galatea*. She 'rushed it thro' ' for us, and deeply we enjoyed it, getting off at 10, travelling with 2 characteristic Paddies, one becoming gradually 'tight' and in talking to H. relapsing from 'Yr. Honor' into 'Boss.' He had been for 15 years summer labourer to the same farm near Liverpool, was an illicit whisky distiller, wh. he confessed with the utmost confidence in us, and on his way home to dig up potatoes. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Sun. 4 to Fri. 9 Nov.*—Unpromising weather for to-morrow, 11 and 3. Stephy very good morn. on human nature—full service. His baby christened 'Charles Andrew' ² afternoon, perfect behaviour, and so pretty to see Father taking care of little Albert, [and] Mama of Evelyn, who stood rapt and awestruck. . . . Peeped out of doors at midnight, pitch black, heavy drops and dreary wind. Monday morn. all was smiling, Papa to Church and afterwards we drove to Saltney in bright sunshine. Special train only stopping at Willington when flowers and addresses and crowds and magnificent luncheon handed in. This we greedily ate on way to B'ham, arriving there 1.15. Helen met us and we drove in procession slowly thro' the packed streets, great enthusiasm, and reached the Town Hall at 2. He spoke nearly 2 hours and never seemed tired. Tremendous reception. Had tea and off by 5.40. . . . Thurs., telegram fr. Sir W. Foster with famous bulletin, and in afternoon got papers with full accounts of the wondrous Bingley Hall meeting. He spoke 2 hours with extraordinary fire and the

¹ A family 'Nanny.'

² Now a house-master at Eton.

scene at the end beat everything ever seen. For 10 minutes the air shook with the shouts fr. 10,000 throats. . . . Friday got Mama's thrilling account and the news that he was none the worse, slept and ate normally, and the Black Country drive thro' 200,000 was a splendid success, air acting like a tonic, very cold but bracing. . . .

OXFORD, *Monday, 26 Nov.*— . . . to Oxford, sad goodbye visit to dear Keble, where I have been for 19 years once, twice or thrice each year.¹ . . .

LUCERNE, *Thurs. 20 Dec.*—Reached Lucerne also in a fog at 9 after a good lot of sleep. Papa rest[s] much but in bounding spirits. Walked to the Schweitzerhof, bewailing the transformation of this radiant heavenly spot. Fearfully comfortable quarters, first floor overlooking the lake if we could only see it. Huge breakfast at 11 and at 12.30 sallied forth. Forgot to say that at 7 this morning, in came Mr. Rendel² with tea, wh. he had just made in his Etna. Papa busy making verses, on an Aristophanes basis. Took them personally to the Lion,³ but the Lion was matted up for the winter. Pottered about Cathedral and Cemetery where got him grand pale pink roses, on the old bridge and about the town, but it was all dust and ashes because of the fog. No Mountains, no lake, no Lion. Met people with skates. Tea at 4 and dinner 7, table d'hôte. Most good and greedy.

NAPLES, *Sat. 22 Dec.*—The night pretty fair considering the amazing shocks and shakes we underwent. Papa slept with astounding soundness, Mama also better than I did. The day rather long and wearisome, but after Ancona weather melted into summer, and the journey along the blue Adriatic, with its brilliant little fishing vessels and golden sails and the snowy Apennines on the other side, was real pleasure. Food at Christo and Foggia very poor; at 9 up rose the moon to our great joy, and the approach to Naples and first view of Vesuvius in its light was extremely impressive. Then as we steamed into the station tumultuous

¹ Edward Talbot had become Vicar of Leeds.

² Mr. Stuart Rendel, afterwards Lord Rendel.

³ The monument.

cries thrilled the air. Hundreds of students had gathered to give the first welcome and a struggle we had to get thro' the crowds to our carriages, with rockets flying round our heads or burning at our feet. We were accompanied a good part of the way, but at length out-trotted them and reached the entrance of our Villa¹ about 11. Much struck by the fine open streets and the drive by the glittering sea. A little St. Gothard zigzag brings us to our Villa, and soon we were out on the balcony gazing entranced at the perfect scene. The waves just below us, and opposite right over the great moonlit pathway stands Vesuvius breathing out fire and smoke. Felt in a dream, so wonderful to be here.

1889

The Parnell Commissions and Mr. Gladstone's Golden Wedding fill up most of the entries of this year.

NAPLES, *Tues. 1 Jan.* 1889.—Sat up with little girls till midnight and imagined Hawarden bells, but failed to realise death of old year in these unaccustomed surroundings. . . .

NAPLES, *Sat. 5 Jan.*—Sun poured into our room ; dragged H[arry] out of bed to look at Vesuvius. Walked with him in Maravel ; he raved. . . . Papa had a visit from [illegible] one of the original old [Neapolitan] prisoners.

NAPLES, *Tuesday, 8 Jan.*—Off soon after 9 in steam launch to Pompeii, perfect day, interesting bit of Naples, picturesque, bustling, dirty, but full of life and colour. Reached Pompeii about 11.30 and left it about 3. A wonderful experience. Old Ruggiere, head of the Govt. explorations, our bear-leader, through the Forum and principal streets and houses, eating our luncheon in the Temple of Jove and finally spending an hour watching the house of Emilius, the painter, being dug out. Seeing the various jars, lamps, bits of locks and various fragments of all sorts unearthed for the

¹ To stay with Mr. Rendel and his family.

first time since the man fled from it nearly 2000 years ago. Gave one the most extraordinary feeling. One little delicate vase especially I longed to carry off. . . .

NAPLES, *Thurs. Jan. 10.*— . . . [The others] started for Vesuvius. All day wondered what they were doing and got faintly uneasy by 8 o'clock. Nearly 9 before they got home after a successful ascent spite of rain and cloud. Harry thought it hugely impressive and says one cannot the least realize the nature of the awful fire-breathing monster till you are right on his hot shoulders poking your stick into it and bringing it out burning, plunging along in deep ashes or over mighty lava streams. . . .

NAPLES, *Mon. 21 Jan.*— . . . Off at 9 for Capri. . . . The rock extremely fine as we approached, but sea by no means smooth. . . . An army of tiny boats appeared from nowhere, and into 4 we 8 got. Harry and I, Herbert and Maud, Schlüter and Zadok, Mama and Pallini bringing up the rear. Awfully exciting tossing about in our cockle shells outside the precipice of rock, waiting for a calmer moment to shoot through the wee hole,¹ wh. was completely filled by the larger waves, and Herbert's skiff first disappeared as by a miracle, and in another minute Harry and I, crouching flat down in the boat, our man suddenly drawing in his oars and pushing at the rock with his hands, we shot through, he also instantaneously ducking. Inside for the 1st instant all seemed dead as we gazed upwards, and then we found ourselves floating on a blue heaven, all the light below instead of above us, and such magic light, like fire of liquid blue; it fully came up to my expectations, which is saying much, as they were pitched uncommonly high. . . . Schlüter's familiar laugh soon revealed her safe entrance, but Mama's boat was unaccountably delayed and we found afterwards she had had to change outside, hers being too big. The cave is large, about 40 yards across and along and 11 deep; a man jumped into the blue flame, but he was rather a fraud. Going out of the grotto was more difficult, as the waves

¹ The Blue Grotto.

rushed in at us, but after waiting a long time at the mouth we all sped out in a string into the ordinary workaday world again and landed soon after at Capri. . . . Afterwards climbed up to the saddle of the island. Longed to stay here, so picturesque and full of interest, and its women so beautiful and so strong. To think of its having belonged to England in this very century. . . .

The Drews travelled home alone through Rome, Florence, and Venice, and returned to work.

HAWARDEN, *Wed. Feb. 6.*— . . . Evensong, looking in at Rectory. O'Brien¹ has been given his own clothes. . . . Wretched stories afloat on Prince Rupert's² suicide. Article in *Contemporary Review* on Bismarck, wh. has made huge row.

LONDON, *Sat. 23 Feb.*—In London, parents arrived Wed. Great demonstration at Charing X. The cross-exam. of Pigott by Sir Charles Russell a marvel of smashing. From this scoundrel came the letters bought at a heavy price by the *Times* without any attempt at verifying them before publication. The Govt. having made themselves partly responsible for the *Times* are involved in this black cloud. Parnell will be for the time as light an angel as he has been dark as a devil.

HAWARDEN, *Fr. March 1.*—Harry brought down word Willy was amiss.³ Dobie telegraphed for. Went up and spent a day of untold horror and suspense. Doctors unusually dark and fearing worse to come. It was a stroke accompanied by sort of paroxysms, leaving him fearfully weak and the right side nearly powerless, speech gone and sickness after any attempt at swallowing medicine or food ; so ill, milk, bromide, beef-tea, gruel all of no avail. Sir A. Clark telegraphed for and a vague message sent to Mama. The great speech is to-day at 4, so nothing was therefore

¹ William O'Brien, then in gaol, had refused to wear the prison clothes.

² Son of Emperor of Austria.

³ This was the first warning of the abscess on the brain of which he died.

told to Father till after. The afternoon was quieter, but sickness continued and the anxiety dreadful. A nurse arrived at 5. Stayed there all day. Gerty wonderful, tho' her agony of mind outside the room was beyond words. All the place bursting with sympathy. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Sunday, March 3.*— . . . Pigott is dead, shot himself on his arrest at Madrid. What a drama !

25 March '89.

DST. L.,— . . . Maggie has met Parnell at dinner and sat on a sofa with him after, but says the tremendous excitement of the situation took her breath away. She gives an interesting description of his face and bearing, 'a beautiful face like a saint in a painted window, intensely quiet and reserved and utterly unselfconscious.' . . .

LONDON, *Thursday, 2 May.*—Straight off to the Commission at the Law Courts, getting there at 10. Sat in the jury box. Immediately Parnell stepped forward as witness, so close to us that we cd. whisper to him. The most absorbing, exciting thing I ever remember, the entrance of the judges in their cassocks and the rising up congregation made a prayer almost inevitable. The Attorney-General's ¹ manner odious in cross-exam. Insolent, ungentlemanlike, and treating Parnell like dirt. Parnell's coolness wonderful. He really exhibited all the fruits of the Spirit, love, peace, patience, gentleness, forbearance, long-suffering, meekness. His personality takes hold of one, the refined, delicate face, illuminating smile, fire-darting eyes, slight tall figure. So done he sometimes seemed almost fainting. We mostly had newspaper extracts, and all through the day the Attorney-General was practically nonplussed. We ate sandwiches and drank tea during the luncheon pause, and Archbp. Walsh sat next to us and made running comments. At 4 we shook hands with Mr. Parnell and I dropped Mama at H. of C. . . .

¹ Sir Richard Webster, afterwards Lord Chief-Justice Alverstone.

LONDON, *Friday, May 3.*—Again in Court from 10 to 4 and listened with unflagging attention, tho' the air was vile and strain great. Felt that Parnell got on well before luncheon, but after he seemed to grow reckless instead of indifferent and made one bad admission, *i.e.*, that he had purposely misled H. of Commons 8 years ago in Coercion Bill debate when he said 'secret societies had ceased to exist.' He seemed utterly weary and almost ready to tumble into any trap laid for him. The effect was undoubtedly bad, tho' I feel sure it was simply a legitimate exaggeration in combating a bill he felt wd. be fatal to all he cared for. . . .

Hawarden Castle, May 8, '89.

Dst. L.,—. . . Spent all Thurs. and Fri. at the Court. Loved Parnell's spiritual face, only one's heart ached over his awfully delicate frame and look. Sat both days next Archbp. Walsh, who told me lots of interesting things. Felt he [Parnell] lost his head when he said that about misleading the House. Hated the Attorney-General's vulgar, insolent manner; tho' I am told he is really the kindest old boy, he is no gentleman. . . . Yr. ever lov. M. D.

LONDON, *Sunday, 12 May.*—Week of wonderful and satisfying loveliness. Read and finished Sir W. Butler's *Gordon*, most eloquent and excellent. Ld. Shaftesbury bitterly disappointing on account of his narrow, uncharitable, unjust judgments on men as good as him. The *Nether World*,¹ wh. briefly reviewed and sent to *P.M.G.* *An Author's Love*, being imaginary letters from the Inconnue to Mérimée, and certainly cleverly done. *Easterlings*, by an American, Grace King, some of it exceedingly beautiful, tender and lovely, and with a most attracting fancy and grace. . . .

LONDON, *Thurs. 20 June.*—With Mama to Commission Court. Luckily came in for T. P. [O'Connor], great fun. Russell's 1st effort at cross-exam. a failure, much snubbed by President. . . .

¹ By George Gissing.

LONDON, *Friday*, 21 *June*.— . . . Maggie came, and went with me to H.M. [theatre] to Ibsen's 'Doll's House,' a curious piece, not suited to drama, but full of interest and suggestion. Ld. Rowton next us, deeply impressed. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Wed. July 24 to Mon. 29*.—Our diamond bracelet arrived by mistake and I took it round to show to Helen, H. N. and I being the donors. . . . The Golden Wedding went off too beautifully, only rather heart-breaking being absent. Went to early Celebration (as they did in London). . . . Friday lots of letters all brimming with delightful accounts. While they were all at Church, Aberdeens came and hung the splendid Millais and laid the white and gold wedding breakfast with sprigs of orange blossom in each plate. Presents and congrats without end. All there but W. H. G.'s [Willy Gladstone and his wife] and us.

HAWARDEN, *Sat. Aug. 3*.— . . . The arrival of the Golden Ones [Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone] was most touching and overwhelming, the feeling so deep. Village all decked with flags and arches, procession, bands, carriage dragged and arriving in front of Castle about 6. Lovely speech made many cry. Evening fireworks. They came round by Grantham and opened Dee Bridge, henceforth to be called Hawarden Bridge. Had my mothers to tea in Orphanage.

Hawarden Castle, Aug. 12, '89.

DST. L.,—. . . Papa and I are mad just now over a Russian girl's French journal in 2 vols., Marie Bashkirtseff, very like Margot, illuminated by flashes of Laura, quite grown up at 12, died at 24. Ward¹ too, how interesting. But it makes me wretched that the Ch. of England failed to keep such men, while it allows any amount of unbelief. . . .
Yr. lov. M. D.

HAWARDEN, *Tues. Aug. 13*.— . . . Reading Marie Bashkirtseff. Very like Margot and Laura, but more passionately self-centred and with little or no sense of duty. . . .

¹ Wilfrid Ward. Roman Catholic author, known as 'Ideal Ward.'

HAWARDEN, *Monday, 28th Oct.*— . . . Who shd. steal in but Janotha, come all the way fr. Chester, where she performs to-night. Curious little passionate being, she came in and nearly died with emotions over the X, played to him the Moonlight [Sonata] and a wonderful Polish Carillon, drank 1 teaspoonful of tea and then vanished again like a flash of lightning into the gloom. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Wed. 18 Dec.*—At 6 on Wed. who shd. arrive by telegram but Mr. Parnell. Much excitement in the atmosphere. He spent the whole evening closeted in Temple of Peace. Was next him at dinner and with Arthur on my other side. We talked over the Commission. He never shows emotion, has a cool, indifferent manner, in sharp contrast to the deep piercing gaze of his eyes, which look bang through, not at, yours. He looks more ill than any other I ever saw off a death-bed, refined and gentlemanlike in looks, voice and ways, speaks with perfect calmness on burning points and quite frankly. In the smoking-room at midnight he was specially outspoken on the Plan of Campaign. Thurs. they walked and drove him about the place, wh. he seemed to admire, and after luncheon he went off to Liverpool. A most mysterious man of compelling power, and difficult to define quite where this latter lies. Voice low and weak. Good nose . . . he is 43. . . .

. . . Have never said that Browning died last week at Venice. An ungetoverable personal loss. His fine words in his last Vol. of Poems seeing the light identically at the same moment. Tennyson's new Vol. also out, not up to the mark, with 2 or 3 exceptions. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Sunday, 29th Dec.*—Sunday 29th the great and blessed 80th birthday [Mr. Gladstone's]. All Sat. telegrams had streamed in. Sunday 7 people worked round a mountain for an hour, without making very much perceptible difference. Flowers, blankets, gingerbreads, pocket-books, sausages, crumpets, pictures, books, lamps, vases, ings, cushions, etc., etc. . . .

1890

The great event for Mary this year was the birth of her daughter Dorothy on March 11th. The Parnell divorce case came, however, as a violent shock ; for, as has been seen, Mary was disposed to idealize Parnell, and was severe on breaches of morals.

10 *St. James's Square, S.W. 1, Feb. 20, '90.*

DST. L.,—The X came home quite stark Oxford mad, tho' he owned that it was more of a grind than he expected. (The number of people to see, and letters and notes and cards.) He was quite intoxicated with it, and could speak of nothing else. So funny, yesterday he saw Edward Wickham and instantly pounced on him ; to tell of the Parnell Report ? No, simply *quâ* Oxford man.

I thought he must have a reaction here . . . but 'devil a bit.' I never knew him in more bubbling, bounding spirits. . . . She (Mama) was thankful she went, declaring the scene at the Union *the* most thrilling of all the thrilling events of their lives. But he hankers after it. C. much liked Mr. Trench, who supplied him with Italian violets, and declared they all utterly spoiled him. I thought the end of his Union speech so touching. One cd. hear his voice tremble with emotion, and it's to me so miraculous that his great faith and hope and belief in 'the eternal order of things' should enable him to feel such joy, where most people wd. be dragging their legs¹ over the changes and contrasts to their 'young days.' . . .

HAWARDEN, *Sun. 2 Feb. 1890.*— . . . Sir Redvers Buller and Ld. A. Compton, jr., at tea ; good talk, Sunday Observance, sermons, Genesis, conflict between scientific bodies, Mr. Eyton's preaching, etc. . . .

¹ Moaning (Glynnese).

HAWARDEN, *Monday, Nov. 10.*— . . . Keeping pace with the dreadful African revelations. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Monday, 17 Nov.*— . . . Awful blows in the papers, financial clouds, terrible accidents, railway and ships, shocking African atrocities worse and worse, and, last and most overwhelming of all, Parnell's guilt in the O'Shea case. He and she undefended, and he has lived this life of lies all these years. A heartbreaking revelation. 'Blot out his name.' . . .

HAWARDEN, *Sat. 22 Nov.*—It was last Monday 17, the conclusion of the O'Shea-Parnell divorce suit, the wretched news reaching us Tuesday. We all waited and watched for Parnell's retirement. Papa's 1st words 'It 'll ne'er dae [do],' and he wrote at once to Mr. Morley saying he expected P[arnell] wd. at once ask for the Chiltern Hundreds. All England waited in suspense for this, but there were signs of strong anti-Parnellism in all 3 kingdoms as well as America.

[*Unaddressed and undated.*]

DST. LAVINIA,— . . . I feel so low, so wretched. Of course you never believed in Parnell, so it's no blow to you. If only he had fought O'Shea and gone off with Mrs. and owned it to everybody, I wd. not half mind. And I feel it's natural our enemies should seize this handle against us. It would not be human nature not to. We can't help to a certain extent being tarred with the same brush. . . .

Fancy Mr. Foote (office-keeper here) having set out an official writing-table for me (supposing I am coming to abide again as Clerical Secy.) and putting on the table a box of my own particular steel pens, Hindoo No. 3. Think of his treasuring up that recollection these six years !

Hawarden Castle, Chester, Nov. '90.

DEAREST L.,—Papa is in the middle of [General] Booth.¹ Suspicious, I fear, economically, but more perhaps because of the whole vast scheme all hanging on one man. I am all for his having loads of money given him and a free hand to

¹ *In Darkest England.*

see what he can do, if it doesn't mean withdrawing money from other old less showy charities and good works. The first chapter is very unfortunate, *Darkest Africa*¹ having been utterly discredited.

Oh dear, I am heartbroken over Parnell. The only one tiny ray of light is his refusing to publicly perjure himself, as all our English *gentlemen* think it right and honourable to do in these matters. But all the mass of lying and deceit nothing can excuse, and my own fervent hope is that he will at once retire from the leadership, for no one with soiled hands ought to lead or can lead a noble cause. . . .

[Here follows the last verse of Browning's 'Lost Leader.']

LONDON, *Thurs. 27 Nov.*— . . . Travelled with 2 ladies who spoke horribly of the X, but loved Baby. I wrote to them in their very eye and handed it in at Bletchley, where I changed into Cambridge train. 'If you knew the man you just now called a monster, you wd. pray to-night to be forgiven. His daughter.' Helen met us at station, very jolly, but our rooms turned out alarmingly cold, and I boldly removed Baby during the evening into Mlle. Janotha's warmer room, going to her afterwards and confessing. She received it with perfect good humour and we had funny scenes going to bed. The recital was at 8, a huge success in the pretty white hall. She played very beautifully, the Moonlight, Chopin, and Schumann on her own fine Steinway, and after Miss Fawcett gave her a nosegay, the occasion of a warm outburst from her. 'Dear, sweet, concentrated giant,' as Janotha called her. A large party were present. . . . Meanwhile the Irish plot thickens; Parnell, after keeping dark what he knew was the X's wish, let his followers vote for him by letting them suppose he was resigning. *Then* stuck to his chairmanship and then published a defiant, dastardly, devilish manifesto, in which he totally ignored the Divorce Court and treated the whole matter as an attack unprovoked on him, of the X. All too long for my journal.

¹ By H. M. Stanley.

We spent a wretched time altogether. Tories (notably Ld. Salisbury and *Guardian*) actually backing him up. . . .

LONDON, *Tues. Dec. 2.*— . . . Went yesterday to H. of C. Land Purchase Debate, nobody caring a brass button. All interest concentrated on No. 15, the Com. Room where the Irish battle rages. Saw Mr. Stuart and Charty¹ there. Mrs. Peel is dying. . . . [*Wed.*] Parnell utterly refuses to go. . . .

LONDON, *Fri. Dec. 5 to Mon. Dec. 8.*— . . . Herbert came and told us how the X refuses to speak to the Irish so long as Parnell remains leader. . . . Telegram fr. Mr. Stuart announcing 45 Irish have separated themselves from Parnell and elected Justin MacCarthy their leader. . . .

1891

The death of Willy H. Gladstone, Mary's eldest brother, made the first breach in the home circle that she was able to remember, and added hugely to Mr. Gladstone's burdens and perplexities.

HAWARDEN, *Wed. Thurs. Fri. 1, 2, 3 July.*—Mama off at daybreak to London for Willy's anxious operation, wh. is to take place to-morrow. Mr. Morley arrived, strolled with Papa and bathed. Beautiful out of doors. Thurs. strolled with J. Morley, drove with Papa, oppressed, anxious all day. No telegram. Fri. morn. letters to say the investigation had shown tumour to be, alas! ungetatable. He had taken the chloroform well, and was going on nicely, but oh, the disappointment in waking. Mama feels it awfully, though there is hope of relief from removal of bone pressure. Went in at 8.30 and broke it to Father in a quiet, unemotional way, and wrote to Mama by early post. Drove with him peacefully in afternoon. At dinner received a telegram with less good account of Willy, and at 10 a very much more

¹ Lady Ribblesdale.

serious and alarming one. Consulted first with Harry . . . and settled that Father should be strengthened by an undisturbed night. We scarcely slept for misery, and at 5 I got up, and soon after got a hopeless telegram. At 6 I went in to Papa and told him gradually of the alarming news, tho' keeping the worst from him till we were within half an hour of London. He was terribly shocked and broken down, and at Liverpool St. the little note from Helen reached us telling us of the end at 5.30. It felt all too piteous. We arrived at Park Lane at 12, finding them all there. Mama astonishing in courage and bearing. Stephy arrived in time to pray the dying prayers, which comforted all. Went with parents to Berkeley Sq. up into the still, shadowy room. It was very overpowering to see those two. . . . It was very beautiful, and the perfect peace of his countenance by degrees brought 'quietness and confidence.' No look of trouble or pain, not even of illness.

HAWARDEN, *Thurs. 9 July.*—These sad, sad days crept quietly on. Harry went to Kenton. The help was the beautiful cherishing sun and the radiant rich beauty round. Parents very, very much broken. He wrote a little memoir on the day of the funeral. He read *Pilgrim's Progress* through on the day of death.

HAWARDEN, *Wed. 12 Aug.*— . . . Did Papa's letters. His eye lighted on a sentence in a review of Mr. Russell's life. 'Love of power is the 2nd characteristic in Mr. Gladstone.' He said it was funny how inclined we always were to say, as Margot had, 'I have a thousand faults, but so and so is not one of them,' and he had been pondering over this charge and thinking and hoping it was not true; that looking back over his life he deliberately did not repent once taking office, but cd. not say the same as to the times he had refused, resigned or otherwise given up power. Mr. Russell never made a greater mistake, I think, and so I told Papa.

RHYL, *Tues. 6th Oct.*—Tues. to Rhyl for Congress. . . . but alas! how all these good Bishops made my blood boil—

their Establishment Defence, instead of Church Defence, and nobody allowed to speak, under pretence of no time. We had luncheon on beach, and evening meeting far more delightful. James of Cheltenham spoke well and there was more freedom and freshness; also went to the show. Wed. we were startled by hearing of Parnell's sudden death, the most overwhelming news, completely overshadowing poor old W. H. Smith's.¹ . . .

HAWARDEN, *Sat. 21 Nov.*— . . . Janotha on Sat. . . . The Concert was awfully exciting, but only lasted 1 hour. J. kept us on the jump beforehand, never having let us know how, when and where she wd. turn up, and when she did appear it was on foot $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour before Concert and panting for a bath. She played gloriously to a half-empty but enthusiastic room, and Edith² seemed regularly inspired, singing her very soul out. A heavenly evening of music, all seated round enthralled. 1st Edith and then Nathalie. She sat at the P.F., one thing after another, mostly Chopin, just quietly turning round and murmuring the name and meaning as she paused. Sunday she spent mostly in Chester at her services. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Sunday, Dec. 6.*— . . . Prince Eddy wrote to announce his engagement, nice unaffected letter. . . .

1892

Mary suffered much with her eyes for the first half of this year, and the diary is mostly dictated to others. She was abroad on one of the early Cook's tours to Norway when the General Election took place, and came back to find her father starting his last and stormiest Premiership.

HAWARDEN, *Jan. 1, 1892.*— . . . Influenza is working awful mischief—about the most pathetic and tragic of all is

¹ At that moment Leader of the House of Commons.

² Hon. Mrs. R. H. Lyttelton, *née* Santley.

the death of the young bridegroom Prince Eddy.¹ . . . Cardinal Manning died the next day, and Spurgeon a little later on.

HAWARDEN, *March 1.*— . . . Parents arriving in London the day before. Frisky as 3-year-olds. . . .

June 21.— . . . Met Mr. Holland at Fenchurch St. ; 5 min. of talk like incessant lightning flashes, and off to Tilbury ; a gorgeous, hot, blazing day. Maggie and Alcy came on board with us and investigated our quarters. It is a grand ship, but we felt at once hostile to nearly all the passengers, and I have left my ulster behind—murder ! At first it was quite delicious floating out of the river into the open sea, but in the evening it got very cold and rather a swell on, so that we slipped into our berths as quickly as possible. Luckily we had had 2 excellent meals. Sat. 25, stayed in my berth till 4, feeling very squeamish. It was raining heavily all the afternoon and this gradually quieted the swell, and we went on deck and had dinner and I finished *Froth*,² wh. just *is* froth, and to bed. Reached Leith at 6, when I got up. 7.30 breakfast. The Crum brother and sister turned up soon after 8, brought by their father ; my mackintosh arrived, 3 cheers. H[arry] went to Forth Bridge, and about 11 we were off viâ the Bass Rock. We went right under it so as to disturb the millions of seagulls with gun-firing, but they have got so used to it they no longer rise (in either sense). The rock is literally white with them. We much enjoyed the day, and to our surprise all felt quite fit and more than ready for meals, and we held service after dinner in spite of very considerable rocking, H[arry] taking it and I playing the hymns.

NORWAY, *Tuesday, 28 June.*—Must try and be very exact in keeping the days apart, there being already so little difference between day and night. Found ourselves at Odde just as we tumbled out of our berths ; landed after breakfast and stalked a waterfall, for as fast as we came

¹ Duke of Clarence, elder brother of the present King.

² By R. M. Jephson.

near, it fled from us, so that by the time we started for the glacier we were really tired out. We had nothing to eat from 8 A.M. to 5 P.M., at which hour Harry and C[ampbell] C[rum] brought us some sandwiches to the foot of the glacier. We did not enjoy it as much as we ought on account of our exhaustion. Got back about 7, footsore, with aching legs, tired bodies and giddy heads.

Tour continues to July 20.

HAWARDEN, *Mon. Aug. 15.*— . . . Father at Osborne to-day, beginning his 4th Premiership at 82.

HAWARDEN, *Tuesday and Wed. Aug. 23 and 24.*—All¹ went off quite perfectly, heavenly weather, as many thousands as the railways could bring, the people orderly and happy beyond description, the place in its most radiant looks, the P.M. meek as a lamb led out into flower garden whenever Herbert ordered it. Elected on Wed. M.P. for the 26th time. The Golden Wedding presents on view, an overwhelming success; over 6000 people saw them, in at oak door, out by porch. The selling was a great grind, but my helpers, Cuckoo² and Lettice Grosr² and May Crum and May D., were most efficient and brightening to the stall. Mrs. Toller and I made £80 between us the 2 days; altogether about £1800 taken, of wh. £600 must go in the heavy expenses. The music tiptop, but we were too busy to hear it. Was in the tent from 8 A.M. to 9.30 P.M. on the Wed. Got less and less tired the more there was to do, and the work finally swept away my headache.

HAWARDEN, *Monday, Sept. 12.*— . . . Great bustle reigned. Hawarden was more like Clapham Junction, all going different ways, and such interviews taking place, each running after the other with proof sheets. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Tues. Sept. 13.*— . . . We ran up to Coombe Lodge after luncheon, a little above which a small platform had been planted on a rock and some thousands gathered

¹ Fête in Hawarden Park in aid of Hawarden Institute and Gymnasium.

² Later Lady Shaftesbury and Lady Beauchamp.

below; their singing was really perfectly beautiful. Poor P.M. out for a mountain drive much taken aback by crowd, addresses, etc. However, he rose to the occasion as usual and charmed his hearers.

HAWARDEN, *Thurs. Oct. 6.*—Just as the great Mozart Requiem began, Betty Balfour told me of Tennyson's death. The Requiem was gloriously appropriate and pathetic. I went straight to buy a flower cross to send.

OXFORD, *Monday, 24 Oct.*— . . . Reached Deanery just as parents etc. were starting for the Sheldonian. Maggie and Alcy actually turned up, and we all felt it a great moment as he advanced in his scarlet robes, received with ringing wonderful cheers as he reached his place, and at once began the Lecture. He got thro' it splendidly, spite of bad light, reading from manuscript, his own handwriting, and considerable disturbance owing to bad management in letting in the undergraduates. He braced himself up at the finish for the great peroration; his voice vibrating with emotion, the last words remaining unspoken, he bowed his head in a storm of enthusiasm, really about the most moving occasion of my life. Outside there had been an extraordinary scene, the key being lost, and the youths in a fever of excitement leaping up the railings, tearing their clothes to shreds. Then when the gate was broken open a fearful crush on the stairs, many fainting. . . .

LONDON, *Thurs. 27 Oct.*—Ishbel Aberdeen came at 12. We concocted a letter to the W.L.F.¹ for Mama of resignation. Mr. Asquith came in and approved it. . . .

LONDON, *Nov. 23.*— . . . To Lyceum evening, Ld. Acton, D. Ds, Maggie, Agnes, Papa in the 'flys,' tea and civility and gt. interest, the 4th Act too lovely. Ellen Terry pathetic and graceful beyond words. King Lear overdone throughout. Going on 'stage after was most interesting. Found E[llen] T[erry] overwhelmed with emotion. Irving satisfied with having surpassed himself in dying. . . .

¹ Women's Liberal Federation.

1893

The entries alternate almost comically between Dossie's influenza and clauses of the Home Rule Bill, which Mary followed with great eagerness. But the diary is on the whole short and scamped.

LONDON, *Feb. 16, Thurs.*—My last journal took nearly 8 years to fill—beginning when I was un-betrothed M. G.

Lord Acton came at 11.30. He told me he had so justly brought up his son that he went to Oxford a Tory, and that he left it after his 1st term a Liberal. . . . Maggie took me in her carriage to see Alice Drysdale and Aunt Coque. . . . To the House of Commons for Mr. Chamberlain's speech, very clear and well argued and arranged. Far the best speech on their side yet. No, this is to-morrow—it was Ld. Randolph to-night, and wretched and bitter it was to see and hear him, though he worked himself up to something of his old form. . . .

BRIGHTON, *Sat. June 10.*—Mr. Morley came; out all morning on beach with Dossie, she only frightened when I dipped her. Very good talk with J. M. while Father and Mr. Pins¹ backgammoned. He says the biggest change of the age is the position of woman. He says, 'Hope is the telescope of truth,' but that there is another telescope, and that is 'Melancholy.' . . .

LONDON, *Thurs. July 6.*—Dressed directly after breakfast. Glorious wedding² morning, and reached St. James's Palace at 11. We were all very gorgeous in drawing-room attire, minus trains, all the jewels we cd. muster. . . . Splendid seats, and we watched the dazzling arrivals, and saw the 3 chief processions perfectly, coming in and going out. We were close to the Chapel and cd. join in the service, the music beautifully done; 'Lead us, heavenly Father,' I thought a

¹ Mr. (afterwards Lord) Armitstead, always called Mr. Pins by Dossie.

² Marriage of Prince George and Princess May of Teck, now King and Queen.

pecially good choice. Pss. May very grave and stately. Pss. of Wales lovely and bridal; all looked their best and behaved excellently. Flew across to Mr. Armitstead's and put on morning clothes (Harry very striking in his black gown) and ran thro' Green Park but cd. only catch glimpses; H.M. and Bride on balcony, populace wild with loyalty and delight. After luncheon we sallied forth and had a good view of bridal procession on its way to station from Athenaeum steps. Dr. Clark dined. P.M. very tired. To H. of C. for closure; never felt the atmosphere so electric, no word spoken, division after division until the group of clauses were passed in angry silence. . . .

Hawarden, July 14, '93.

DST. L.,— . . . We went up Wed. just in time to go straight to the Marlboro' Ho. garden party; H. D. greatly amused watching all the Big Wigs and their ways, meeting an astounding number of Dowdies and Unbekannt. Prince Teck wiping the perspiration off his face told me, 'O we are so hot, so crowded in Buckm. Pal. we can scarcely breathe, it is so much too full.' . . . It was a scrummage but we managed to change our clothes and do the Walkers [*Walküre*] at Covent Garden. A grind, I must own, but H. wished to also realise Wagner, so it was our only opportunity. Decorations too beautiful. Royal Box all chintz, satin, roses, and electricity. Next morn. had to dress as for the Drawing Room, minus trains. Harry very striking in black silk gown wh. he hired, but oh so hot. A gorgeous scene altogether, and we could follow the service tho' not in the chapel. We were behind the gallery, gazing at the roof, and the processions had to pass us going and coming, close enough for How-de-do's. Pss. of Wales carried off the palm for youth and beauty, sweetness, sadness, and grace, all in white. Pss. May very grave and dignified. . . .

Thurs. Dec. 14.— . . . Long talks on poor poor Zadok,¹

¹ Mr. Gladstone's valet.

THE GRANCE,

49, NORTH END ROAD,

WEST KENSINGTON, W.

My dear Mrs Drew

What a day !!! What
a morning - & you left me to
it & neither came to help
nor sympathize



STUDIES OF DOROTHY DREW

1893

BY EDWARD BURNÉ-JONES IN A LETTER TO MRS. DREW



and they all I'm sure baby
and the nurse.

but I am sorry for the
reason for cautious come.

please let nurse & the

whose body was found in Thames on Tuesday evening after 12 days of disappearance. It takes out of us all greatly.

1894

This year Mr. Drew went to South Africa, partly on grounds of health. As he was leaving he and Mary learnt of the intended resignation of Mr. Gladstone. The events of that period were more fully written out by Mary in later years; it is possible she did not realize them fully at the time.

Later in the year Mr. Gladstone underwent an operation for cataract. All these months Mary was seeing many of her old friends, but merely states 'good talk' or 'interesting talk.'

LONDON, *Thurs. Feb. 22.*— . . . Dined with Mr. Balfour. 'A Conservative believes in a real past, a Radical in an imaginary future.' . . .

10 *Downing Street, Whitehall, 28 Feb. '94.*

DST. L.,— . . . I wonder whether the flying rumours are disturbing you, while you know he is in such fine health. The truth is as you know, he took office for Ireland, and this is the close of the Home Rule Session. You can guess the rest. It has been kept deadly secret until the actual moment. It has been oh so difficult. So you and E. mustn't *breathe* until you see it actually announced in the papers, but Spencer thinks I may today say this amount secretly to *you*.—V. Lov. M. D.

LONDON, *Thurs. Mar. 1.*— . . . To H. of C. Heard Father probably last time from Treasury Bench. Declaration of War with House of Lords. . . .

LONDON, *Fri. March 2.*—The effect of yesterday's scene in H. of C. very tremendous and there is little doubt in the press now as to the situation. G. Russell arrived at 12 and

we talked quite openly and fully. Parents drove with Dossie and at 5 went down to Windsor to resign tomorrow. The Cabinet on Thursday was the farewell, and one of unique interest and pathos. Ld. Kimberley utterly broke down while saying his perfect parting words, and the rest of the Ministers were entirely spent. I met Sir G. Trevelyan at the Childers dinner party, and he gave me a description. . . .

LONDON, *Monday, 5 March*.— . . . Father finished his Horace translation on his Resignation Day. Mr. Stuart looked in, also Lord Rosebery. Dinner party, G. Russell, H. S. H., Sir H. Farquhar, J. Murray, etc., very pleasant, the P.M. like a boy out of school, tho' deadly tired.

LONDON, *Tuesday, March 6*.— . . . Ld. Randolph Churchill to tea. Very curious he told us Ld. Carnarvon openly confessed to him his conversion to Home Rule. . . .

10 Downing Street, S.W., 17 March '94.

DST. L.,— . . . Yes it has been a unique time, all the love and honour and glory that Death brings without any of its terrors and horrors. The flowers without the funeral. Flowers have poured in the last fortnight 'just like funeral wreaths,' he said, and I felt they were typical of the situation. When Harry and I arrived at Brighton on Jan. 6, we were told of the resignation. But it had to be kept absolutely dark as it was not to take effect till the close of the Home Rule Session, and of course if any big trouble or difficulty had intervened it could not have taken effect. Poor Harry felt it sadly took the wind out of his sails, leaving me behind,¹ as he had fondly thought, to give wings to the Ship of State. But I am sure he feels now that in a time of such anxiety and strain I really was wanted more than usual. Mama has borne it very bravely, tho' nobody knows the blow it is to her. You know how she loves being inside the mainspring of history, and all the stir and stress and throb of the machine is life and breath to her. There has however been no flatness yet, only desperate thrill and

¹ Harry Drew was going to South Africa.

emotion all round, and great struggles to keep the tears back, and the lump in throat in proper order.

I feel so glad and proud of my great friendship in^e past years with Lord Rosebery. Difficulty is his great opportunity. And he will (as I fully believe) rise to it.

. . . there was this great old Ex-P.M. left with loads of correspondence, raining addresses, with his difficulties of sight and ill and weak from his bronchitis. . . .

LONDON, *Mon. March 12.*—Parents off in great hustle at 11. Dossie in and out of the various groups singing Alleluia. I waited for the Foreign Office Lib. Party gathering, was let thro' the India Office into a back room. The proceedings were peaceful and unanimous but lacking in *thrill*. Ld. R[osebery] very nervous but he spoke well for 15 minutes. Saw him afterwards. . . .

LONDON, *Thurs. May 24.*—Mr. Nettleship¹ came at 9 with Dr. H[abershon] and without any delay drew out the cataract. Father had cocaine drops in his eye and was totally unagitated; it only lasted a moment and was perfectly done. Mama and I in next room with door open, I watching Nurse Pitts who had front place for watching him. Interviewed people and wrote letters and telegrams all day long.

LONDON, *Sunday, June 3.*— . . . Sir Wm. Harcourt came and outpoured his woes. . . .

LONDON, *Monday, 4 June.*— . . . Duke of York² came for an hour and was most pleasant. . . . More cab strike, bus, books he is reading, his mother's and sister's music, etc. Then came Emma Cavendish for 5 minutes, and then was announced by Richard, the Prince of Wales. He too was pleasant and much recom^d 2 novels, *Barabbas*³ and *Confessions of a Woman*.

LONDON, *Thurs. June 7.*— . . . I dined with Alice Dugdale, sitting between Ld. Carlisle and Mr. Roosevelt,⁴ very

¹ Ophthalmic surgeon.

³ By Marie Corelli.

² Afterwards King George V.

⁴ Afterwards President of U.S.A.

pleasant, the former art gossip, the latter pumping me about the X.

LONDON, *Tues. June 12.*— . . . In aft. she (Dossie) and Dovey [her nurse] met the Pss. of Wales. Dossie kissed her hand to her. Later on H.R.H. passed us and pulled up and had a talk with us through the brougham window. She had been seeing George and was on her way to us. I had to say the G.P. were out. She looked quite lovely and full of charm and grace. Pss. V[ictoria] was with her, and both were amused when Dossie asked them to take off their gloves and told them of their likeness to her stag picture. . . .

LONDON, *Sat. 16 June.*— . . . Helen arrived triumphant from Cambridge. Out of 45 she has 12 firsts, 20 seconds and 13 thirds.

LONDON, *Monday, June 25.*— . . . Awful news from France. President Carnot murdered. Horrible mine accident in S. Wales, mingled with the birth of the new little Prince¹—the great Deliverance. . . . *The Jungle Book*² splendid.

LONDON, *Friday, July 20.*— . . . Luncheon with Mr. A. Nettleship came to Dollis [Hill] to try the spectacles—failure, speechless disappointment. Needling is required. Father so good about it.

LONDON, *Sat. July 28.*— . . . Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain came to luncheon, glorious weather allowed us to have it in the garden. She has great refinement, gentleness and charm. He and Father talked away with animation, political mostly, but no approach to controversial subjects. 'What the Govt. calls obstruction'—'And what do the Opposition call it?' 'Useful discussion,' he replied.

HAWARDEN, *Dec. 21 and 22nd.*— . . . Two days and nights utter misery over Alfred's defection. Oh dear, he has joined the Lib. Unionist camp, and thought we shouldn't mind! A fearful gale on 22nd Dec. robbed us of four glorious beeches. None of the famous lawn group now left. The Orphanage in great danger. Herbert went up the beech

¹ The present Prince of Wales.

² By Rudyard Kipling.



MR. GLADSTONE AND CHARLES LYTTLTON CUTTING DOWN A TREE
FROM A SKETCH IN MARY GLADSTONE'S AUTOGRAPH BOOK

when in its last throes and tied a rope and saved it smashing Orph. Father had a terrible fall in the dark over an open drawer and for 24 hours his sight was affected. Alfred made him go to bed for 20 hours and he completely recovered. . . . Oceans of letters and telegrams on the Great Birthday, and best of all a wonderful kindling speech to an Armenian deputation who most opportunely came that day to present a Chalice to Hawarden Church. The words were burning, his whole face and form transfigured. . . .

1895

The 'Great People' and Mary and Herbert went to the opening of the Kiel Canal. Mary recorded it elsewhere that when some one said to Mr. Gladstone that the great fleets ensured peace, he replied, 'This means war.'

HAWARDEN, *Jan. 9th*.—I dressed up as Portia in Ellen Terry's gorgeous robes, hair in a hundred curls and powdered by Biddy, and went to Fancy Ball in Gymnasium. Bitter night, about 50 people, *very* pretty and brilliant. Stayed for one Lancers and we walked home.

MELLS, *April 14*.— . . . Mrs. Graham and I had an awful carriage accident, pole breaking, high barouche, driver's legs much kicked, had to duck his head to prevent horses' heels on his face, whip kicked out of his hand. I flew out over the carriage door during a kind of pause. Mrs. G.'s courage and calmness very striking. She sat still, shut her eyes and prayed for help. When the horses dashed at the lodge gate, after a struggle one fell over, and she stepped out like a Duchess.

Mr. Haldane¹ here for 3 days . . . and was extremely agreeable. 'With one exception the whole Cabinet is a mutual estimation Society, joined together in misinterpreting their head.' . . .

¹ Afterwards Lord Haldane.

ON WAY TO KIEL, *Fri. June 14.*—Remained on board till after luncheon, when we drove thro' the town. To the Alster where we steamed about, a kind of Richmond, and saw the island constructed at a huge cost to receive the Emperor next week. Bits of Hamburg are as beautiful as Venice. We drove round to the very beautiful Church built by Sir G. Scott, its spire one of the great features of the town. We dined at a huge banquet in the Zoo gardens, 4 hours we sat over the food, 200—collar work, as Alfred wd. say, between 2 strange Germans. Speeches mostly in English between each course and an immense deal of drinking. I never saw such gluttons as they all are. The women good-looking and looked good. Not home till nearly one, very dead beat.

COPENHAGEN, *Tues. 18 June.*—The King and Queen [of Denmark], their sons and daughters in law etc. came to 1 o'clock luncheon, great success. The X proposed H.M. of Denmark's health and all stood during his speech. His words so touched the King that in proposing his (the X's) health he nearly broke down, and few eyes were dry. They all seemed to enjoy it. . . . Fifteen thousand visited the ship, it was simply left open to all. Many eyes peeped thro' our port-holes, our cabins being pressed up against the shore. We left Copenhagen at 7.30 amid enthusiastic demonstrations from the crowded shores.

KIEL, *Wed. 19 June.*—We reached Kiel about 1.30, radiant summer day, enjoyed sitting up on the bridge. Sir W. Ingram's little steam tug took us a skit round the battle-ships; one Italian boat ran right into us, its bow (luckily wooden) coming at us nearly full broadside; horrid moment. The man at the wheel was drinking. The sight very fine and impressive, especially the Italian men-of-war, the German hideous. The British did best and all lay at regular intervals as if rooted, great forts in the sea, cruel and with their guns pointed at one another. Thunderstorm broke as we got on board. Royal salute at 8 on the arrival of the Empress, mingling of human and natural artillery.

KIEL, *Thurs. 20 June.*— . . . Heard all the firing as the

German Emperor came out of the Canal. This was the formal opening. The Duke of Coburg's ship stuck and did not come thro' for 3 or 4 hours. Very hot day, and in evening a magnificent prolonged thunderstorm. All the ships were illuminated, but the heavens continually opened and blazed out and the thunder rolled and banged. . . .

KIEL, *Fri. 21 June*.—Watched the *Hohenzollern*¹ in her course thro' the battleships, the Emperor standing on the bridge, the scene wonderfully brilliant, yards all manned, countless flags, dazzling sunshine, and the whole sea alive with small craft of all kinds flitting in and out of the big monsters. Ld. Lothian pd. us a visit, also the late Speaker. . . . We left at 7, much gaiety and dancing on deck, concert in saloon. The little Highland pipers much to the fore. 20 officers from the *Royal Sovereign*, our flagship, came to dine; a beautiful young Highlander took me in.

LONDON, *Sun. 23 June, and 24*.—2 Trinity. Clocks put back an hour. Service at 11, grand singing, cold day, not very enjoyable but no tossing, spite of white horses. Arrived about 9 at Gravesend, papers handed in and casually opened. Bombshell, fall of Govt., frightful hustle getting off, packing, etc. . . . Letters for the X at Tilbury. Saw various ministers on arrival at 1 C.G. Had to postpone my Balfour visit. Slept at Lucy's. Ld. Rosebery asked us to dinner. H[arry] had Turkish bath, bliss. Maggie and Alcy called. Met S. Holland in telegraph office. We dined in Downing St., all so familiar, difficult to realise condition of affairs. Only Tweedmouths besides and Mr. Murray. Ld. R. so light-hearted, the dinner very bright, and afterwards he and I had a very interesting talk about the children. Alice Balfour pd. me a long visit afternoon, and we settled all the Downing St. rooms.²

LONDON, *Sat. 29 June*.— . . . Went to Marlborough House and walked in the garden with our future King, an immense boy of 14 months! The Nurse is laid up with

¹ The Emperor of Germany's yacht.

² Mr. Balfour was Prime Minister of the new Government.

broken ribs and the royal baby was attended by a footman and maid, both much puzzled how to make H.R.H. take his midday sleep. Dossie and I both kissed his hand. Afterwards we saw Pss. Victoria and talked to her. Mlle. Neruda was playing duets with her. . . . Off at four after the G.P. had called on the Royal Baby and his Parents. We made tea on the journey, and quickly reached Chester, where the platform was crammed with a seething mass of excited excursionists. Failing to get change out of the Ex, they fell upon Dossie as a *pis aller*, whose small hand was pretty nearly shaken off.

LONDON, Nov. 18.—. . . May and Winny here. Maggie and Alcy and Helen all turned up 18th, and in proceeding to Abbey¹ we fell into arms of all the family and friends, Lytteltons, Talbots by dozens, Mr. I[llingworth], Lavinia herself. The service 3 hours and 3 quarters was too beautiful and impressive and more like a glorious vision. Edward's countenance seemed transfigured and his voice so wonderful ; the only thing one missed was her consecration, it seemed so wrong she shd. be in the crowd below. . . .

1896

Various small events broke into Mr. Gladstone's retirement and he emerged for a moment to speak on the massacres in Armenia. Archbishop Benson's tragically sudden death took place in Hawarden Church during the service.

BIARRITZ, Wed. 8th Jan. to 25th.—. . . Father very well and working all day, breakfast at 9 till bedtime 11.30, one hour's outing. There has been a great row in the Transvaal, a raid having been made on the Boers by Jameson & Co. ; they were badly smashed and much light wants throwing on the situation to understand it. We seem nicely hated everywhere. German Emp. congratulated Kruger on our

¹ For Edward Talbot's consecration as Bishop of Rochester.

defeat! America threatens war about Venezuela, and the Armenian horrors are worse than ever, the Sultan seated in smiling triumph. Herbert arrived Jan. 25 fr. Constantinople. Manning's *Life* came out and has fascinated and absorbed the X. Whether Purcell was right or wrong in writing it is making a nice fuss in the papers.

LONDON, *Thur. June 25*.— . . . In afternoon as soon as we got back to Downing St. the Bow Mothers arrived (56) and we trotted them about in St. James's Park enclosure and round the Foreign Office, and sat about in garden and showed them the rooms, and they had tea in the big dining room. 'Who's who and What's what' as we stood on Downing St. steps to see them off, Alice¹ and I and Maggie and Dossie, and they cheered Dossie. . . .

HAWARDEN, *July 31, Friday*.— . . . The Rothschilds came last night. . . . He is an abstemious early rising man, but looks at one as if a bit of dirt was next him. The girl with faint pink cheeks is attractive and very nice.

HAWARDEN, *Sun. and Mon. Aug. 9 and 10*.— . . . Li Hung Chang² wrote to announce a visit next Sat.; also Lt. Eloff (Kruger's grandson), but we choked him off.

HAWARDEN, *Tues. 11 Aug. to Tues. 18*.—Sat. inconveniences from alterations in time of the Great Man's [Li Hung Chang's] arrival, and as it ended he arrived $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour before we expected him. An impressive figure of great height, he was carried by Richard and Robert into the Library, and there had a long talk with the X. The conversation, as I thought, rather hanging fire, as if they were beating about to find subjects. A sort of garden party to meet him and crowds of reporters, artists, etc., not to speak of Mr. Webster who took a photo of the 2 G.O.M.'s just before departure. In China, education comes before all else, and soldiers are in rank below literary people. Li is essentially a man of peace and did all he could to stop the great war with Japan. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Tues. 22 to Thurs. 24 Sept.*—Lucy and Nevvy

¹ Balfour.

² Chinese statesman.

off to attend dear old Newmany's¹ funeral. . . . Equinoctial gales of unusual violence, but they utterly dropped for Thurs. The sun shone brilliantly as we drove in the Derby carriages thro' the crowded Liverpool streets. All beautifully arranged, and inside Hengler's Circus, spite of the dense mass, order reigned as well as strong emotion and enthusiasm. The speech,² an hour and 20 minutes, was very very wonderful, not of the burning eloquence sort, but full of reserve, dignity and strength, careful beyond measure, and yet shadowing forth a policy as wise as it wd. be effective. The audience were quick to seize and respond to the points, and ready to be carried further than he went, but it was essentially a non-party meeting, and Ld. Derby's stolid presence gave emphasis to this. The reception was striking and thrilling in the extreme, and nothing cd. have been more impressive than the sight of him standing there, 86, full of wisdom and dignity, while the thunders of applause again and again echoed around. We got home by 4.30, having rapidly swallowed excellent luncheon at the Town Hall, hostessed by Lady Derby as Lady Mayoress. At dinner he was in unabated force, tho' slightly hoarse, having rested in bed, but without sleep. Mama slept 3 hours !

HAWARDEN, *Sat. Oct. 10.*—Did the flowers, and soon after came dear little Sibell, at 6 the Archbishop and Mrs. Benson full of spirit and good health. At once they plunged into [Papal] Bull discussion, the Archbp. much along with Father. Stephy dined and the Archbp. sat between me and Mama. He had already made friends with Dossie, before dinner. Delightful talk, bright and various in topic and tone.

HAWARDEN, *11 Oct.*—Sunday after Trinity. With the Archbp. and Mrs. Benson to 8 o'clock service. After breakfast a talk with him on Father and whether he shd. write something to his soliloquium. I persuaded him quite easily to my view, and we talked of Sibell. He was anxious. He

¹ The old nurse to the Lytteltons.

² On Armenia. This was Mr. Gladstone's last public speech.

walked up to Church with us, H. N. joining us near plantation, talking first of Father, and after we changed to Mr. Balfour. We walked very slowly, he rested several times and we were a little late. Father having slight chill stopped at home and the Archbp. sat in his place next to Mama. In the Confession he seemed to be sinking gradually, and in the Absolution several came rapidly to his aid, and lifting him up carried him unconscious from the Church. Gerty came to Mama and I went out with Mrs. Benson behind the Archbp. He was placed on the Library sofa but never regained any consciousness, and in a moment or two all was over. For several minutes they carried on the struggle for life, but all was useless, and soon the blanching face showed us that the spirit had fled. Stephy announced it in church and the people dispersed after 'For ever with the Lord.' I stayed all day at the Rectory with Mrs. Benson. She was too wonderful in her courage and calm. A most wonderful, awful day. Heard Stephy's beautiful words in the evening. Met the 2 sons at the door when they arrived at night. Stephy held a little service in the library. The nurses clothed him in his robes, and nothing could be more majestic than his appearance. We sent many telegrams. It being Sunday, it was in spite of all wonderfully quiet and peaceful.

HAWARDEN, *Tues. Oct. 13 and Wed. 14.*—The mournful hours dragged on. Mrs. Benson left for Addington at midday. Took Arthur¹ and the Bishop to St. Deiniol's 8.30 Celebration this morning. Father went with Mrs. Benson. She knelt at the head of the coffin a few moments. Wed. morn. Maud and I went to 7.30 in church, and at 8.30 walked down in the procession immediately behind Arthur Benson to Sandycroft Station. First went Harry with the great cross he had borrowed from Chester Cath. Then came the white-robed choir and clergy, Bp. of St. Asaph, the coffin on Harry's wheeled bier covered with the white and gold pall given in 1889 to the parents; they joined us, in the pony

¹ A. C. Benson.

carriage, at the lodge. The walk felt very short, as at various points we paused and sang hymns. Prayers were said all the way, and it was divine morning of still soft sunshine. When we reached the platform the train was just in sight. The *Nunc Dimittis* was sung, and while the coffin was being placed in the carriage Harry held his Cross steadily uplifted in front of it, and the Bishop pronounced the Blessing, a most solemn and pathetic scene and quite overwhelming when one thought of him and her arriving, only last Saturday, in unsuspecting health, at this very platform. Poor Sibell arrived too late, the telegram having given a wrong time.

1897

This was the year of the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria; and one of immense interest for Mary and her husband, the year in which Mr. Drew took on the parish of Buckley, three miles from Hawarden, and they had a house of their own for the first time. Towards the end of the year came the first ominous hints about Mr. Gladstone's health.

As a child of fifteen I was one of the 'unending stream of relations' who poured through Kennington¹ on Christmas Eve. I remember vividly the sound of Mr. Gladstone's deep, rumbling voice and the line of Mrs. Gladstone's profile and the blueness of her eyes. A visitor asked Mr. Gladstone who he thought the greatest masters of pure English in his memory in the House of Commons. He replied, 'John Bright and Bob Lowe, although,' he added, 'I once heard Bright make one of the greatest—or rather one of the grossest—mistakes imaginable, in using "transpired" for "happened."' On the way down to evening chapel, he was heard to say, 'I do not think I shall be able to finish my book on Homer—a last discipline.'

I had very definitely the impression of a very sick man.

¹ Bishop's House, where the Bishop of Rochester and Mrs. Talbot then lived.

CANNES, *Monday, Feb. 15.*—Glorious day. Off at 11.30 for Tourelles by the Pont du Loup. Scenery very grand and imposing and we cd. not have seen it to better advantage. A bad tumble under Le Bar gave me a horrid shake all down the right side, including head, [there] being several bruises. We hitched on my machine to Harry's with a bit of string, and in the long pull up from the Loup Bridge it was an immense help. Gave up going as far as Vence as I was considerably handicapped by my fall. Paused under some pine trees 'on the heights,' and ate and greatly enjoyed our luncheon. Tourelles is magnificently situated and the road scooped out of gigantic rocks. Had a rush down a newly made stony road to catch train, reaching Grasse about 3.30. The railway runs over the most alarming viaducts and the views at every turn are beautiful. Last night we received two important letters. One from the Keble Trustees offering Harry St. Alban's, Birmingham, the Warden and Mr. S. Stewart and the Bursar earnestly begging him to take it, and it wd. indeed have gone hardly with him to refuse, had not the same Hawarden envelope contained a letter from Mr. Balfour saying he had accepted Buckley!

CANNES, *Sunday 14 March.*— . . . With Sister P. to St. George's at 11. (Prince Leopold morn. Church) great crowd. The Prince of Wales, in churchyard when I came out, talked to me. Pss. Louise came after tea and was agreeable; showed much sympathy with Greece. Alice de Rothschild to tea. Had good argument with the X on Revolution characters, Napoleon, Marie Antoinette, etc. He dashed off an E.Q. Pamphlet, and we sent it off by Mr. Buxton yesterday.

CANNES, *Wed. 24 March.*— . . . We [Mary and Princess Louise] arranged about Friday that our Grand Old People sd. meet. Explained all this afterwards to the X, but he put his foot down and said he could not go to the Queen unless she sent for him.

CANNES, *26 March.*—Another note to say Pss. Louise expected us to tea at 4.15. Father gave in, supposing that

the Queen wished it. Down first to Madeleine. We arrived at the Hotel just in front of the Queen, who reached Cannes Station from Nice about 4. I jumped out and stood in the garden with Amy Paget, who is acting lady to Pss. Louise, and we bobbed as we saw her drive up. Up in lift with parents to Pss. Louise's room, where we had tea. Pss. Louise, after receiving H.M. downstairs, left her with the Queen of Hanover, etc., and flew up to us, and after a little talk on the Colonies with Father, returned to the Queen. A few minutes later we were sent for, and stepping out of the lift found Pss. Louise and the Duke of Cumberland at the door. They took us to the room where the Queen was sitting surrounded by the Cumberland family. . . . Papa and Mama went straight to the Queen, the former shaking hands and the latter kissing her, and were told by the Prince to sit down by her. During their talk Princess Louise talked to me ; also the Duchess of Cumberland, who presented me to the sick boy, stretched out on a couch and looking hopelessly ill. Soon I was called up to the Queen and made my deepest curtsy, which somehow brought my lips in touch with my hand, and then took Papa's chair, close to her, whilst he went over to the Queen of Hanover. The Queen spoke of my bringing Dossie to see her at Windsor,¹ and of having seen me at Windsor before. When she asked the Duke of Cambridge, who stood behind her, whether it was not time for her to start, the Prince said he wanted her to take a little detour to see the *Britannia*. He asked me to communicate with Sir F. Knollys about their coming to Hawarden May 10 ; I asked H.R.H. whether we had not better go, as it was nearly time for the Queen's departure, and I had to ' collect ' Papa and Mama, rather a difficult business, so many curtsies and pretty speeches and last words, but all went off really particularly well. Papa pleased with H.M.'s kindness and gentleness of manner, tho' he and I both felt saddened by the look on her face, speaking of the mind less there than of old. . . .

¹ This happened later in May.

CANNES, *Mon. 29 March.*— . . . Felt horribly anxious and disturbed about the journey, but Dr. Frank never even contemplated the idea of postponement, and Sister P. was also pretty sanguine. Duke of Cumberland called at 12, and had a long talk, first with me and after with Father ; very unhappy about his sick boy. Started at 3.45, Mama slept till the last minute. Duke of Cumberland, Franks, Pagets, Burghcleres at Station. Started pretty well, Mama ate and enjoyed dinner and tucked up at 9.30. . . .

LONDON, *May 5, Wed.*— . . . We went up to London by 11.30 from Chester (*n.b.* Miss Ponsonby who travelled with us mistaking Dossie's soup for sherry !). Called on Dumaresq's to pick up a hand glass and wash our faces. Got to Kensington Palace by $\frac{1}{2}$ past 4. Received by Colonel Collins and shown to our delightful rooms. Warm little sitting-room full of sunshine. . . . Made tea and received Maud. Pss. Louise came in soon after and was wonderfully kind, and specially so to Dossie, coming to kiss her in bed. Mr. Eaton of the R.A. and two other guests completed the party at dinner. Very pleasant talk with Ld. Lorne, etc. Very good dinner. Broke off about 10, and then we had a very cosy long talk about all sorts of things. Dossie slept with me.

LONDON, *Thurs. 6th May.*— . . . At 12.30 we drove with Pss. Louise to Paddington. She had the cares of Dossie's frock being stuffed into my red bag. At Windsor the lovely Royal carriage with white horses and postilion was waiting, and I never saw anything more beautiful than it all looked in the glory of spring blossoms and sunshine. Pss. Beatrice met us at the door. Dossie said, ' Is that the Queen ? ' A grand servant led us along the corridor and showed us two lovely rooms with fires in them, etc., pianoforte and Government telegrams. Luncheon with Household, and I was amused at hearing the following conversation :—

LADY-IN-WAITING. Have you met the Queen ?

DOSSIE. No.

LADY-IN-WAITING. Haven't you ever seen her ?

DOSSIE. Oh yes, *but she hasn't seen me !*

They were all very kind to her and seemed to feel us a break. . . .

At three o'clock came the summons and Pss. Louise met us in the corridor, and we found the Queen seated where it turns—only the Indian servant and Pss. Beatrice and Pss. Louise present. Dossie's 1st curtsy a little disturbed by the Queen's kiss. It was a very pretty picture and Dossie looked like a gleam of sunshine. The Queen put her where she could see her better and asked her nice little phantod¹ questions and gave her a brooch, and Dossie thanked her and kissed her hand very nicely. Then the Queen asked me about Mama and Agnes and about my life at home. I knelt by them, and it all went off very well. I never saw the Queen look so nice, and her countenance was so tender as she kissed Dossie again. Then we had the gt. luck of seeing her drive out with her 4 white horses and outriders, which made some impression on Dossie. We left the Castle with Pss. Louise at 4.12. In the train she unpacked my bag, and folded up Dossie's frock—in the scuffle the brooch was dropped! We parted with H.R.H. at Paddington, and only when Dossie was keen to show her precious jewel to Dovey² did we discover its absence from the bag. This spoilt our journey home, but having caught hold of Mr. Jupp before starting, to my intense delight found a telegram at Chester announcing its safety. It had been sent to Pss. Louise at K.P. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Monday, 10 May.*— . . . They³ arrived about 1, the Duke driving the Princess. The grandchildren were grouped in the drawing room, and the parents in library. Father and Mother, H. N., and I met them at the porch door. Little Deiniol⁴ curtsied, wh. enchanted the Princess. We all walked straight out and up the lawn to old Castle, the Pss. very anxious about both G[rand] O[ld] P[eople], and hoping her arm was supporting him. When he [Mr.

¹ Trifling (Glynnese).

² Her nurse.

³ The Prince and Princess of Wales, then staying at Eaton with the Duke of Westminster.

⁴ Deiniol Gladstone, son of Rev. S. E. Gladstone.

Gladstone] was anxious to persevere up the steep slope, she winked at me and said, 'Remember my bad leg.' She seemed interested in everything, but most specially in the Petz¹ family who were deposited with pale pink ribbons under Hill's charge in the flower garden. Luncheon a great success, and after the smoking and signing was over, Webster photographed the G.O.P. with the Prince and Princess. She came upstairs and poked about Mama's room and my sitting room. The bands played and the sun peeped forth and the orphans cheered and the old women waved, and they all went off in a general flourish to Sandycroft. . . .

LONDON, *Tues. June 22* [Diamond Jubilee].—Woke to gloomy skies, still, hot air. Walked across to 142 Piccadilly with H. viâ Albert Gate and Hamilton Place and reached it without any difficulty by 8.30. There was plenty of variety and amusement in watching the scene down below, the gradual clearing of the street, the settling down of the tightly packed crowds on each side, the arrival and disposal of the order-keeping troops, the splendid Gordon Highlanders forming their lines just below. Very soon came the Colonial procession, and this was perhaps the most remarkable event of the day (next to the Queen), because of the manner in which they were received and the enormous interest they called forth. Their troops from all parts of the world were a wonder, and made one, as somebody said, hold one's breath to think of the responsibilities they implied. The most thrilling moment was the sound of the 1st gun, punctual to 11.15, signifying the Queen's start. The vast crowd seemed to vibrate with indescribable emotion, wh. found vent in cheers and then broke into 'God save the Queen.' The effect was greatly enhanced by the parting of the clouds and revelation of the Sun, wh. now streamed down and added life and warmth and colour to the already gorgeous scene. We could see the whole sweep of the Procession as it slowly wound its way up Constitution Hill and rounded into Piccadilly. By the time the Queen

¹ Pomeranian dogs, one of which the Princess accepted.

and carriage were in front of us, the Head of the procession, Col. Ames, was in Fleet St. ! The first royal carriage bearing some of the children specially delighted everybody, because of the wonderful bowing of the little Princesses. Between the Empress of Germany and the Queen came a whole shower of Princes on horseback, and this part included the cream-coloured horses and their golden leaders and was like a fairy story. Only it was over much too quickly. The behaviour of the crowd was delightful, all was radiant and human. The ambulance arrangements made everything easy. The Queen looked very quiet and happy and dignified, and went through the day wonderfully. . . .

Hawarden Castle, July '97.

DST. L.,— . . . It is our school feast this afternoon at Buckley, beginning with a Flower Service. It is quite delightful the response Harry has already met with, the steady increase of congregations and communicants and offertories, the sympathy and co-operation of nonconformists. He is as happy as a king in his work, in spite of the difficulty of living in two places at once, for, only think, the wretched builders have not started work yet and the desolate little house remains exactly as it did three months ago.

HAWARDEN, Nov. 2.— . . . Edward and Lavinia arrived from America. . . . Lavinia found that in America neither Talbots nor Lytteltons were known as names even. She was welcomed as niece to Gladstone, sister to Lady F. Cavendish and 'aunt' to Dorothy Drew. We all dined at Rectory, but it was one of Father's wretched evenings. Charles and Mary and Maud came for 3 nights ; Father perked up like anything, and it all went off beautifully. . . .

BUCKLEY, Wed. Nov. 17.—Harry and I slept for 1st time at the Vicarage. Wildly exciting and all so pretty, dainty, and cosy, *a huge success*. . . . Father went up to Rectory to sleep. Dr. Carter, who came over in consultation with Dr. Dobie, took a very cheerful view of his general state of health. . . .

[*Unaddressed and undated.*]

DST. L.,—It certainly *was* bad luck, and if you had been here last night and to-day, what a happy impression you wd. have carried off ! In splendid form at dinner, voice so vigorous and cheerful ; an hour and a half of backgammon fighting afterwards with Stephy, so keen and so bored with Stephy for listening to the conversation around. . . .

Dec. 31.—The last night of poor old 1897, a night of divine, starlit peace. . . . Fair reports¹ from Cannes, tho' there is evident disappointment at the very little progress made. . . .

A quaint document of pre-electric light days :—

TWO LISTS INSIDE COVER OF DIARY BEGINNING 1897

Hints for Riviera Hotel Life

Etna.

Cups, plates, spoon, knife and fork.

A lb. of tea.

Two lbs. of candles.

Potted ham [*added in pencil*] and potted meat.

Sunday skirt and blouse and bonnet to match.

Smart blouse for table d'hôte.

Two common skirts and blouses for walking or bicycling.

1 Jacket to match for easy taking off, walking or bicycling.

1 Fur cape or cloak.

1 Straw hat (white) for Sun.

[*Added in pencil*]

Reading candle.

Mackintosh.

For Ordinary Trip Abroad in Summer

Hot Water Bottle.

Etna and T basket (fill tea and sugar boxes with tea).

Potted meat.

Gown to do for Table d'hôte and Sundays.

¹ Regarding Mr. Gladstone's health.

2 Skirts. Elastic bands.
 2 blouses. Safety pins.
 1 jacket.
 1 small pincushion.
 Air cushion.
 1 Wrap.
 1 Mackintosh.

1898

One shadow covered the whole of this year—gradual realization of the fatal nature of Mr. Gladstone's illness, the illness itself, and his death. Alongside of this tragedy came the increasing interest and absorption of Harry Drew in his new sphere, and Mary's pride and satisfaction in his success.

BUCKLEY, *Jan.* 1.—. . . The telephone¹ to the Castle is up, and we can talk all day long. . . .

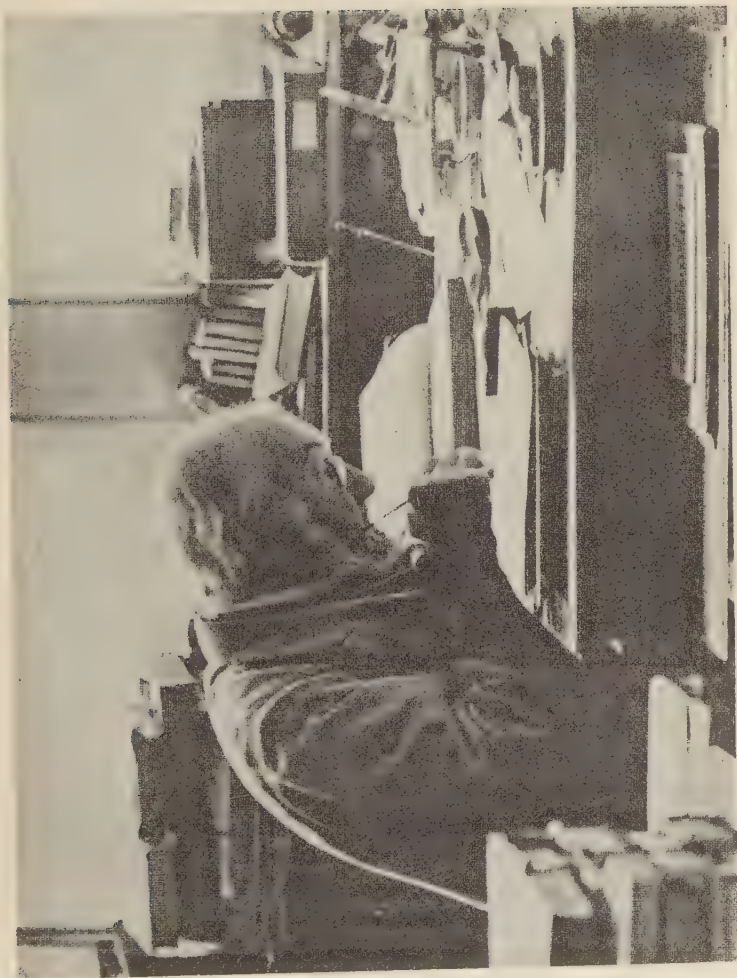
BUCKLEY, *Jan.* 6.—Epiphany and Mama's birthday, 86; she is still wonderful. . . .

Buckley Vicarage, Chester, 18 Jan. '98.

DST. L.,—. . . I cannot wonder at their all getting depressed, for the neuralgia and subsequent lowness of mind has scarcely been improved at all. Still one must remember that his general health of constitution is good, so that there is nothing alarming in his condition. As to Mama, she seems to have forgotten her own ailments by the way she writes, entirely absorbed in his. But Dr. Franks gives her a good deal of bromide, which always with her affects her clearness of mind and speech. Spencer evidently thinks it a new symptom, and therefore an anxious one. . . .

BUCKLEY, *Jan.* 22.—. . . Much distressed by alarmist newspaper reports and depressed letters about Cannes. A shower of telegrams. . . .

¹ Private telephone line between Buckley Vicarage and the Castle.



MR. GLADSTONE IN HIS STUDY
1896

Buckley Vicarage, Chester, Jan. 22, '98.

DST. L.,—Every life after 80 must be full of anxiety to the relations, but I think one is bound to keep up a good courage, I mean as much as one reasonably can, to enable one to be of use in cheering and soothing. If he had some malignant disease, it wd. be different and I shouldn't see any good in making a mystery of it. Because there isn't one that one knows of or has any reason for suspecting, the public will periodically imagine a mystery. Herbert's last letter is much happier, saying there had been a gradual cessation of the sharp attacks of pain. He drove (8 miles off) to luncheon with some maukins and really enjoyed it. . . .

[*Unaddressed.*] 11 Feb. '98.

DST. L.,—. . . From all I hear, the real misfortune is that he has been allowed to drop *all* occupations and work, and the whole of his great unimpaired brain is turned on to his own ailments. This must always, I suppose, be the case with any one who has passed a long life with such absence of malaise of any kind. But generally there is some one who is in a position to brace and stimulate and with infinite tact and tenderness to persuade that efforts and resolution should be made to fight against it and not depress and make wretched everybody round by the loss of all interest in life. . . . For you see if we are to face *years* of this kind of invalidism (like Bismarck), we ought to equip ourselves for it; and the mere fact that directly he is talked to or played to, he is much better, shows that if he found himself an occupation, he wd. not feel the aches and pains. . . .

BOURNEMOUTH, *Feb. 22.*—. . . They arrived at 5. Miserable day, but I found them looking much as when they left Hawarden. H. walked with him in corridor.

BOURNEMOUTH, *Feb. 23.*—Good nights. I had a talk, walking with him, and tried to urge more struggle for work. . . .

BOURNEMOUTH, *Feb. 24*.—He asked for hymn reading, an advance, and had a quiet and memorable talk with him in the evening, when I broke to him how feeble Mama was. He was deeply impressed and took a quite new line.

BOURNEMOUTH, *Fri. 25 Feb.*—Poor sort of day, snow and sleet below and cloudy overhead. Mama in donkey chair. She had a wretched night and wretched day. Helen to Cambridge. Lucy arrived and we met her at the station. Great success. He cheered up wonderfully and had big talk with her, wh. brought a great change. Played all the evening. Great success.

BOURNEMOUTH, *Sat. 26 Feb.*—. . . Lucy was no end of a stand-by with both. She had very serious talk with him. At bedtime he said to her, 'I shall ask no more for immediate dismissal. You know what I mean.' This because of what she had said to him of Mama's greater weakness if left alone. He seemed much to love the music. . . .

BOURNEMOUTH, *Feb. 28–March 2*.—These three days alone were a very great strain. His pain seemed to increase a little day by day, and he had very wretched nights. He did not go out, weather so wintry spite of bright sunshine.

[*Unaddressed.*] *March 4, '98.*

DST. LAVINIA,—. . . I must own that (the) impression of pain he makes upon one is very distressing. In his worst bouts you may hear him in a voice of extraordinary fervour, 'Praise to the Holiest in the height,' and all that verse, so that no one can say he is not an angel in the way he accepts the suffering, but I never saw anybody mind it as he does, and I can't say what my thankfulness is that it has not come till his 88th year, for he has the sort of organisation that is knocked all to pieces by it. I remember 20 years ago, when I had the nettlerash and he came up to see me, the sort of agonised expression of sympathy on his face. 'My dear Maisie, I had the nettlerash once for 24 hours,

and if I had had it another hour I should have been in Bedlam.' . . .

BOURNEMOUTH, *Tues. 8 to Sat. 12 March.*— . . . Father came up each day to tea in drawing room, but this week less good. More pain and discomfort than last week, and last week was less good than the first. He did not go out, not even to the midday invalid service, but walks daily a good deal in the passage. This seems to ease the suffering. . . . Dossie's precious birthday. Father remembered her at 4 in the morning. Dear Neruda came at 6, with her sister, and played divinely to him, pianissimus: I accompanied her in Schumann. . . .

BUCKLEY, *Thurs. 17 March.*— . . . Letters from Bournemouth struck a new note of apprehension. Doctors had found on Sunday a swelling in the palate.

BUCKLEY, *Sat. 19 March.*— . . . Church. About 5.30 came Helen's telegram. I had given her the 3 words as a code, and it was the fatal one. O the nightmare of it.

Sat.—Went down to see Annie and met Gerty on her return from Bournemouth and heard all the sad details. The return home is to be on Tuesday.

HAWARDEN, *Sunday 20 to Tues. 22.*—These were dreadful days. Waking or asleep it was to me the same terrible haunting nightmare. Tuesday was the Confirmation, and I felt thankful to have it over before the return home, and it was the last day of still golden sunshine, and all went off very reverently and beautifully. The Bp. did not stay. After luncheon I went to the Castle and arranged flowers. They arrived at 7.30, the journey wonderfully accomplished. It was a blessed moment to see him *come home*—even though it was to die. It was most piteous, he quite under the morphia influence, she all innocent of the tragedy. H. D. dined here. Herbert came, but dinner was all sad and miserable.

HAWARDEN, *Monday 28 to Wed. 30.*— . . . The weakness (physical) seemed to have miraculously vanished, on Tuesday. *Wed.*—He actually forgot his stick, and started out for the garden without even an arm. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Ap. 1 and 2*.—The Bp.¹ left. He was a blessing to the whole house. Herbert came. Sat. was a very miserable day of restlessness and discomfort, not pain. H. D. read him Frances Balfour's most beautiful words. He was so deeply comforted, he asked for them again an hour later. I also read him Archbp. Walsh's charge asking for the prayers of his flock. Also I told him of the Great Patriarch's prayers and the Nonconformist chapels. He was profoundly moved, and repeated all I had told him to Stephy.

HAWARDEN, *Ap. 9*.—*Father went out in the garden.* [Added in pencil] last time.

HAWARDEN, *Ap. 18*.—. . . He was particularly himself at dinner, Oxford and Cambridge boat-race, asking questions.

HAWARDEN, *Sunday, 24 Ap.*.—8 service, then biked down by ten, and sat outside his door while the Doctors were within. He anxiously asked Sir T. Smith if the end might be soon, and the answer brought a deeply fervent 'Thank God.' He talked calmly to the Doctors and was full of sweet resignation and calm. To church at 11. Sir T. had a long talk with Mama. I was present and much impressed with his tact and gentleness. She realised it all much more. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Monday, 25 Ap.*.—. . . Met Lavinia Hawarden station. . . . Took her up to Father. He blessed her and Edward and all their doings. She was much struck with there being so little alteration. I took Katie up at the dinner hour, and she had a lovely little innings about her future. I sat with him during the nurses' supper, and Harry came and knelt by him and had some beautiful, blessed words on Buckley, and ministry and Dossie. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Wed. 27 Ap.*.—Walked with H. S. H. . . . Took him up to see Father. He talked to Mama and helped her much. We came back to tea and also little Edward [Wickham] on his bike. Dossie shepherding them.

¹ Wilkinson of St. Andrews.

HAWARDEN, *Friday, 29 Ap.*— . . . Took him (H. S. H.) to the Church and to a specimen clay pit . . . parted with him at Hawarden station, reaching the Castle for luncheon and just after Mrs. Benson's arrival. She came with Lucy Tait, her first pilgrimage to the spot sanctified 11 Oct. 1896.¹ She spent the afternoon up at the Church and Rectory. At 7 there came what seemed to me a happy moment, whilst I was sitting in Papa's room. He was in the arm chair, feet resting on another chair. I told him of Mrs. Benson's pilgrimage, and asked if he would give her his blessing. He assented and I flew to fetch her. A most beautiful touching farewell it was, recorded elsewhere. She was greatly overcome, but greatly comforted. Later when I was sitting there, and he was back in bed, 'Bless you all. Carry my blessing to my wife—for 58 years.' When Harry arranged his pillow and Nurse told him who was doing it, 'I like that,' he said. 'No progress, I fear,' to Dr. Biss. Slept there.

HAWARDEN, *Tues. May 3.*— . . . Sat in father's room in evening. The same wistful question, 'No news, I fear?' 'No news to tell you,' said Dr. B. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Tues. 10 May.*—Mr. Russell arrived and I took him in. He knelt by the bed and utterly broke down with sobs. Father much moved, tenderly blessing him. . . . Tried a little music. He sang one verse of a hymn through by himself. . . .

HAWARDEN, *Sunday, 15 May.*— . . . Went in to see Father before church. He knew me at once without opening his eyes and said he had had a comfortable night. I said I was going to church and would think of him. 'To Church, how nice, how charming. Pray for me, Mary dear, and for all my fellow-Christians and all the unhappy and miserable people.'

HAWARDEN, *Wed. 18 May.* . . . About 7 he again seemed to rally, but all day was gradually losing strength. There was great pathos in every movement of his hands and turn

¹ When Archbishop Benson had died at Hawarden.

of the head ; and in every sound he uttered an intensity of yearning for release, ' How long, O Lord, how long ? ' . . .

HAWARDEN, *Thurs. morn. 19 May.*—Ascension Day. At 2 H[arry Gladstone] and I went and called them all up, Helen, Maud, H. D., upstairs, Stephy, Gerty, Agnes, Herbert and Mama. She had awoken at 1.30 and came in and knelt by him on his right. I was opposite her on his left, H. D. behind me, Helen and Agnes on each side at the foot. For two hours he breathed rapidly and with little variation . . . suddenly H. and I noticed a change in the breathing. Slow and more difficult. H. fetched Stephy and he read the last prayers, and actually during the words of blessing the spirit fled without a struggle. It was a moment full of wonder, mystery and awe, the deep and utter stillness after these long heart-aching days and hours. One by one we kissed the dear forehead, and followed Mama into her room.

For a little while she talked to Dr. Dobie, kneeling by her bed, then fell asleep, Gerty remaining by her, while we went to the 7 A.M. service. The morning was one of divine beauty and nothing could exceed the blessedness of this day of days.

. . . Telegrams poured in. 13 extra clerks arrived at the Post Office.

HAWARDEN, *Fri. and Sat. 20 and 21 May.*— . . . These days were very bewildering, the enormous overwhelming stream of letters and telegrams, the crowd of reporters, the family conclaves over proceedings, the guarding of Mama upstairs. Torrents of rain both days. The speeches in Parliament most striking in their different ways, especially Lord Rosebery's. Parl^t adjourned, and an Abbey State funeral arranged.

HAWARDEN, *Tues. 24 May.*— . . . Took Mama out driving and we visited a poor young widow whose husband was killed at the Acton Hall pit yesterday. A very pathetic scene, Mama kneeling by her and praying for her.

LONDON [WESTMINSTER ABBEY], *Sat. 28 May.*— . . . We all moved up to the grave, children and grandchildren,

Mama close to it, kneeling, a wonderful scene wh. one had hardly presence of mind to take in. The grave is very deep and full of sea sand. After the blessing Mama called Dossie and Will ¹ to her and spoke to them beautifully, one by one. Then the pall-bearers and Sidney Herbert as representing the Queen. Each one she spoke to, just the little fitting word. The Duke of York kissed her hand, as did most of the others. Ld. Salisbury cd. not speak. The Pss. and Dss. of York were there. We all walked out as the Dead March was being played. . . .

LONDON, *Friday, Dec. 2.*— . . . A gale of wind, in which we drove to Elm Park Gardens for luncheon with John Morley and Mrs., very interesting. He let us have it on the Soudan war and the Gordon College in particular. A talk with him afterwards in his Sanctum, and he walked me to the station. . . . Afterwards robbed Alfred of 7 pair of trousers for our Jumble Sale.

BUCKLEY, *Thurs. 15.*—Sir William Harcourt has resigned the Leadership in a letter addressed to John Morley. The answer from the latter definitely accepts the decision as final, and expresses full sympathy and concurrence. What a condition we are in. But it is better to have the truth, and now the sheep can be divided from the goats. . . .

BUCKLEY, *Thurs. Dec. 29.*—What a contrast this day ² to former years.—Empty post, silent bells. . . .

BUCKLEY, *Sat.*—Last day of 1898. Heard the bell tolling it out and then—fell asleep. I grudged the hours as they went, the last that we can say, 'This year Father did so and so.'

1899

The Boer War broke out in October, to Mary's great grief and distress. She had a large number of relations and friends fighting, and she disbelieved entirely in the inevitableness or justice of the war. As on other occasions, she

¹ W. G. C. Gladstone.

² Mr. Gladstone's birthday.

was an ardent partisan, but her real feelings are justly described in a letter written towards the end of the war. The continuous ill-successes of the first few months gave her double distress because she believed them to be the judgment of God.

MANCHESTER, *Sept.* II.—. . . Went with Mr. Hirst¹ to Manchester for the Peace Meeting. Mr. Morley spoke with great dramatic fire, having to encounter at the start the most determined and organised opposition. This he completely conquered. We had a horrible struggle to get in, but I was glad I went ; the first public meeting I have attended since Father's last great appearance at Liverpool. Ten thousand were present, an impressive audience, and Mr. L. Courtney's speech, barring the end, was on a very high level. Got back, driving from Chester, about 1.30. Had quite a jollification over a Yorkshire Ham supper. J. M^r in fine form. . . .

DALMENY, *Wed.* 18 *Oct.*—. . . After luncheon a long drive with him,² postilion fashion, and much talk. In discussing his Peel article, I mildly fell foul of him for using the word 'cajole' as applied to Cabinet colleagues. His defence was that he simply meant 'manage,' but that after John Morley had taken exception to it, he looked it out in the dictionary, and finding it was defined as akin to cheating, he was going to alter the expression on republication. I told him the use of the word was defended by Arthur Godley. He was inclined to think that the chief objection was J. M.'s sensitiveness. 'If ever such an impossibility were to take place as that he and I sat again in the same Cabinet, if I ask him to luncheon after, he will suspect me of "cajoling" him, whereas it will only mean I delight in him.' He talked much of Peel and the 2 right-about-faces. In the middle of our drive a fly got in my eye. The whole paraphernalia had to stop while he extracted it. What a good Snap Shot.

¹ Mr. F. W. Hirst, afterwards editor of the *Economist*.

² Lord Rosebery.

Afterwards, on reaching home, he took me up to my room, called the Gladstone, because it was theirs during the campaigns of Midlothian. . . .

BUCKLEY, *Monday, 23 Oct.*— . . . H[arry] and I dined with the Morleys¹ (biking in our togger). He was exceedingly bitter about Lord Rosebery. When I mentioned what Ld. R. had said as to 'cajole,' he raised his right hand and said, 'Juro,' signifying that he wd. never consent to serve with him again. He asked me whether I wd. write this down.

HAWARDEN, 6 *Nov. to 14th.*— . . . Now reading Mama's letters to him [Mr. Gladstone], almost as remarkable in their different way as his to her. The impression on coming to the end of the latter is extraordinary. The unity, the consistency of the extraordinarily high level, moral and spiritual, throughout the 60 years, the absence of all personal ambition, the loftiness and singleness of aim, the 'enthusiasm of humanity,' the self-control. And he had so much more to fight against in 'environment' than I knew. His life was such a grind all through the forties, quite outside politics, and there was deadly fatigue and headache and other ordinary bodily ills to contend with. . . .

BUCKLEY, *December 1899.*— . . . The war has been one long series of repulses and surprises, and neither Kimberley nor Ladysmith has been relieved. It's a cruel, wicked war, and at present disastrous for us as well as the Boers.

1900, 1901, 1902

The Boer War continued, and Mary lost friends and neighbours among the killed. Ever since her husband's death, Mrs. Gladstone had weakened in mind though hardly in body. The end came almost suddenly, in a slight cold passing rapidly into pneumonia. Later, Mary went to the

¹ Lord Morley was staying at Hawarden, having begun his labours on the *Life of Gladstone*.

Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau. The diary all through these years is sketchy and compressed, and peters out abruptly. There are hardly any descriptions except of public occasions. I have added a few letters. It is interesting to compare this latest description of Browning with the diary entries in the 'seventies and 'eighties.

HAWARDEN, *June 14.*— . . . at 4.30 Nurse Cooke told me she (Mama) seemed worse, and though when Dr. F. came he said we need not summon them, the Nurses had been round, and everybody assembled, including Stephy, by 5 o'clock. We had some prayers, but her strength was still more tenacious than they knew, and all the day she lay quite still breathing very hard and fast, temperature rising to 103 towards the middle of the day, and then gradually falling, pulse increasing in rapidity all day, but so feeble that life was almost a miracle. Just at 5 the last change came, and from that hour till 20 minutes to 6 the breathing became quite quiet. Quieter and quieter, slow and faint little sighs, no pain, no struggle, blessed wonderful peace; and yet that last tiny sigh almost seemed to break one's heart. . . . Harry and I went in and looked at her at 7.30, so beautiful the upper part of the face; the rest was covered. What a changed world for me.

LONDON, *June 19.*— . . . We did not sleep and were up early for the Abbey service at 9. The coffin had been placed in the tiny Chapel of St. Faith, cut out of the wall, bare and primitive in look, but very striking. . . . Started again . . . at 12.30, reaching the Chapter House at $\frac{1}{4}$ to 1. We quickly formed into procession, all children and grandchildren, followed by male relations only. We wound through the cloisters, round the nave, headed by the singing choir; most beautiful the voices sounded as we slowly walked up the empty nave, through the crowded choir; all this part was exactly the same as two years ago, selection of music included. Only there were just our few flowers, lilies, the Wickham cross, and Dossie's heart of white roses; these

went down into the grave; the Princess's¹ little touching verse for 'Dear Mrs. Gladstone' on her wreath, and the D. of York's flowers were on the coffin during the procession. It was all quickly over. Harry felt the reunion more of a marriage than a funeral. . . .

OBER-AMMERGAU, *July 2*.— . . . We are in the house of Sebastian Zwinck, the noted wood-carver, whose son, being a singer in the Passion Spiel, has long hair and waits upon us between whiles. Unluckily I ricked my back Sat. morn. and was a very poor creature all that day and Sunday, having to stop at home while H., Helen, and Miss Fry ascended the Kopel. We ate mostly in our own room, a great relief. Kitchen leads out of it, and washing goes on till 12 and cooking starts at 5. Sunday morn. called at 5.30, and by 7.45 most of the huge audience was already seated in the theatre. Punctually at 8 the chorus march in heralding the 1st scene, the Triumphal Entry into Jerusalem. A. Lang, who for the first time has been chosen for the supreme part, is throughout a marvel of dignity, patience, and pathos. The sight of 4000 people absorbed from 8 A.M. to 6 P.M., with but one hour's interval, in reverent silence, is testimony enough to the real greatness of the performance. . . .

A longer gap than has ever occurred before.

BUCKLEY, *Jan. 25, 1901*.—I was at Buckley all the while till we started for Biarritz except (for) a dentist visit to London, when I put up at the Ottleys' and saw most of my friends, George Russell, H. S. Holland, Eddie Hamilton, Margot, Lavinia, Lucy, Katherine, etc. etc., and went to Wood End for 3 tremendous talking days with Maggie and Alcy and two days to the Bigges² at Windsor (the Queen not well). Little did I guess what this signified.³ . . . Did not see the Queen at all, which must for ever be a regret. . . .

BIARRITZ, *Feb. 2*.— . . . Our Mem. Service [for Queen

¹ Princess of Wales (Queen Alexandra).

² Afterwards Lord and Lady Stamfordham.

³ Queen Victoria died on January 22, 1901.

Victoria] at 12, crowded, all in deep black. H. read the lesson, by far the most impressive bit of the service, except perhaps the beautiful singing of 'Then shall the righteous.' . . .

Buckley Vicarage, Chester, March 14, 1901.

DEAREST LAVINIA,—But I am simply *one* with every word you say of the Browning Letters, only I was such an utter fool as never to guess they wd. appeal as much to you. Though when I said ' 'Tis we musicians know,' I meant to leave it an open question as to who are the musicians. I have had 2 such fights over them with John Morley and Helen (who attacked them without reading them) that my attitude became defensive. I live expecting attack. But for myself, I find them too wonderful and admirable for words, and like you I read them (as Lucy says) with a tooth comb. . . .

The days I spent with Browning at Belton, when we used to be the sole occupants of the little gallery in the chapel at morning prayers, were alas (1872) at a period when my eyes were still holden. I used to struggle over him, reading him loud to Gerty and Adelaide ¹ . . . till the Ottley period, 1876-80, when, Arthur having sowed the seeds, I went Browning mad. I was only provoked by him at Belton, he talked so loud and breathed into one's face and grasped one's arm; and we all supposed he was proposing to Lady Ashburton (she was there too), at least she let it be thought so. After that he often took me in to dinner at parties in London, but I generally felt more than anything what some American had said of him, 'Browning has dined himself away.' However, somewhere about 1885, sitting next him at dinner, he talked to me about La Saisiaz, and later, dining with the Bensons at Lambeth, he talked again about his poems, and told me about Mrs. Sutherland Orr (Leighton's sister), and what an astonishing interpretation of him was her handbook; and he sent me an American edition of

¹ Lady Pembroke and Lady Brownlow.

Ferishta (his last book at that period). I sent him Mr. Holland's *Flight of the Duchess* to read, but I think by that time his fancy had rather lost its wings and the brilliant little paper fell flat. . . .

Hagley Hall, Stourbridge, Jan. 1, '02.

DEAREST LAVINIA,—. . . I don't think I can possibly imagine anything that could make me happier, *i.e.* take such a load off my heart, than if an Angel from Heaven could let me know that England was right in this War. I think I have behaved rather well here in keeping off debatable ground. Only one evening at dinner the subject came up, and M . . . spat fire with the utmost virulence and said Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman ought to be hung, and that she only prayed he might come to Birmingham and receive a drubbing like Henry George,¹ etc. etc. I held my peace and kept Kathleen's words in my mind, just received in a letter, 'How splendidly Campbell-Bannerman has been speaking. I am so glad I'm not a Lib. Imperialist.'

Such is life, and we must all be patient with each other and believe the best of each other. Tell E. that perhaps if he had read the speeches of the so-called pro-Boers, instead of the Press's interpretation thereof, he might not judge them quite so severely. But as to advising the Boers to end the war by capitulating and accepting the Prime Minister's 'every shred of independence taken from them,' I don't really see how an Englishman who sympathises with them could quite do it, feeling certain as we all do that in similar circs. 'Britons never, never will be slaves.' I mean I hope Britons wd. not give in. . . .

LONDON, *August*.—The King's recovery quite marvellous, and once more we all travelled up to London for the Coronation. There was some flatness about the surroundings, but nothing could be more thrilling than the actual service. . . . We ² walked across thro' Canon Robinson's house and the

¹ Obviously Lloyd George.

² Mr. and Mrs. Drew and Dossie.

Abbey gardens, and felt the $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours very brief, there being too much to see in the arrivals and processions of regalia, etc., East end arrangements. We could move about freely according to circumstances, and saw the whole ceremony, though not without great crowding and squeezing. A most noble service, oh, so overmastering in dignity and majesty and solemnity, that one can hardly conceive the most callous heart not being absolutely converted in its consecration. Both King and Queen went through it with the utmost reverence and awe. *Her* beauty and grace, *his* recent peril, added just the touch of poetry and pathos which so greatly heightened the effect. The drawback to me was that in a great Christian country this Supreme Service of Sacrifice and Consecration should have been only a spectacle and the vast congregation a mighty gathering not of worshippers but of spectators. How infinitely more fitting it would have been to have made it even possible to kneel. . . .

LONDON, *October*.— . . . Also called on the Queen and enjoyed a quiet, cosy 20 minutes with her in her new sitting-room at Buck^m Palace. It was the one Queen Victoria used to have, with large bow window, overlooking garden, only in her day it had only one big bare writing-table and nothing pretty or comfy. H.M. told me much that was very interesting about the King's illness, the Coronation, etc. I went to the great thanksgiving service at St. Paul's, *far* more thrilling and satisfying than the Coronation, for at St. Paul's we were one mighty throng of worshippers, praying and praising, united in our great act of thanksgiving. 'Now thank we all our God,' as the King and Queen entered the West Door, never to be forgotten, specially as they reached the Chancel steps and the organ boomed out in thunder that more than filled the Cathedral. . . .

On the birth of a grandson to Lavinia :—

Hawarden Rectory, Chester, March 24.

DARLING LAVINIA,—What glorious news! 10 lb. was also Dossie's weight. Oh dear, what a blessing when these

events are over. It is too mad tho', yr. Grannydom. What in the world is to make us feel grown up? I have not believed it yet! Do you think it was what Mama felt to the end? . . .

A great Aunt Mary's loving blessing to May¹ and Co.—
V. Lov. M. D.

1903

On the death of Lord Salisbury.

Buckley Vicarage, Chester, [undated] 1903.

DST. L.—. . . The tributes have been interesting and striking but *very* wide of the mark often, for they leave out a fundamental characteristic cynicism, and an intense boredom of the world, a constitutional indolence which forbade him to take the trouble to understand human nature unless it was forced upon [him]. (Once forced upon him, nobody wd. judge you with so much gentleness and liberality.) Dr. Sandy, for instance, quite missed the point in his very interesting sermon. I think of Ld. S. as I last saw him in Westr. Abbey,² the great stooping figure shaken with emotion as he bent over Mama and kissed her hand, quite unable to speak, while she spoke soothing words to him with a smile on her face.—V. Lov. M. D.

BUCKLEY, *May*.—. . . We went to St. Asaph (Dossie also) for H. D.'s instalment as Canon. All very enthusiastic and kind. Such a gathering of the Chapter. H. and I to London May 6 (bearing off Mr. William's luggage—see 'The Sad Story of W. W.'), and stayed at Downing St. (H. had not stayed there since 1894), and to Barrie's delicious fantasy, 'Admirable Crichton' . . . a small gathering at Westminster Abbey for 8 A.M. H.C. previous to some special prayers close to the grave and at the foot of the statue (Brock) just erected. It is dignified and imposing.

¹ Mrs. Lionel Ford.

² At Mr. Gladstone's funeral in 1898.

After 1903 the diary ceases for several years. I insert a few letters giving some of Mary's doings during the time that follows. Her life was very full, for her husband left Buckley in 1904 and went to Hawarden as Rector. Hawarden Parish consisted of a group of districts each with its own schools and churches requiring rebuilding and repairing, with all the numerous interests and activities attached to each. Mary wrote on various topics of the day, now mostly obsolete, rejoiced enormously at the Liberal victories of 1906, drew up new Education policies, and tried to reassure her relations on Welsh Disestablishment.

Hawarden Rectory, Chester.

[Undated. After General Election, 1905.]

DST. LAVINIA,—Yes, quite over the moon, and a *wonderful* time, and the triumph of it for Herbert ¹ personally is so great, after these years of tremendous working up the candidates and constituencies; all such unseen work, like underlinen, as you wd. say, settling, or more smoothing, Labour and Lib. difficulties. I had long ago been taught to expect 50 or 60 Labour men, but had no notion how gigantic wd. be their majorities. . . .

I do feel that the behaviour of the Opposition is in strong contrast with the way we took our defeat in 1895, and the Tories (under Dizzy) took theirs in 1880. They wd. be far more impressive in the country if they wd. show some of the dignity and restraint shown on those 2 occasions. I thought A. J. B. at Manchester very good on his defeat and wonderfully patient and good-humoured in his difficult heckling meetings. . . .

When I read Herbert Paul's speech, I felt that had I not heard it, I shd. have thought it so savage and bitter that it overreached itself. But hearing it gave quite another impression. 'That's the most brilliant bit of satire I have ever listened to,' said Frances Balfour in the Ladies' Gallery. Irreverent? Oh no. That part, 'Thou shalt do

¹ Then in charge of the Liberal Party organization.

no murder,' was intensely solemn and moving, the crowded House perfectly still and suddenly converted into a reverent Church congregation listening with awe to a sermon. . . .

Mary Lovelace told me that when we were children she asked me, 'Now do tell me, is your father a Whig or a Tory?' and that I paused and said, 'I don't know, but Dizzy's a Beast.' . . .

1909 and 1910

In 1909 the Drews had some anxiety about the health of their daughter, who had had pneumonia after a short season in London, and as a precaution against any definite trouble they were advised to send her that winter to do an open-air treatment in Scotland. Lord Gladstone had just been appointed the first Governor-General of the Union of South Africa, and it was decided that Dossie should go with him and Lady Gladstone in April 1910 to consolidate her cure, which it did most completely. Suddenly, without any warning, Harry Drew was seized with violent pain on Easter Monday, 1910, and the rest is better told in the following letters:—

Hawarden Rectory, Chester, March 30, '10.

LAVINIA DARLING,—. . . At 6 P.M. yesterday Harry was seized with internal pain which for 12 hours literally tore him. The Doctors gave up all hope after the operation, the state of collapse seemed to forbid all hope of recovery. And when I went up I thought there were very few moments that he wd. be here. But now 4 hours have gone by, and his condition tho' terribly critical (and must be for three days if he lives through them) is slightly improved. Nothing can be done to keep up his strength, not a drop nor a crumb because of the nature of the operation. Nobody can pray like you. You will put all your strength into it. Yesterday he was absolutely well, in the best and brightest state of health and spirits. Then suddenly came the agony of pain, tho'

Doctors Fraser and Taylor (of Chester) went on hoping the remedies wd. bring improvement. We sat up with him all night and it nearly broke my heart to see the awful suffering, and at 9 Dr. Taylor settled to send for a famous Liverpool surgeon. He came and explained to me he cd. not live thro' the day without the operation, but that the operation itself was nearly hopeless. I had to give him up then to God, as he did himself when I went in to tell him. And now I feel a faint hope fluttering in again, and don't know how to face another giving up. I can't write more.

Hawarden Rectory, Chester, March 31, '10.

LAVINIA DARLING,—He passed away at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 6 this evening. I thought I must tell you. It has *seemed* so cruel the rending agony and then the hopes so faint, yet one built on them. But he looks oh so beautiful, and there was no kind of struggle. The restlessness all last night and to-day were so heartbreaking, and as soon as the change came he began teaching the choir and sang aloud. Then all was quite quiet, only each breath was fainter and slower—till it stopped. Some day I shall tell you all about it. Up till 6 on Monday all was radiant and he never was so well. Would Edward, do you think, take the service with Steph on Monday?—V. Loving.

Ap. 9.

DST. LAVINIA,—I thought you might care to have Harry's last Magazine, all written by him, the Hawarden section, till that final paragraph. The Bishop of St. Asaph was very touching, beautiful and true this morning. Mr. Holland will tell you all.

I long now for silence and to be alone with Dossie. I am going with Lucy to Sundial¹ and to keep Helen company. I don't quite know how to bear *anybody* now I can't have him.

Mr. Holland . . . has been oh such a help, yet just now I feel utterly incapable of facing life without Harry.

¹ Miss Helen Gladstone's house at Hawarden.



KING EDWARD VII AND MRS. DREW
AT HAWARDEN
1908

Lavinia, it's far worse losing a husband than I ever dreamed.

As it had been arranged that her daughter should accompany Lord and Lady Gladstone when they left for South Africa at the end of April, Mary faced the turning out from Hawarden alone, and was moved to write to Queen Alexandra after the sudden death of King Edward. She received the following reply :—

From Queen Alexandra

[About June, 1910.]

I have been wishing to write to you long ago to thank you for your dear letter of true sympathy in my overwhelming sorrow and misery, but somehow I could not summon up courage to do so sooner, which I know you will understand and forgive. Indeed all you say in your despair I feel in mine, and the world can never be the same again in our loneliness. It all seems still like a terrible dream, and I cannot realise I shall never in this world see his blessed face again or hear his dear voice. And all I wonder is how one ever can survive such agonies as we have gone through and all those *terrible* days that followed. But God alone gave us the supernatural courage to endure it all ! but how hard it is to say ' Thy Will be done and murmur not ' when the heart is actually breaking and one feels one's life is ended. But for the dear children's sake one must struggle on, on life's rough way. I do feel so sorry for you that you have not even got your dear little girl with you now, who would be such a comfort to you, I know. It was a pity you could not go with her, as the change might have done good to your poor, broken spirit. I also so well understand how utterly impossible it is to make up one's mind to any plans, but merely drifts along. It was so kind of you in the midst of your great grief to send me that photograph of our *two* beloved husbands walking together outside Hawarden Church. I had seen it before, and was so much

touched and grateful to you for having sent it me. I must also tell you that I had such a dear, charming letter from your dear little girl on her arrival in South Africa when she heard of my, and the whole nation's, irreparable loss.

I do hope you will benefit by your rest and peace at beautiful Clewer, and hoping to see you.

To her Daughter

Hawarden, June 14, 1910.

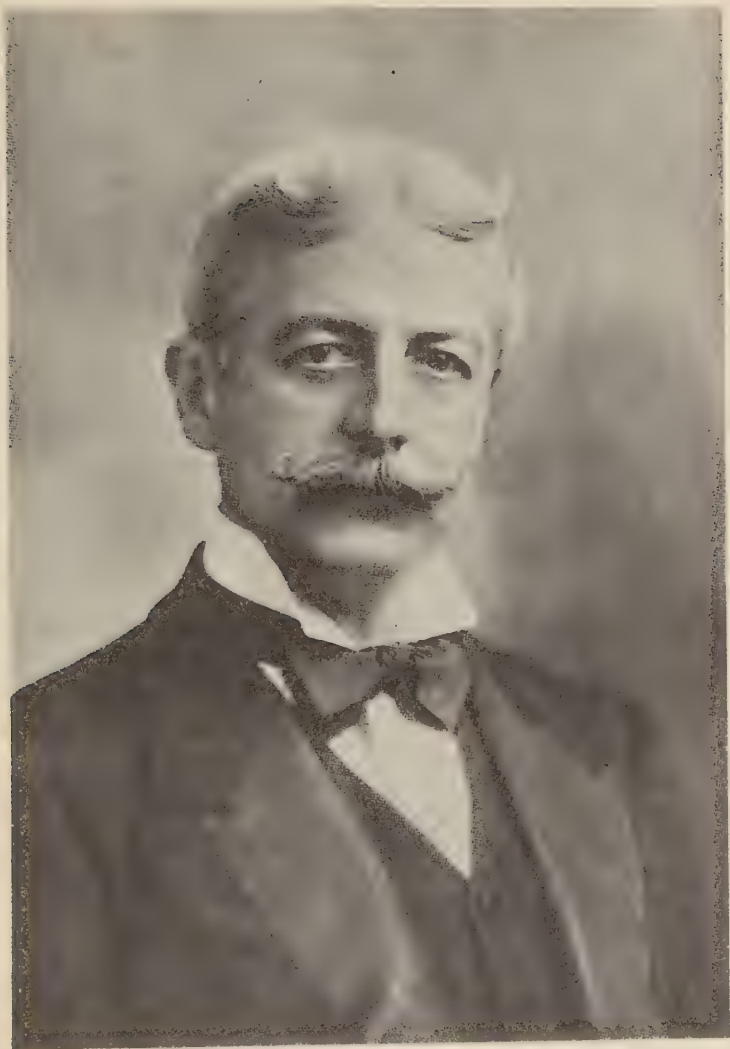
Your account of the news of the King's death was most dramatic.¹ We only heard it by the postman early on Friday morning, the 6th of May, but Thursday's paper had more or less prepared us. The outburst over him has been very impressive, only now and then a touch of exaggeration, but I have always felt Prince George would develop into as good a King and a better man. Mr. Wyndham² told me his whole demeanour at the first Privy Council on May 7th was perfect in dignity and in pathos. He had very few notes in his hand, and hardly glanced at them, but got through his admirable address in the best way possible. Lord Halifax, as soon as he heard of King Edward's death, came direct to Buckingham Palace and went straight up to the Death Chamber alone. Just afterwards another door opened, and the Queen entered; he tried to hide and go out round a screen, but she at once recognised him and said, 'Oh, how good of you to come,' and she made him sit by her while she poured out all the history and her grief.

Hawarden Rectory, Chester, June 15, '10.

DEAREST LAVINIA,—. . . I am rather oppressed with the sense of the weakness and selfishness of my nature. I remember Lucy all through her bitter grief so loved all nears and dears and felt so soothed and comforted by them. She had none of this numbing sense of utter indifference to

¹ At sea, on the way to South Africa, before the days of wireless.

² Rt. Hon. George Wyndham.



THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE WYNDHAM

things and people, events and books. I go to Clewer¹ next Monday, and perhaps it may make me a little less wicked. People say 'How good and brave you are!' But you can't kick and scream! and if one doesn't do that sort of thing, they imagine one is all right, instead of being filled with wild rebellion. Every now and then 'I can't bear it, I won't bear it.' But after all the most rebellious of us has to bear it. . . .

Hawarden Rectory, Chester, Aug. 30, '10.

DST. LAVINIA,—. . . I did like your letter and thought it all very beautiful. The worst of it is I also used to be able to write rather beautiful letters to people in trouble! but mine were written from the lofty peaks of ignorance. I remember Edward once saying (or was it you?) how tremendously everybody enjoyed *funerals*, and meeting all their relations and friends; and before I knew, I did so agree. I see now how one does in a sense enjoy sorrow, till the dread day of searching experience. I felt how good it was for me to be wrenched for a bit from my own vale of misery, to sympathise with Agnes² in hers. . . .

To her Daughter

Hawarden, 27th Sept. 1910.

I was at Saughton on Sunday and 'the fine man' (Rt. Hon. George Wyndham) carried me off to his top room, lit a fire and read me the great French play 'Chantecler.' I put it nearly on a level with the classics! A few days before we sat out near the poplars, and he unfolded the great scheme for his Edinburgh lecture 'The Springs of Romance,' and he read me the material he has collected in four books of MS., and afterwards the lecture itself as far as it has gone. It is too big almost for undergraduates, but the world will be the richer. The worst of it is that what-

¹ The Clewer Sisterhood, for a retreat.

² Her sister, who had just lost her husband, Edward Wickham, Dean of Lincoln.

ever he writes, and however he swelters and grinds and studies and amasses material, however fine is the result, the Press always say the same thing and dismiss it contemptuously with some preconceived phrase, such as 'flowers of rhetoric'; very unfair.

She then paid a few visits, and went in December 1910 to South Africa for six months, spending most of the time at Government House with her brother and sister-in-law, Lord and Lady Gladstone. Her daughter had meanwhile become engaged to Captain Francis Woodbine Parish, of the 60th Rifles, usually called Paddy, who was serving on Lord Gladstone's staff as A.D.C.

It was on her return to England in July 1911, and in the near expectation of her daughter's wedding, that Mary started a diary again, on August 10, 1911, at Farnham Castle, where she was staying with Lavinia and Edward Talbot, now Bishop of Winchester. It begins pugnaciously: 'Yesterday is commonly supposed to be the Death day of the House of Lords.' As before, the weather is unfailingly noted. It is not so full as her earlier diaries, though a meeting with an old friend will provide a long, descriptive entry.

1911

ARCHERFIELD, *Oct. 6* [Mary is on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Asquith].—. . . Sat between Mr. Asquith and Mr. Churchill. Talked Church patronage with the former and Herbert with the latter. He generously paid a great tribute. Said he wd. be a sort of George Washington. Excellent epigram game afterwards. Clever descriptions of ourselves. 'A pearl in clear water' (Katherine), "Picture of a beauty in the nursery passage" (Mrs. Churchill), 'A Scotch river in full spate' (Margot), 'An unfrocked Cardinal' (Winston), 'The husband of Elizabeth' (Mr. Asquith).

HAWARDEN, *Nov. 17*.—. . . At 12 we assembled below the

old Boys' School and Dossie laid the foundation-stone of the Memorial Schools, reading aloud the dedication in a quiet, clear voice. Felt awfully the overwhelming pathos and blank, that he should be taking no tangible part [in] the fulfilment of his dearest wish. . . .

FIESOLE, *Dec. 1 to 10*.—Good journey after our dinner in Paris, the 3 beds as when going to Alassio with H. D. in 1909. All is riddled and pierced with pain, for nobody revelled in travelling as he did. We slept at Bologna and feasted our eyes on the beautiful St. Cecilia, and reached our mountain heights about 6 on Sat. evening. A sweet little house, bright fires in every room and many unexpected comforts and refinements, but we were absolutely frozen to the marrow. And the first few days, bed only kept one decently warm. The fires are swallowed in deep fireplaces and emit no heat whatever. We tram or [take a] fly down to Florence, former a grind, starting and finishing with severe climb. All the sightseeing and picture-gazing most exhausting to mind and body. And then a wild scramble for room and a long wait near the Duomo for proper tram. All my bones were vexed, and no whole part in my body, but this day, Sunday, sun literally drenched us, and I feel better. Drove down in the fly to St. Mark's Choral Celebration and sermon. Left Helen and Dossie in Florence. Home to luncheon in the loggia, or the stoep,¹ as Dossie styles it. The pictures more deeply glowing and glorious than ever. But I am a poor sightseer unless stimulated by strong personal interest, such as H[arry] D[rew] afforded by his own boyish enthusiasm. Helen and Dossie both abounding in health and spirits, and this is a great mercy. . . .

1912

In 1912 Dossie was married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, to Captain Francis Parish. Mary, still without a home,

¹ The name for verandahs as used by the Dutch in South Africa.

wandered from relation to relation while house-hunting, until she settled into 2, The Boltons, S.W., in 1913. It will be noted that the old war-horse began to champ the bit at the distant echoes of 'E. Q.'

LONDON, *March 31*.— . . . Hurried out for our Marlborough House appointment. Miss Knollys met us and took us into the long room facing the garden where we used to dance. The Queen [Alexandra] in deep black and Pss. Victoria came in. After kissing me she sat down on the sofa with me. Dossie does the same with Pss. Victoria, who has grown so pretty and graceful. Caesar, the King's dog, came in with them and at the start our talk was of him. The Queen owned that they could not help spoiling him; the King used to be strict. *Where is Master?* she loves, but knows not who wrote it. She was just the same as last time I saw her, crying so naturally or smiling. Nothing makes any difference, so difficult to care about anything. Talked of the Strike and Women's Suffrage and Dossie's wedding and where I cd. go and how live. . . . As we were leaving, the Queen gave Dossie her wedding present and then squeezed a little jewel-case into my hand. 'Because I am so sorry for you. I felt I must give you something too.' We talked of the way men died and left the huge majority of women. 'If only women wd. but die more.' A quiet afternoon and evening.

July 1.—To Watlingbury for retreat. Father Fitzgerald quite tip-top, tho' I did not quite like the subject (Song of Solomon). Nobody dared petition ag. the 'Dises'¹ Bill, wh. was a mercy, I suppose, owing to the Mirfield Father. 'No such thing as good old times,' he said. 'These are the best old times that have ever been; quite frightening, they are so good.' . . .

LONDON, *Oct. 10 to 20*.— . . . Meantime the Balkans are at war with Turkey, gallant Montenegro having started, and it is all deeply thrilling, but 'O for the Voice that is still.'

¹ Disestablishment of the Welsh Church.



QUEEN ALEXANDRA

LONDON, Oct. 30.—. . . The Turks are being crumpled up.
Laus Deo. . . .

To her Daughter

London, Nov. 2, 1912.

I send a letter or two on the Balkan situation just in case you or Paddy do not know the history of 30 years ago, when your grandfather [Mr. Gladstone] led his great Crusade and tried to do for them what the Allies have now gloriously done for themselves. Only think of Santa Sophiã once more a Christian Church! The queer thing is that now they are victorious all Europe is backing them up against the Turks! What thousands of lives would have been saved and endless tragedies averted, if only Europe had listened to him when these struggling little nations were in a state of slavery. But Dizzy the Jew was determined to back up the Turk, at the Berlin Conference squashed anew the struggling Balkan nations, and propped up the iniquitous Turkish Government for another 30 years. I remember working a piece of embroidery, a picture of Dizzy, 'Peace with Diz-honour,' and sent it as a Christmas gift in 1879 to a Tory cousin! And everyone owns now, in the light of modern days, that it was a 'dizhonourable' Peace.

1913

1913 proved a hard year. Alfred Lyttelton, one of the brother-cousins, died after a short illness, to be followed in a few months by Spencer, almost the nearest of all to Mary. She also lost her old friend George Wyndham, with whom she had stayed so lately. Her daughter came back from India with her baby, born there in March, and later Mary went again to South Africa to stay with her brother, Lord Gladstone. At home the battle for Home Rule excited all her sympathies, and her relations were well instructed!

CLOUDS [George Wyndham's home], *April 19 to 21*.— . . . At Hatfield the other day, 'My dear Hugh,' said G[eorge] W[yndham], 'you think you are a Conservative, but really you are an Individualist Radical of the Manchester School.' 'You, George, are a Socialist,' retorted Hugh Cecil. 'We didn't quarrel,' added George; 'I never will.'

CLOUDS, 24 and 25 *Apr.*—Another lovely hot day. Pottered and wrote letters. The Montenegrins have taken Scutari under the nose of all the Powers, who sent out their battleships to prevent it! Hurrah. . . .

HAWARDEN, 27 *May to June 1*.— . . . Mr. Turnbull, 'Whatever part of this large parish I go into I find signs of Mr. Drew's enduring work everywhere.' Mr. Speight, who had a good talk with me yesterday, told me he had found out what a Shepherd of Souls Harry was.

. . . At 1.15 arrived Gen.¹ and Mrs. Greely. . . . Spent the afternoon showing them all the historic spots, old Castle (where we had tea), Church, and Library afterwards. They are a fine, tall, vigorous pair, full of a strong, simple goodness. Greatly impressed by him, and deeply interested with talks on Arctic exploration and on the Black question. Pressed him closely about the causes of Scott's failure and Amundsen's success, also about the causes of scurvy. He lifted me up altogether, giving me a higher, finer idea of human nature. . . . It was really a notable day. . . . When speaking of the heroism that danger and disaster bring out, 'How is it,' said I, 'that books give so much lower an idea of human nature than life and experience do?' 'For one sinful deed, there are 10,000 good deeds, too normal and ordinary to be reported in print.' He told us the story of the Bounty Bill and how it was defeated in Congress by the Army and Navy Minister, Lincoln,² 'the smallest pea that ever rattled round the pod of a past reputation,' and how Mrs. Greely toiled till public opinion pressure got it through. . . .

¹ The Arctic explorer.

² Robert Todd Lincoln, son of Abraham Lincoln.

LONDON, *Monday, June 9.*— . . . Drove in motor with Dossie. She suddenly read from placard in Oxford St. 'Death of George Wyndham.' Quite incredible. Went to 44 and saw Miss Key, who confirmed the utter tragedy. Then to Grosvenor House. Saw Katie¹ and Ld. Beauchamp. Could not possibly realise or get darling Sibell out of my mind. . . .

LONDON, *June 10.*— . . . to Grosv. House this afternoon. Stayed with Sibell 3 to 6. . . . George [Wyndham] went to Paris last week all alone for a little jaunt on his very own. Wrote each day in tiptop spirits. Sat. caught a slight chill. Sunday morn. some congestion of right lung. Died Sunday evening 10 P.M. What an appalling tragedy, and how insufficiently I have treasured the stimulus and interest and riches of his friendship. 25 years he has never varied in his affect^{te}, ever enthusiastic welcome. *She* gave me this friendship in the first days of their married bliss. How precious a memorial now becomes the happy Clouds visit and my realisation of his new life. . . .

LONDON, *Sat. 28.*— . . . Heard from D. D.² Alfred in bed. To see him to-morrow.

LONDON, *Sunday, 29 June.*— . . . Telephone from D. D. saying Alfred worse last night. Operation necessary, serious. . . . Went at once to Gt. College St. . . .

LONDON, *July 5.*—He [Alfred Lyttelton] passed away early this morning. D.G. he had been unconscious for the last two hours. . . . I went off to Chenies [Adeline, Duchess of Bedford's] with Father Waggett. We are alone and there is nothing but what is fitting in this atmosphere.

SOUTH AFRICA, *Dec. 5.*—We started from Pretoria at 8, Captain Carruthers with us to the station. At Germiston, where we had to wait an hour, Wags³ bought a paper and returned looking disturbed. 'Any news?' I said. 'Yes, I'm afraid you will mind dreadfully.' My mind flew to

¹ Katherine, Duchess of Westminster.

² Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton.

³ Miss Braginton, at one time governess to the Lyttelton family and then secretary to Lady Gladstone.

Dossie, but in the same instant I saw 'Death of Mr. George Lyttelton.' I thought it was George,¹ and then I saw 'George Wm. *Spencer*.' I can't believe it. *Spencer*, since 1875 the nearest to me and most faithful, not actually the dearest, tho' at one time he was that too. It is worst for Lavinia and me, and so wretched not being with her and knowing nothing. My poor old *Spencer*.

1914

There is no need to recall the happenings of 1914. Like every one else, Mary went on unconscious, absorbed in the Home Rule controversy, until the bolt fell, and one by one all her young men friends and relations were drawn into the fighting machine. During the early part of the year Mary was still in South Africa.

To her Daughter

Pretoria, Jan. 5, 1914.

Yesterday I had the privilege of being taken by the Bishop and Mrs. Furse to a native service. I was greatly impressed, their behaviour so quiet and awed, their singing so enthusiastic—there were 2 interpreters, and the choir were all catechists. The girls confirmed were all neatly veiled and dressed in white, they looked so nice and so reverent. Yet their locations provided by the Municipality are disgraceful—the natives pay hundreds of thousands in taxes to the Govt., and do most of the work by which the prosperity of the country is built up. Yet everything that is done for them is just as niggardly as possible—shocking roads, nothing contributed to their schools; and when I opened the Dolls' Show the other day and breathed a hope that some day Father Christmas would remember their little black sisters, various people nearly had fits, they thought it would so shock the community. No one has the 'pluck of a louse' where natives are concerned. The white families

¹ Hon. G. W. Lyttelton, master at Eton.

in Johannesburg and Pretoria who employ native girls provide no accommodation for them indoors, with the inevitable result that they are the prey of any dissolute character, white or black. Deaconess Julia has opened a lodging-house for them, but she has the utmost difficulty in getting the necessary cash. I am determined to collect £50 for her before I go; that will enable her to buy another iron room and take in more of these girls.

Jan. 7.—Herbert's birthday, and a Bombshell, a Railway Strike to start to-night, and there is the ball here—the Johannesburg guests will get here and not be able to return except by motors. Special constables are being sworn in, and the Colonial Office Bag is being sent off now in hopes of catching the mail.

To the same

Government House, Pretoria, Jan. 9, 1914.

I feel I must write a few words daily, remembering that we may be on the borders of a great conflagration, while our hopes tell us the whole thing may fizzle out. I expect the English papers will have alarmist paragraphs, and that you may feel a little anxious. On Thursday night, while the Ball was going on here, and the dance music filled the air, my thoughts flew back to 1832 and the Apsley House Ball, and the windows smashed by the stones flung by the people outside. Iron shutters were erected after that, and behind them the guests danced in 1866, when the Hyde Park railings were thrown down by the crowd after the Reform Bill was defeated. A body of 50 soldiers were sent up here the night of the ball, to guard us, and many of the guests were due at 4 A.M. to be sworn in as Special Constables at the station, on their return to Johannesburg, etc. Our train to-morrow has been countermanded, and we have no idea now when we may get to Capetown. Last night when I went out to watch the lovely lightning it was weird to see sentinels planted about the stoep and steps of the garden.

I was playing just now downstairs (pianoforte) and Herbert came in looking serious. 'It looks bad, they have called out the Defence Force.' In spite of this I went down to the cricket ground for the 4th Test Match. Clouds dark and threatening, but we watched the South African team in, all the afternoon, and got home at 5.30, just missing a most terrific, gorgeous thunderstorm. I stood out on the stoep watching the nearly blinding flashes, when suddenly a flame seemed to envelop us, the four men and me, and I thought we were struck. The peal was so terrible and simultaneous my courage failed and I fled indoors, and all the lights had fused.

Jan. 10.—Our departure for the Cape is put off. The news is not cheerful, dynamite placed on the rails to damage trains, or the reported mine outbreak and riot at Jagersfontein. Still, I slipped off both days to watch the Test Match.

12 Jan.—This evening's news not so good. We were counting on Cape Colony not joining the Strike. We now hear a good many have joined at Salt River.

13 Jan.—The news all looks darker, the Ballot bringing large majorities in favour of the Strike. I had hoped so much from the Ballot. Owing to the response made by the Defence Force, order is well maintained.

To the same

Jan. 14, 1914.—Well, the Ballot ends in wholesale Strike and we are in for war. Soon after midnight, a motor dashed up with Botha's proclamation for the Gov.-General's signature—Martial Law proclaimed at dead of night. Let us pray the natives may keep their heads, but one of the worst signs is the invitation to them to join in the Strike. So far they remain loyal and steady. I look at the 2 boys working in the garden just outside; never before have I heard them talk so incessantly as yesterday and to-day, and I keep wondering whether they are discussing the Strike.

Jan. 15.—There is a kind of relief in the atmosphere this morning, the mines somehow continuing to work; the Ballot results must have been tampered with, and a few strikers dribbling back to their posts. The prompt acts of the Govt. and the efficiency of the Defence Force seem to have startled the strikers. This morning is very blank without the mail, but trains don't run at night because of dynamite, so it is delayed till to-morrow.

16 Jan.—All seems to be gradually collapsing, and the surrender of the Trades Hall marks an important stage. The Federated Trades really are pure Syndicalism, and one feels at all costs they must be made to realise the injustice of their cause, and the immense superiority of Trades Unionism. The terms the Railway strikers first dictated to the Government (when they called upon the whites and natives working in the Mines to strike) were the 4 points which had already been submitted to the Commission—it was subversive of all law and order for the Railwaymen to strike at the very moment these grievances were being considered. Botha's position will be immensely strengthened for many years to come, and the relations of the two white races, having become identical in their interests, will be improved beyond all expectation, and that not by a 'black peril.'

Mr. Andrewes¹ came all the way from India to help in this Indian question impasse, and I don't know if we owe most to him or to Sir Benjamin Robertson for coaxing Gandhi out of his relentless attitude. Mr. Andrewes has such a veneration for Gandhi that on his arrival at Durban he bowed his forehead to the earth before him and wore Indian dress while living with the Indians. Of course he is a fanatic too, but I greatly admire him, and as Mr. Balfour once wrote to me, 'After all, it is enthusiasm which moves the world.' It is remarkable that Mr. Andrewes should acknowledge as a Saint an unbaptised person. But he declares he has learnt more of Christ from Gandhi than

¹ Rev. C. F. Andrewes, from Cambridge Mission at Delhi.

from any Christian. It is an untold relief that Smuts and Gandhi now understand each other, and that the £3 tax will be remitted. This last is still a secret, as it must be done by Parliament, but the Commission will recommend it, and that will enable Smuts to pass it. I don't think most people in S. Africa realise quite the bearing on India of the Indian problem here. Both Sir Benjamin and Mr. Andrewes say one of the chief dangers to our rule in India is the occasional scandalous miscarriage of justice in regard to Indians, and the growing insolence of the commercial classes. Both agree that the British soldier is very different to what he was in the past, and instead of habitually kicking the native is nowadays on the best of comradeship terms.

To the same

Government House, Cape Town, Jan. 27, '14.

We had a remarkably good journey down from Pretoria, where there was a large Boer Commando at the station. I had a strongish feeling our train might be blown up, thinking there must be many a bitter disappointed striker who would prefer dying in a blaze of glory dynamiting the Governor-General's train, who had proclaimed Martial Law. And it was much in my mind when I wrote my mail letters that last day at Pretoria, and was careful to put Jan. 22, thinking it would enhance their interest supposing we never reached Capetown alive! Nothing, however, could have been more prosaic or more comfortable than the journey.

To the same

Bishopscourt, Cape Town, Jan. 30, 1914.

I wrote you a scrap last week after the meeting of Parliament, and our exciting luncheon. Yesterday we sat in the House from 2 till 6.30 (adjournment) and found it all of a quiver. The obsequies over the dead brought a solemn note, but once over, you felt the air electric; and Cresswell,¹ fresh

¹ F. H. P. Cresswell, leader of Labour Party.

from his midnight ocean flight after the Umgeni, was the centre of attention. From the look in his eyes, one felt a pistol might easily be in his pocket, at any moment to be let off at anybody. But he spoke more calmly than I expected. The Labour speeches, however, carried no weight, as they disdained to put the case at all for the authorities.

To the same

Bishopscourt, Cape of Good Hope, Jan. 31, 1914.

A very interesting week here; on Wednesday we motored to Schongesicht to luncheon with the Merrimans¹—the heavenly drive through Stellenbosch that you and I and Paddy went 3 years ago! I hadn't realized what interesting, pleasant, clever, agreeable people they were, or how brilliant and caustic was the grand old man's conversation (it was you who said he was a grand old man without the capital letters). We went over his fruit farm and watched the picking and cutting and drying and packing of peaches and pears; 400 boxes had gone off that morning and many hundreds more were on the wing. About 4 P.M. we left and went on to Sir Thomas Smartt's farm; he had just heard of the deporting of the labour leaders, and thought it was the bravest thing ever done by any Govt. Mr. Merriman thinks it a fatal error. I had luncheon at the House yesterday after the opening of Parliament, and sat between my host, Mr. Harry Curry, and Mr. Merriman, and had a most depressing talk with the latter. How much more bitter he is against the [S. African] war than is General Botha! Yet I think he cordially dislikes or perhaps is jealous of the latter.

Jan. 31. Government House, Cape Town.

I find there is still 10 minutes before the mail goes. Certainly life here *buzzes*, while at Pretoria it *snoozes*. The strike will have cut the throats of the white employes in a way they never expected, for it has shown employers that

¹ Rt. Hon. John X. Merriman.

natives can do skilled labour even better than whites and are more dependable. Mr. Quinn, M.L.A., had a unique experience in his huge Bakery at Johannesburg—all his white men struck because he said he would supply bread to the Defence Force. He carried on with the natives, produced twice as much and far superior bread, saving his own pocket £80 a week in wages. Mr. Merriman told me this—what a cynic he is ! still, I love him and Mrs. M.

Cape Town, Feb. 7, 1914.

The last 3 days I have had luncheon at the Mount Nelson with Maud and Hugh,¹ and gone to the debate and had tea in the House with them. It has been quite thrilling—Smuts a triumph of skill and clearness of exposition ; the Government will get a huge majority. I told ' Dr. Jim ' ² you had stamped Merriman as a g.o.m. without capital letters, and he said it was an AI description !

Government House, Cape Town, Feb. 11, 1914.

Merriman's speech yesterday in the House was simply a feast. I have not had such a treat for 20 years. He was quite right to fight passionately for keeping the law, and then vote for its being broken ! Even Hertzog,³ after abusing the Government for 3 hours, votes for them, so afraid he is of identifying himself with Cresswell and Co.

LONDON, *Monday, May 23.*— . . . To H. of C. with Katie for 3rd reading of Home Rule Bill. A tremendous scene when Mr. A[squith] refused to reveal the Amending Bill. Lord Bob Cecil adjourned the House, and when beaten by a majority of 110, he and Ld. Winterton led a 5 minutes' shout of ' Adjourn,' while Mr. Campbell, their own Ulster spokesman, stood at the table awaiting silence. The Speaker then rose and asked Mr. Bonar Law whether the row had his approval. In a high, strung-up voice, with a face white

¹ Wyndham.

² Sir Starr Jameson.

³ General Hertzog, now Prime Minister.



THE EARL OF OXFORD AND ASQUITH

FROM THE PAINTING BY ANDRÉ CLUYSENAAR IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

with agitation, he refused to answer the Speaker's question. He was madly cheered by his own side. The Govt. side behaved with dignity and calm. The P.M. [Mr. Asquith] is really wonderful. The Speaker suspended the House, and with tails between our legs we all went home at 6.30.

WALMER CASTLE, *Sat. 11 to 13 July*.— . . . Prince Lichnowsky, German ambassador, came for week-end. Long talks with him; a keen and interesting man. . .

LONDON, *Sat. 18 July to 23*.— . . . Went on to Downing St. . . . We sat by Margot to hear the names. The P.M. looked so well I cd. not help saying 'I don't believe you have a care on earth.' 'P'raps just one or two.' Margot a little wraith. . . .

LONDON, *July 28*.— . . . We taxied to Downing St. European news very grave. Austrian Empire most bellicose and down on Servia. I sat between the P.M. and 'Beb.'¹ Could not help saying to former, 'If ever a war takes place in the world again, I hope it will be now.' He turned on me with a look of understanding and mischief. 'Why?' 'To settle Ireland.' He said, 'You're as bad as Winston; who last night, seeing there was more hopeful news, said, "I'm afraid we shall have a bloody peace."'

Meantime we had a command to bring Patrick² to Marlborough House at 3. . . . Miss Knollys . . . in the course of a short conversation spoke of Mr. Asquith's having done one thing finely, the way he had defended H.M. Later, to my surprise, she spoke of the Ulster Covenanters as 'rebels,' even while sympathising. . . . In another minute we were able to go in to the long room, when H.M. [Queen Alexandra] joined us, having actually left the King.³ It was the greatest mercy that Patrick held out, for he roared all the way home! H.M. was deafer, but took much notice of him.

LONDON, *Tues. and Wed., 4 and 5 Aug.*— . . . Sat at the Asquith luncheon and was next Ld. Lovat, who spoke most

¹ Now Hon. Herbert Asquith. ² Her eldest grandson, Patrick Parish.

³ Who had just called to see Queen Alexandra.

depressingly about the French prospects. The Germans have coolly asked leave to take thr. troops thro' Belgium ! How well I remember, in 1870, my Father's pride and joy when the Note advanced by his Govt. to the two belligerents, France and Germany, insisting on neither touching Belgium, met with the response he looked for ! I believe he wd. have regarded the German action now as a *casus belli*. After luncheon I taxied with Mr. Asquith to H. of C. ; Whitehall crowded with people, barriers and mounted guards, the P.M. greatly cheered. Heard his statement, giving categorically what had occurred. We now await Germany's answer to our ultimatum. . . .

LONDON, *Sunday*, 16 *Aug.*— . . Will ¹ gave a most interesting description of Devlin, a little gig till you see his eyes, which are 'mourning,' 'liquid,' 'wistful.' Will was altogether in top form, and very agreeable.

LONDON, *Tues.* 8 *Sept.*— . . Had luncheon at 10 Downing St. Poor Margot had just seen a fresh casualty list full of intimates killed or wounded, and was altogether utterly upset and despairing. Frances Balfour shed a little more light, and suddenly in walked Ld. Kitchener himself, quite stolidly cheerful. He even approves of Joffre, but alas there was no ounce of truth in the Russian troops *viâ* Archangel. *Sat.*—Met the P.M. and found out from him that he expects to prorogue Parlt. next week. A. J. B. and Winston dined there last night.

To the Hon. Lady Stepney.

The Boltons, 8 Sep. 1914.

DST. MAGGIE,— . . I was at Downing Street to-day and Ld. K. of K. walked in to luncheon—such a pick-me-up. For Margot was in utter despair, blacker than anyone I have set eyes on, looking upon the whole thing as a desperate fiasco, and all the fault of French mistakes and French generalship. It was the greatest comfort to have Ld.

¹ W. G. C. Gladstone.



MARY DREW AND HER ELDEST GRANDCHILD, PATRICK

1914

Kitchener's stolid cheerfulness and robust common sense. He did get over there last week, and has tried to keep it secret. He approves of all Joffre has done and thinks everything looking better. But oh that new list ! Aubrey Herbert wounded and missing—Ld. Edward Cecil's only son ; Ld. Maurice Fitzgerald, then the fine young boy Ld. and Ly. Manners' son, and lots more dead and wounded. I was at Farnham last week ; Ld. Bob Cecil has 23 nephews in the war and each of the 3 casualty lists has had one dead or wounded. It is most unspeakable the horror of it all. . . . Yr. lov.

M. D.

LONDON, *Wed. 9 Sept.*—To H. of C. Mr. Roberts, Under-Sec. for India, read out clearly the wonderful, soul-stirring cable from Ld. Hardinge ; no less than 700 Princes and Maharajahs and Nabobs and Big Wigs generally having laid their persons, their jewels, their horses, their money at King George's disposal in this War. The House listened in thrilled awe and silence and it was like a great chapter out of the Old Testament, and at the end the cheers were something it was worth having lived to hear. Bonar Law rather spoilt the effect by his matter-of-fact question whether this great offer would be widely disseminated. Mr. A[squith] replied ' Yes '—a voice said, ' Send a copy to the Kaiser.'

LONDON, *Tues. 15.*—Went to the House. Bonar Law made a disgraceful speech upon the Suspensory Bill by the P.M. The latter had announced the Prorogation of Parlt. this *Wed.*, signifying the Home Rule Bill automatically becoming law. The Unionists had hoped to shelve it indefinitely on account of the War, and are now bitterly angry and disappointed. The P.M.'s Bill postpones H.R. coming to pass for a year or more, and until the Amending Bill has been passed. In spirit fulfilling his pledges, he having said H.R. and Amnesty Bill cd. take their places together on the Statute Book. The whole Unionist party melodramatically marched out, and missed Redmond's noble speech.

LONDON, *Sep.* 18.—Went at midday to H. of C. for Prorogation, the King's Speech read, Royal assent given, deep-hearted cheers at 'Govt. of Ireland Bill'; and when all was over, Will Crooks started 'God save the King.' The scene absolutely unique—the whole House, after a moment of utter bewilderment, joined in and broke into cheers for H.M. at the close.

LONDON, *Sept.* 19 to *Fri.* 25.—Ld. B. told me he met Ld. K.¹ at dinner and heard that when he was dining at the Londonderrys' the conversation turned on Hardy's novels and topography. 'And who may this Hardy be?' said Ld. K. 'The man to whom H.M. gave the Order of Merit as he did to yr. Lordship,' replied Edmund Gosse.

To J. M'Lure Hamilton ²

Hawarden, 30 Dec. 1914.

DEAR MR. HAMILTON,—I want Ld. Kitchener to take off the age limit, the height limit, and the teeth limit. The former because they can after 60 be so much better spared, they have contributed to the next generation, and I know at least a dozen stronger and healthier than many a lad of 20 to 25; the second because as you say short soldiers have less to carry and have made tip-top fighters; the third lot, because they can buy new teeth. Then I want Lord Kitchener and the King in trumpet tones to announce their renunciation of all alcoholic drinks till the end of the War.

What I fear is that we shall all bleed to death—England, France, Russia and Germany—I see no progress anywhere. And what does progress mean? Only the next line of defence, stronger and more impregnable than the last. Oh dear, and Christmas in the middle! I could not bear the buns and balls and bands and mince pies and Christmas cards and turkeys. Chester was filled with motors and gay, light-hearted people the week before Christmas Day—laughing,

¹ Lord Kitchener.

² The painter.

talking, shopping, shops crowded. They don't realize a bit yet.

The eugenic point is of course a problem. But I believe thousands of loafers have enlisted and will be redeemed, and I believe in the chastening power of pain: it will lift to a higher platform those who survive, and Nature has interesting and unexpected ways of retrieving the balance, *c.g.* the immense preponderance of sons instead of daughters that always follows a war. . . .—Ever yours,

MARY DREW.

1915

I have put the extracts from Mary's war diaries together. In spite of increasing arthritis and much lameness, she worked hard and regularly, reading aloud at a Rescue Home several times a week, attending committees, visiting friends, dragging herself to and fro over darkened London with its scanty conveyances. She wrote two books at this time about her mother: a short sketch, privately published, and a longer volume,¹ both of them bringing her many new friends and recalling old ones.

During these years Mary became an ardent believer in a fruit and vegetable diet, and this undoubtedly arrested her arthritis for about eight years, when it gathered fresh impetus. There are many sound arguments for vegetarianism, all of them uninteresting, and I make no excuse for omitting her discourses on this subject. She did, however, produce one argument which I think must be quite individual—that she now understood the story of Eden cookery was what was brought about by the fall of man.

LONDON, *April* 15.—. . . While talking to Agnes, Dossie came in very pale. 'There is a rumour Will ² is killed,' and then, almost directly after, she said it was true. Felt bowled

¹ *Catherine Gladstone*, published by Nisbet & Co. (1919).

² W. G. C. Gladstone, M.P.

over. . . . Somehow it is absolutely unbelievable; the greatest blow in the whole war, and by far the greatest loss. Darling Will, and think that it is death that has revealed him fully to us. Tragic and piteous beyond all words. Gerty's heart was broken when he went. Now she is still and gentle and striving for resignation to the will of God. . . .

LONDON, *Friday 16 to Friday 23*.—A sort of nightmare brooding over our waking or sleeping. Agnes saw Gerty Saturday. Two letters, one from the Dr. who carried him to the stretcher and one from his commanding officer, have filled her with thankfulness. She only thinks how much more tragic it all might have been. And the King wishes the body shall be brought to rest in his own home. Harry¹ went to France and accompanied the dear young body home, seeing his face and describing it as 'satisfied.' Saw Gerty on Monday. She is really magnificent, heroic, clinging to the things that make her thankful instead of dwelling on might-have-beens. She loves the letters and the public recognition. Harry was accompanied by 2 Royal Messengers in a swift boat. A great experience for him going to the front. . . .

To J. M'Lure Hamilton

Walmer Castle, June 25, 1915.

MY DEAR MR. HAMILTON,—. . . You will have passed through many agitations as to America and War, and it is difficult to see how it can end any other way but War—A. J. B. is very keen for it. I wonder what you think of the Coalition Govt.? I am terrified about Lloyd George. 'Beware, when men speak well of you,' and it is such a tremendous *volte-face* and it would have been more artistic to have had some shading, but really the adulation and flattery of Ld. Northcliffe is enough to rot any man—not to mention the whole world! Ld. N.'s head is turned, as he actually thinks he first made and then unmade K. of K., and

¹ Her brother.

that he appointed Lloyd George as Minister of Munitions. *It was settled by the P.M. and K. of K. last year*—and Lloyd George has been at it since before Christmas! . . . I sat between the P.M. and Loulou Harcourt on Tuesday and heard many interesting facts. The scream for ‘business men’ is rather laughable, considering the one conspicuous and overwhelming success of the War (transports, feeding, and keeping healthy a vast army) has been accomplished without one single business man!!—Ever yours,

MARY DREW

1916

LONDON, Jan. 1.—Gertrude [Penrhyn] gives me this dainty little vol. for my ‘Night Thoughts.’ But at night one loses sense of proportion. One is not quite responsible. Pigmies become giants, molehills mountains. It shall be my ordinary Diary, started at an extraordinary moment. I am living like a rabbit, or, more accurately, like Adam and Eve, on the living herbs and fruits of the earth. I began dropping butcher’s meat about 15 December, eating sometimes an apple or banana, sometimes an egg, for breakfast. . . .

LONDON, Tues. Jan. 18.—. . . Reading *These Twain* (3rd Clayhanger) with devouring interest. . . .

LONDON, Feb. 22.—. . . With Paddy¹ and D[ossie] to luncheon in Downing St. I had the luck of being next Mr. Lloyd George, Dossie next Lord Fisher. Someone asked L. G. if he liked *The Times*; and on his answering in the negative, I cd. not resist saying ‘Of course the *Morning Post* is yr. favourite paper.’ The shot went home, but he quickly recovered. ‘Yes, I prefer the *Morning Post*. When men speak ill of you, then you may feel safe.’ They enjoyed capital talk at his end, the P.M. not being present. Paddy enjoyed it all up to the very hilt. L. G. and I for-gathered over *Coniston*² and *Mr. Crewe’s Career*.² He can’t read novels that end badly. We talked of the G.O.M.,

¹ Lt.-Colonel Francis W. Parish.

² By Winston Churchill, the American novelist.

and he was deeply interested about why he often failed to make bull's-eyes. Astonished at his power of passionate speech in the H. of C. We thrilled together over the great Janesco¹ speech in the Roumanian Parl't. The newest Cab. Min. was opposite me, next Elizabeth.² Lord Bob, stretching himself under the table.

LONDON, *Wed. March 1.*—Not so cold. To luncheon *tête à tête* with Ld. Rosebery. A scrap of chick and some lettuce. Such a good talk, much more personal and political than usual. He is terribly down over the War, and the apparent bleeding to death of these mighty kingdoms. . . . Would like to fall asleep and pass, but dreads pain. Has no wish to live bec. of interest in the future, yet he is now in excellent health. Talked about Biographies, and their very superfluous number. Said George Wyndham was not great enough for one. I suggested it was not so much a question of greatness as of unusualness, distinctiveness, and he agreed, but means to put any possibility of his own out of court. Much puzzled whether to destroy all letters, or how to leave them. I pled for a lit. executor, rather than sons. He is very willing to come to an end. Wd. like to die in sleep. Has not sufficient interest in coming events to desire life's continuance. He told me Chamberlain was not at all anxious to leave the Govt. in '86, that the P.M. had mismanaged him. Generally thought him masterly in managing his colleagues. Spoke of the unauthorised programme of '85 as 'One of the worst actions in politics.' Said how A. J. B. mismanaged his colleagues after Chamberlain's *volte-face*. We had a good hour and a $\frac{1}{2}$, and greatly I enjoyed it. . . .

CHENIES, *July 29.*— . . . I went to Chenies.³ Heavenly weather. Only Father Seyzinger,⁴ and we had all meals out of doors. Sat next a maukin at tea, to whom I related the hard manual labour undertaken by some Eton Masters.

¹ Prime Minister of Roumania.

² Princess Antoine Bibesco.

³ To visit Adeline, Duchess of Bedford.

⁴ Of the Community of the Resurrection, Mirfield.

'Just what wd. have delighted old Gladstone, when one thinks of his tree-cutting ; the best thing he ever did.' Here Adeline cut in. 'Mrs. Drew wd. hardly agree with you.' Scene. Afterwards he said to her, 'But what relation is she to the *little girl* [Dossie] ?'

A divine Sunday. 8 A.M. celebration, matins at 12, motored to Aylesbury for Prison Service, Father S. preaching ; a deeply touching and tragic experience. The 260 sang most beautifully, and the chaplain told me it was far less depressing, more responding work than any ordinary parish. Sat on the box, and on way home converted the chauffeur to Aird.¹

1918

LONDON.—On January 15 drove to Flowermead, and a most delightful talk with John Morley before luncheon. He suggests A. J. B., Gerald [Balfour], Ld. Rayleigh or Ld. Crewe as new Master of Trinity. We spoke of Ld. Rosebery (they had had 9 hours' talk), A. J. B., 'I think I have let him off too easily,'—G. W. E. R[ussell] 'Ought to be another Greville,'—Margot and her husband (he showed me the fine letter on the *Recollections*—by the way, 10,000 have sold),—Sir C. Dilke, 'Ignoble and unclean,'—W. E. G.'s mismanagement of Joe, 'Clean as a Sunday Scholar.' His judgment of W. E. G. rises more lofty as time goes on, 'Immeasurably greater as a figure in history than anyone.' The testimony of the whole world in '98 unique and absolutely unparalleled. He was hardly deaf, troubled by his throat (caught a chill going up to vote for Women), but clear and brilliant in brain as ever. . . .

LONDON, *July* 16.—. . . To Downing St. for tea with Mrs. Lloyd George. Found Lady Pirrie and Miss Carlyle and two ladies, who fainted on discovering we were Gladstones. Mrs. L. G. was so nice and took us sympathetically

¹ Mr. Aird's system of an uncooked food diet.

the round of the familiar rooms. The corner sitting room, where we breakfasted, and Dossie ran a needle into her foot ; the Dizzys' bedroom looking over the Enclosure where I had thrilling times with Alfred and Edward, Ld. Rosebery, A. J. B., G. Russell, Professor Stuart, Welldon, H. S. H., E. B. O., Harry Cust, etc. ; the drawing room where —— proposed and Zadok came in in the middle ; the stairs where Dossie sat patiently, just 4, singing the Easter Hymn in her little green pelisse and bonnet while the tragic farewells were being spoken by secretaries servants, messengers, Cabinet Ministers, she little guessing the historic scene in which she was taking part. . . .

LONDON, *Nov. 21.*— . . . I had luncheon at Cavendish Square,¹ the Sunday before my fall ; most interesting and amusing. I suggested to Mr. A[squith] joining the Labour Party. He said it was a temptation—if he was young, wd. try and unite them. The Facing-All-Ways Coalition is a cheat and a sham. . . .

1919

THE DURDANS, *Apr. 9, Thurs.*—I went to Durdans by 11.37 train, and had luncheon with Ld. Rosebery. It is rather pitiful, the helplessness of his physical condition and the undimmed brilliancy of his mind. He told me and reminded me of many interesting things—the Dizzy talk in the hall at Marlboro' House as we waited for the carriage. His [Dizzy's] sardonic look as Mr. G. quoted Ld. Shelburne. After we had left, he turned to Ld. R., ' Why didn't he offer me a lift ? If the girl had been alone, I wd. have asked her.' That drive wd. have been a spicy memory ! Ld. R. spoke much of the Morley reminiscences, their lack of ill-nature. But how untrustworthy, notably the account of the Farewell Cabinet

¹ Mr. and Mrs. Asquith's house.

in 1894. As they were leaving the room, Morley said to R., 'Wasn't Harcourt nauseous?' . . .

To her Daughter

June 18, 1919.

Pointed Roofs (by D. Richardson) is jerky, but that is her method; it's very clever, though, and like a German interior—J. D. Beresford thinks highly of her, but her last book, No. 4 of the series, is really impossible, the style run mad.

Loose Ends (Arnold Lunn) is brilliant, but almost everything a little too highly coloured, except the chapter on the river with his mother, and her new-found old friend, and the delightful account of Don Q. teaching the boys to act, and feeding them on buns and books; that is masterly. I shall send for the *Harrovians*, too, but don't take them as Gospel, for the vein of cynicism in Arnold Lunn has been allowed to run riot.

So the X divorce case is over, and he is free, and she poses as a pure innocent, triumphing over vice. Well, they are about equal morally, but she is *not* a lady, and he *is* a gentleman.

1920

It is obvious that in 1919 Mary was losing interest in her diary. The record became briefer and more mechanical. I here insert the last entries, with which, almost casually, it ends.

LONDON, 4 March.—. . . Sudden message from Marlboro' House. Got hold of Patrick ¹ and took him off at 2.45 in his Scots Guards uniform to see Queen Alexandra. Dossie too busy. A great success. H.M. was affectionate and charming. Kissed us both. Pss. Victoria walked off with him to

¹ Patrick Parish, her grandson, who had been a page at a cousin's wedding in a Scots Guards uniform of 100 years ago.

the Queen's sitting-room, while we remained in the gallery (the ball-room). She was very sad and spoke of Death as a good friend, for whom she longed. Told me much of Prince John, and his brightness and charm. He is buried next to her baby, also John. Spoke most lovingly of the Prince of Wales, but felt him overworked. She gave Patrick a book and came to see us off, then suddenly beckoning to Patrick, ran along the passage, 'I must show him to Sir Dighton.'¹ Sir D. looked 100, but was really thrilled, and told Patrick to remember that the King's Royal Rifles was the best regt. in British Army. He himself had won two V.C.'s. Then ditto to General Streatfeild and off. . . .

LONDON, *March 27*.— . . . Home Rule Bill that everybody hates passed by majority of hundreds. That of 1886 very superior, satisfying hundreds, was defeated by 30! Such is life.

LONDON, *July 31*.—This has been a wonderful week of thrilling interest. The readings, the talks, and the exciting droppers-in. On Sunday we had three R.C.'s, two of them Dominican friars, to luncheon, and discussion on Reunion. One was Mr. Shane Leslie. Ld. H[alifax] wrote a notable epistle to Lloyd George.

Aug. 6 to 20.—All this time I was sitting for my portrait, and feeling very low at realising what I am now like. Mighty discussions with Mr. H.² The Harrys here for two nights. Miss Henderson, an art critic, for three. Mem.: effect of Sunday evening sermon on Mr. H[amilton]. Slept at home on Saturday night, 14. Dining with Agnes. Early service at St. Peter's at 8. Bussed to Kingston Parish Church at 11, and reached the Hermitage [Mr. Hamilton's] at 12.30. Two dangerous hours on the river. The picture improved, and when Alice³ came to fetch me, she thought 'it was me'! Left with much sorrow. Home 19 to 21 August, luncheon with Alice Eyre.⁴

¹ Sir Dighton Probyn, Queen Alexandra's secretary.

² Mr. J. M'Lure Hamilton.

³ Miss Alice Balfour.

⁴ Lady Alice Eyre.

*To her Daughter**Feb. 14, 1924.*

. . . On Thursday I go to the House of Commons, but fear Ramsay MacDonald won't be there. I am convinced he is a very fine fellow, and I could wish the Liberal Party was more generous to them.

Feb. 17, 1924.

To-night I hope for the treat of a Dick Sheppard¹ Sermon [on the Electrophone]. Good hopes now as to the wretched Strike. Only think the Dock Strikes about 40 years ago, settled by Archbishop Manning; the men had 4s. a day, and the wild crowd each morning at the gates tore each other to bits struggling to get in. Yet Society sat calm, and grumbled at the 'Lower Classes.'

*To the same**London, Feb. 21, 1924.*

A morning of unparalleled thankfulness. At 7.55 A.M. I just glanced at the paper as I went off to Church, and behold the Strike ended! I just had time to tell the baker standing outside (he was over the moon) and then nipped into the vestry and begged the Vicar for a Thanksgiving. On my way home I met another tradesman and told him. He said the news was 'lovely.' It has been like a nightmare haunting one through day as well as night. I am thankful the Dockers won, as I think they bore the many reductions with wonderful resignation, and the employers have really been terribly careless and stupid. After all, how can one compare the Employer who has to cut off a few luxuries, with the Employed, whose very existence is threatened? . . . Do make friends with the charming American girls, though Lord A. rather wickedly lumps them, 'They are wonderfully pretty to look at, but they have no insides.'

¹ Now Dean of Canterbury, then at St. Martin's in the Fields.

To the same

London, Feb. 1924.

You wrote a really splendid Baedeker account of your most vigorous sight-seeing [in Rome], and every single object, be it Church or Palaces or Galleries, stood out before me as if I had gazed on it yesterday. There were certain sight-seesings I enjoyed up to the hilt, *e.g.* with Lord Acton in Venice, for he made it all thrilling. It was partly my laziness, partly I needed the personal touch; it has been thus all my life—whether poems or pictures or buildings, I have never learnt their full significance alone by myself, a sad weakness, I allow, but we are not all made the same way. But I am rather glad to find my memory so good as to be able to see again in my mind's eye the wonders of Rome. . . . Rome was extraordinarily romantic and lives in my mind as a vivid personal experience; the 3 men we chiefly consorted with—Sir Wm. Richmond (in love with Agnes and she with him), Lord Odo¹ in love with me (tho' he pretended), and then Lord Lorne, the most exciting, as I was what would now be called in love with him. The Love duets with Lord Odo, the wonderful rides on the Campagna with Lorne—playing to Liszt and he playing to me. All with an accompaniment of Lord Acton's and Dean Stanley's talks with Papa, and our exciting Dante reading with the latter every morning. The great revelation to me was the sculpture—it was only at Rome that I woke to its exceeding beauty. . . . We were led blindfold up St. Peter's till under the Dome, but I agree it does not impress me as much as Westminster Abbey in the feeling of aspiration and worship. I think I should detest all Modern Rome—we had a day in 1889 and I thought all the new part detestable.

To the same

London, April 3, '24.

How foolish it is of the world all to rave of *St. Joan*,² for lack of someone speaking the truth. When Watts painted

¹ Lord Odo Russell.

² By G. Bernard Shaw.

Papa, because he was Watts everyone raved, till I went to see it in Christ Church Hall, at Oxford, and said at once, 'It's awful.' Then the Dean echoed me, and one by one all that saw it took up the same tune, and the picture was returned to Watts, who quite agreed and destroyed it! Someone should show up Bernard Shaw.

Between 1920 and her death on New Year's Day, 1927, Mary suffered several of those losses of lifelong friends that are the penalty of longevity. She published a volume of essays under the title *Acton, Gladstone and Others*.¹ In spite of a strong dislike of the Coalition, she became Mr. Lloyd George's fervent supporter in 1922 because he was 'sound on E. Q.,' and she saw with interest and sympathy the advent of the Labour Government in 1924. She read hard and commented with vigour and lived life eagerly—never, as she observed, and as these letters to her daughter show, forgetting the fact of death, but always 'thankful to be feeling so young.' Of the end on New Year's Day, 1927, her daughter writes:—

'She had had a thrombosis in her leg during the autumn, and remained quietly at home in London for 2 or 3 weeks after the time generally recognized as necessary, before going to spend Christmas at Hawarden Castle with a big family party. On New Year's Eve there was a large party of friends from the neighbourhood, of which she was the life and soul. The following day she was perfectly well, and in fact was rather particularly lively at dinner in the evening, but she had hardly gone to bed before she felt very faint, and her maid came for me to stay with her while she fetched some brandy. The doctor also came within a quarter of an hour, but she had already passed beyond his reach, evidently from a clot going to the heart. I feel sure she had no moment of realization of her condition, and it was indeed a perfect transition from this world to the next.'

¹ Nisbet & Co. (1924).

If 'to be successful, it is only necessary to be beloved, then Mary's was an eminently successful life. She had a large number of devoted friends, and a circle of recent acquaintances who were always delighted to see her. She saw and knew nearly every one in the England of her generation who was worth knowing, and surprisingly many in the generations that followed. She was very happy in her marriage and her motherhood.

Yet I cannot but feel that she was bigger than the life she was called upon to live. Her mind was untrained, but she had great energy and for a large part of her career it was confined to the rôle of 'Buntie pulls the strings.' It was inevitable that sometimes she broke the threads of her schemes, and sometimes gave her less energetic friends the feeling that they were being managed for ends not their own. Yet undoubtedly in her influence on those friends, and in the unflagging zeal with which she pressed and upheld the causes and enterprises for which she cared, she left abiding work, even though it is not recognized as hers. And she left on all who came near her, right up to the end, the impression of one of the quickest and liveliest sympathies they had ever known.

